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ART. I.—1. *Report of the Director of the Mint (U.S.) to the Secretary of the Treasury for the Fiscal Year ended June 30, 1877.* Washington: Government Printing Office, 1877.

2. *Report from the Select Committee on Depreciation of Silver.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, July 5, 1876.
3. *On the Probable Fall in the Value of Gold; the Commercial and Social Consequences which may ensue; and the Measures which it invites.* By MICHEL CHEVALIER, Member of the Institute of France, &c. Translated, with Preface, by RICHARD COBDEN, Esq. Manchester: 1859.

A GENERATION has almost passed away since the world was startled by the discovery of gold mines of previously unheard-of richness in the distant and unknown region of California; and when mines of equal richness of the same precious ore were immediately afterwards discovered in Australia the excitement throughout the world knew no bounds. Greatest, of course, among the civilised nations, the excitement was not unfelt even in self-secluded China; and, like a hermit from his cell, the Chinaman began to migrate both to California and Australia in search of the golden ore, which mankind, by a marvellous concord of opinion, has agreed to canonise, as the most precious of substances and the chief material of universal money.

Anyone who was at maturity in 1850 and 1851, when the gold fever and general excitement were at their height, or even during several years thereafter, and who compares the

opinions then prevalent with the facts of the present and intervening periods, cannot fail to be struck by the wide discordance between the actual events and the anticipations which were so confidently held. Of late years the French adage, that ‘what always happens is the unforeseen,’ has been so frequently and strikingly verified that the saying is now accepted almost as an axiom; and certainly the course of the new Golden Age has furnished one of the most remarkable illustrations of the fallibility of human judgment and intellectual foresight. Every one of the chief calculations and anticipations made by scientific authorities a quarter of a century ago, and even up to a later date, has proved wrong. The course of events has run quite differently. Our fears have not been realised, our hopes have not been disappointed; and the third quarter of the present century has been by far the most prosperous period which modern Europe has experienced, or doubtless which the world has ever beheld.

It must be said, however, that the grand excitement which followed the new gold-discoveries was marked by two entirely opposite currents of opinion and anticipation. Along with the calculations and judgments of science there was the vague but powerful sentiment of the masses. It has been said that the world—mankind in the mass—is wiser than any individual, however highly gifted with intellect or genius; and the result of these marvellous gold-discoveries supplies a new instance for those who hold this paradox. In 1850 and 1851 the great body of the people in this and other countries were filled with exultation at the gold-discoveries. An impulse of hope and enthusiasm seized upon the popular mind; a new and unparalleled epoch of prosperity seemed to them to be opening on the world, in which they would largely share. There had been ‘hard times’ in our own country, and dire troubles in Europe at large. In England the collapse of the railway mania, the Irish famine, the bad harvest and commercial crisis of 1847, had occasioned widespread suffering among all classes; and the Chartist riots of 1848, which broke out more or less in all the large towns, from Edinburgh and Glasgow southward to the metropolis, were not merely a sympathetic movement excited by the Continental revolutions, but a result of great suffering among the masses of our own people.

Indeed, the previous half-century had been a bad time. War and the heavy war-taxation came to an end with the crowning victory of Waterloo. Nevertheless, a strange and persistent distress pervaded our country. Excepting the brief gleam of prosperity in 1822–5, when our people went mad over

the liberation of South America from the rule of Spain, and when we lost several millions of our recently re-acquired gold in loans to the new republics, while a frenzy of speculation created a baseless and transient prosperity at home,—and again in 1843–6, when some fine harvests and a small but welcome influx of gold from the Ural mines combined with the excitement of Free Trade and the railway mania to increase employment — the whole period had been one of extreme depression and distress, which naturally showed itself in political virulence and discontent. The expenses of Government had been reduced to a minimum and the army and navy largely curtailed. Peace and retrenchment were the watchwords of the Whig Administrations which followed ; sinecures were hunted out and abolished ; even the yeomanry was all but disbanded for the sake of saving a few pounds a year. Yet all this economy was inadequate to meet the diminished productiveness of the taxes. Every year there was a difficulty with the budget, sometimes a deficit. It became a saying that the Whigs were bad financiers, just as a similar saying has been in later times applied to the Conservatives. Mr. Fawcett, in his recent book, remarks that during the thirty years between 1815 and 1845, although the national expenditure had reached its lowest point, and the rivalry with the French Empire in military armaments had not begun, there was absolutely no development of the foreign trade of the country. ‘In 1841,’ he says, ‘the exports were about fifty-‘one millions a year, the precise amount at which they stood ‘a quarter of a century previously.’ At that time the Burnley guardians wrote to the Home Secretary that the distress was far beyond their powers ; at Stockport more than half the master-spinners failed before the close of 1842 ; and a committee of inquiry reported that half the population of Carlisle were likely to die of famine. So different has been our experience since 1850, that such statements seem wellnigh incredible. Even Sir Robert Peel’s wise fiscal measures, and the completion of the Free Trade system by the subsequent Liberal Administration, could not contend against the tide of adversity. Just as the agriculturists, although enjoying Protection, had suffered intensely throughout these thirty years, so the manufacturers found Free Trade an inadequate talisman to ward off the epidemic distress. From 1846 to 1850 or 1851 the times were at least as bad as ever, farmers and manufacturers suffering alike ; while low wages and lack of employment fell heavily upon the working classes.

It was upon this dismal background of universal suffering

in Europe that the tidings of the gold-discoveries flashed like a ray of happy light, quickly broadening and brightening into what seemed a daybreak of golden summer, full of hope and joy. The working classes, in tens of thousands, rushed off to the new golden lands, rejoiced to find good employment for their strong arms and hopeful hearts—thereby at once relieving the overstocked labour-market at home, and soon creating new markets for produce and additional employment for their fellows whom they left behind. It was a thrill of joyous elation such as had never before pervaded the population of Europe and America. On the banks of the Sacramento river and on the alluvial plains of Ballarat there was gold in abundance, gold everywhere. The news penetrated into every workshop, and was talked of by the shepherds on every hillside. There were new homes for the half-starving people beyond the sea, new regions where political discontent might become its own master. And these golden stores of Nature were as open to the poor as to the rich, or indeed were peculiarly the property of the working man. The stores of silver and gold obtained at the first discovery of the New World had fallen as spoil to the Spanish chiefs and adventurers who followed in the wake of Columbus. Not an ounce of the precious ores had fallen to the lot of the masses; and after the treasures of the Incas and Montezuma had been reaped, the working of the mines of Mexico and of Potosi had been forced upon the poor Indians under as merciless a system of slavery as ever disgraced the world. But now the golden field was open to all comers; and at first, and for several years, the gains of gold-mining were won solely by the hardy working men from the old seats of civilisation.

While this hopeful enthusiasm pervaded the great body of the people, the learned class looked on the new discoveries in a much less hopeful light. What the opinions of our statesmen and practical politicians may have been it is impossible to say; for, strange as it may appear, they made little reference to the subject. But the economists and other scientific authorities were chiefly impressed by the unpromising and adverse features of the case. To the economists the primary and predominant view was one of alarm. The chief consequence of these discoveries of gold, they said, would be a great and rapid fall in the value of money, and consequently a serious revolution in property. The common saying was that the sovereign would quickly lose half its value; that wages and prices would be doubled; and capitalists would find their accumulated wealth steadily vanishing from year to

year. Thus a monetary revolution was predicted, a barren levelling, a sweeping away of the past, and a fresh start as regarded the accumulations of wealth, as complete as the worst form of political revolution could accomplish, and far more severe than any confiscation that could be effected by the most despotic exercise of class-taxation. So formidable did this apprehension appear, that the only comfort for those who shared it lay in the predictions of the geologists, who, judging from past experience of the globe, held that the new mines would soon be exhausted, and that the golden age would pass away almost as quickly as a dream. The world, indeed, would have lost much had these anticipations been realised.

The opinions and anticipations current in scientific circles in 1850–1, which in their chief form continued to be held for several years thereafter, may be classed under three heads.

First, as to the continued productiveness of the new mines. Upon this point scientific opinion was unhesitatingly adverse. The history of gold-finding throughout many previous centuries was pretty well known; and from the Spanish and other gold-mines of the Roman world downwards the same tale was recorded, namely, that they were surface-mines, gradually, if not quickly, worked out. Unlike silver, gold is never found in mass, in veins or lodes; it is interspersed in threads or flakes throughout quartz or other hard rocks; and there was no known instance of gold-mining having ever been conducted profitably in the native rock. The common and accepted explanation of the cessation of the gold-mines of the ancient world, particularly those worked in Spain by the Romans, was that when the miners had exhausted and penetrated down through the auriferous detritus to the matrix rock, the working became unremunerative, owing to the extreme hardness of the rock—an explanation, so far as we have observed, which is still accepted, and is doubtless correct in the main, although some of the Californian facts which we shall notice by-and-by appear to us to suggest a wholly different cause, likely to have been in operation in some quarters. Past experience, then, and certain well-known geological facts, were adverse to the continued productiveness of the new mines. Moreover, the very richness of these mines, far surpassing anything of the kind previously known, seemed to class them as an exceptional phenomenon, likely to vanish with exceptional quickness. Accordingly Sir R. Murchison, the most eminent geologist of the day, maintained that there is a ‘Currency Restriction Act of ‘Nature’—that the supply of gold from the alluvial washings would soon be exhausted, and that, when the excavations came

to be made in the rocks or mountains from which the auriferous detritus proceeded, the work would cease to be profitable, owing to the hardness of the strata in which the gold is embedded. This was the accepted, indeed unquestioned, opinion among geologists ; and it carried general assent, being in perfect accordance with previous experience.

At the time when this opinion was expressed by Sir R. Murchison (October 1850), the extent of the auriferous alluvial soil in California had not been ascertained. There were only vague reports, which at first were received with general incredulity. The late Sir Archibald Alison, however, gave credence to them, and the hopeful enthusiasm with which he hailed these new gold-mines, as fraught with vast blessings to mankind, led him to accept these reports even more fully than has been warranted by subsequent experience. We have often had occasion to point out the singular want of judgment and accuracy of that popular writer ; but in fairness to him it must be said that his estimate of the gold-fields was much nearer the truth than that of most of his contemporaries. He formed an opinion entirely opposite to that entertained by the geologists as to the continued productiveness of the mines. He maintained that, as a matter of evidence, the Californian auriferous deposits were so extensive that they could not be exhausted for many generations ; and as a question of mechanical and chemical science, he held that, when the auriferous alluvium was exhausted, gold-mining would be profitably carried on in the parent rocks or mountains. And he maintained that, after making all allowance for errors of exaggeration, ‘ if the accounts of its extent and riches are at all to be relied on, there is ample room for a vast annual addition to the treasures of the earth for a great many generations to come.’

Here, then, was a very striking divergence of opinion relative to the continued productiveness of the new gold-mines. As we shall show immediately, it is only recently that the real character and distribution of the golden detritus in California have been ascertained, and possibly even yet they have not been ascertained with anything like precise knowledge ; and in some of Alison’s views, as in those of his opponents, there were mistakes which are now manifest. Nevertheless, as regards the *alluvial* gold-beds, Alison was substantially right, and the geologists, as subsequent experience has shown, were entirely wrong. Thirty years have elapsed since the discovery of gold in California, and the mines show no sign of exhaustion. The annual yield is much less than at first, owing to only a small area of the alluvium being workable at

any one time, but the alluvium is as rich in gold as ever, while a very large portion of it still remains untouched.

In 1858, after eight years of further experience, M. Michel Chevalier, an eminent authority upon such subjects, published his views upon the gold-discoveries. By that time all doubt as to the vast productiveness of the new mines, both in California and Australia, was at an end. The predominant sentiment, indeed, and the one which inspired his book, was one of alarm at the vastness of the effects which these new supplies of gold were calculated to produce. His estimate of the continued productiveness of the new mines—and, although very defective, it is the latest which has been given by any man of eminence—was, that the Californian and Australian gold-mines will continue at their present rate of productiveness for a hundred years. The grounds for his estimate may be briefly stated thus:—In the Ural mountains they wash, with profit, sands which contain only one ounce of gold in 450,000 ounces of earth; and in the valley of the Rhine the most favoured spots yield only one part of gold in seven million parts of earth. On the other hand, the yield of the rich gold-fields of Siberia is 1 in 100,000; and according to various accounts the yield of the good soils of California and Australia is frequently as much. Supposing, then, said M. Chevalier, that the soils which can be most advantageously worked in California and Australia produce at this rate, and that the auriferous beds are, on an average, a mètre (39 inches) in thickness, 1,500 acres would yield 16,000,000*l.*—i.e. more than an ordinary year's produce for each of those countries; and a hundred times this space would be sufficient to continue the present yield for a century. Now, the extent of auriferous soil, requisite for a century's production at the present rate, is less than the area of Middlesex; and M. Chevalier held that it was not a very sanguine view to suppose that both in California and Australia auriferous alluvial soil of this extent and richness will be found. To this estimate M. Chevalier added the following remarks:—

'There are several ways in which such a field of operations may be arrived at, for it must be borne in mind that frequently these auriferous banks are much more than a mètre in depth; nor must it be forgotten that their richness may greatly exceed that of 1 to 100,000. In fact this return is not the maximum below which the extraction would necessarily cease to be profitable: it is very far from it. There have been worked, and are now being worked, in all the auriferous regions, some banks the produce of which is not one-fifth or one-sixth as much as the above.'

The point to be here noted in these remarks is, that although writing ten years after the first discovery of gold in California, M. Chevalier takes a yard as the average depth of the alluvial gold-beds—an estimate substantially in accordance with the expectations of the geologists. But had these estimates of the depth of the gold-beds not been largely exceeded in many instances, the anticipations both of Alison and Chevalier as to the continued productiveness of the mines (which anticipations were based upon a most exaggerated estimate of the *superficial extent* of the gold-beds) would have been falsified, and the golden age in California, as the geologists predicted, would have come quickly to an end.

All parties, further, were agreed that when the gold-bearing alluvial soil was exhausted, there would still remain the parent gold-rocks or auriferous mountains. The only question was, would it pay to work them? The geologists, judging from the past experience of mankind, held that such gold-mining would not be remunerative; Alison, relying upon the vast power of modern machinery, maintained the opposite, and also was so sanguine in his expectations as to believe that the greater part of the Rocky Mountains in California would be found auriferous. On the question as to whether the working of the parent rocks would be profitable, he said:—

‘Granting that the veins of gold, when they go deep, are embedded in very hard rock, what is to be said to the cropping out of the veins over the vast extent of the auriferous Rocky Mountains? If the wasting away of wintry storms on the tops and sides of these mountains brings down such quantities of gold with the streams which furrow their sides, must not the laborious hand of industry prove equally efficacious? If the expansive force of a rapid thaw, following severe frost, can rend the rocks in which the gold is embedded, is not the power of gunpowder or steam equally great?’

This was a reasonable opinion or conjecture, based upon the vast additions to human power which had been effected by the recent discoveries of science alike in steam machinery and in chemistry. Nevertheless, the first experience obtained in California appeared to justify the opposite opinion held by the geologists. The early history and course of gold-finding in California was briefly this:—As a result of the Mexican war in 1848, California was transferred from its old Spanish masters, who had slumbered on the golden soil for three centuries, to the energetic rule of the United States. At that time the entire white population of the region was so small that it might all have been located comfortably in one of our smaller towns. Just before this time, Colonel Fremont had

for the first time discovered a pass over the Rocky Mountains, which still bears his name ; and a few bands of hardy adventurers from the United States soon made their way into the newly acquired province. They had been there barely two months when they found gold. The first discovery of the precious ore was made in digging a mill-course through a garden. And speedily it was found that the banks of the Sacramento river and the bed of almost every mountain-stream teemed with gold. It was in these river-beds that the first workers found their harvest—winning a golden success, the news of which astonished the world, and, despite the great length and hardships of the journey, attracted crowds of adventurers from the most distant countries. The golden sand was there, and so was the water indispensable for the gold-washing. Soon afterwards it was found that outlying these river-courses there were extensive gravel-beds, the remains of former rivers or of wide inundations which had long ceased, and which were equally charged with gold, but to which water had to be conveyed from a distance in order to extract the golden grains from the soil in which it was embedded.

All these first operations were carried on solely on the surface. The golden sands intermixed with nuggets in the beds of the streams and ravines were merely shallow deposits ; and the outlying gravel-beds at this stage were not worked beyond a short depth from the surface. Nevertheless, these surface workings and the rude machinery of the ‘cradle’ were so marvellously productive that they built San Francisco, Sacramento, and a host of smaller towns, providing at once a market for the immense agricultural produce which the superb climate and virgin soil of California were fitted to yield, and which has since become the chief and probably the most enduring element of its prosperity. By-and-by, however, the produce of these mining operations declined ; the gold-deposits in the ravines and river-beds became exhausted, and the outlying gravel-fields ceased to be workable with the rude appliances then in use. Besides bringing water from a distance for washing the surface gravel, as the excavations became deeper, sloping channels with a grade of one in twelve had to be cut from the bottom of each digging in order to carry off the excavated gravel ; and these channels or tunnels had to be carried to some ravine (more or less distant) where an outlet at a sufficiently low level could be obtained. The resources of the miners were not equal to such costly operations ; and when this stage was reached, a large portion of these hardy and energetic workers took to agriculture. At the present day,

districts where thousands of busy gold-diggers were once engaged are now silent and deserted; and had California depended solely upon these surface-washings, her population would have fallen away with a rapidity as remarkable as its growth.

Then came the second stage of gold-seeking. The workers betook themselves to quartz-mining. No longer operating upon the auriferous quartz which had been disintegrated and scattered broadcast in the form of gravel by the great machinery of time and weather, they dug up portions of gold-bearing rock from the bowels of the earth, and proceeded to crush and grind it, extracting the precious ore. Taken as a whole, this quartz-mining in California has not been very successful. Some of these quartz veins were found to be extremely rich in gold, yielding large fortunes to the workers; but such cases were the exceptions, so much so that it is questioned whether the sums expended upon quartz-mining in California as a whole have not exceeded the amount of gold so obtained.* Here, then, it seemed that the predictions of the geologists had been correct. But it soon became evident that the quartz rocks upon which these operations were carried on were not those from which the great auriferous gravel-beds had come. To anticipate a little, we may state that the gravel and boulders in by far the largest of the Californian gold-beds are pure quartz, and the same is more or less true of all these gravel-beds; whereas it is said that were the present mountains in California pounded down, the quartz contained in them would not constitute a ten-thousandth part of the alluvial gravel-beds so widely spread over the country. Whence, then, had all the gold come? Where were the great rocks or mountains of quartz from which these wide-spread gravel-beds proceeded? The geologists, and indeed everyone, made sure of the existence of these parent gold rocks or mountains, yet they could not be found. And at length the strange truth has come to light that these parent rocks no longer exist, that they have passed away long ages ago, leaving these wide-spreading gravel-beds alone to tell of their past existence. These gravel-beds are like streams whose fountains have long ago dried up. In California at least—and may not the same thing ere long be found true in Australia?—the search

* In Australia the experience has been substantially different from this. Rich auriferous quartz rocks have there been found largely, and of late years rock-crushing has furnished the chief supply of Australian gold; whereas, in California, it is the deep gravel-beds which furnish the supply.

for gold has revealed a geological romance, left by primeval Time to astonish and instruct the world in its maturity; reminding man that the earth existed for immeasurable eons before he appeared on the scene, and preserving for his eye the signs of the vast changes which have taken place in the surface even of the land upon which he now walks, and enabling him to picture the landscape, or extensive panorama, in California during countless ages of primeval time, when these vast auriferous deposits were in the course of formation.

At first the gold-seekers worked away in the ravines and river-beds, content with the ample gold which repaid their labours. But by-and-by the miners began to track these golden sands to a common source. They found that there was a point in the course of the streams beyond which little or no gold was found, but at which point a vast gravel-bed arose on either hand, richly charged with gold, extending for miles from north to south, and that it was the cutting of the various streams through this immense gravel-bed that brought down the golden sands. As explorations were made, it was found that this gravel-bed was the channel of a great river which had once flowed there. Its course has not yet been fully ascertained, but by sinkings at various points it has been traced continuously for fifty miles; its breadth varies from half a mile to a mile and a half; and the gravel-bed which marks the course of this old stream is upwards of a hundred yards in depth! At this depth below the present surface they find the original bed of the river—a bed of rock, smooth and waterworn, with pot-holes where the eddies once swirled; and the middle of the bed, where the current ran strongest, is a good deal lower than the sides. How many centuries must have passed while this mighty river still flowed upon the bare rock! especially as its current must have been slow, for the bed slopes only two or three feet in the mile. Thereafter, as time and the weather and the feeding torrents and streamlets of the mighty river began to wear down the rocks around its source, its channel began to be covered with boulders and gravel, until it was filled up to a depth of 400 feet. What ages must have passed during the existence of the river! And how remote is the time when it vanished or forsook its course! This old river-bed is now a thousand feet above the level of any of the existing rivers of the region. It is 1,000 feet above the Bear River and 1,500 feet above the American River. It must have been in a valley, but now its channel occupies high ground, sometimes actually topping a ridge, through which the torrents of subsequent times have cut passages, at varying depths below the surface,

but none of them reaching down to the rock, the original bed of the great river.

Here, then, was the main source of the gold as found in the ravines, gulches, and sands of the rivers. This vast river-course, a mile in breadth and more than a hundred yards in depth, is filled with pure quartz, varying in size from sand and gravel up to boulders, intermixed with hard clay. The boulders are chiefly in the lowest part of the bed, which is also the richest in gold, but at every depth the gravel is amply auriferous. But whence had come all this immense pure quartz, surcharged with gold? No rocks or mountains of such a kind as would furnish this quartz-gravel are now to be found in California. The ancient river flowed from north to south, and away somewhere in the north there must have been mountains composed almost entirely of quartz; for, we repeat, it is quartz alone (intermixed with alluvial clay) which fills the broad and deep channel of this old river. It could have been no mere hillocks of quartz which sufficed to fill a channel fifty miles in length, a mile broad, and 400 feet in depth. Mountains of quartz, lofty and broad, must have been there in remote ages to fill with their *débris* so vast a river-bed as this, besides supplying the other auriferous gravel-beds of California.

Geologists have an interesting field for study and research in the various gold-bearing gravel-beds of California. These are distinct from the auriferous sands of the existing streams; they mark the course of ancient inundations, or of rivers which have long ago ceased to flow. They mark the course of extinct rivers, just as the boulders and detritus of moraines mark the course of extinct glaciers. The largest of these gravel-beds is that which we have described, running from Sierra County through Placer County, and which is crossed by the Pacific Railway at Gold Run. What a strange and striking picture presents itself to the mind's eye of anyone standing there now! Far in front of him, across a mile of gravel-bed, and stretching on either side out of view, busy miners and hydraulic appliances are at work where once a primeval river, a mile broad and proportionately deep, flowed in slow and stately course through a lonely valley, untenanted by any tribe of man. The mammoth, the great elk, and the moose-deer (the last named being the most ancient of surviving quadrupeds in North America), may have stood by the wide stream drinking their fill at morn and eventide, and with blank-gazing eyes beheld to the north the far-off mountains of quartz shooting their white pinnacles into the sky, thick-flaked

with gold—a dazzling, glittering mass of light visible from afar as the slanting sunshine gleamed on their snow-white sides and summits—whiter than any marble, and sparkling with gold. Next, these glittering mountains vanished, sinking in ruins into the bed of the great river. Then the sides of the valley, too, sank away, and the river itself disappeared, seeking lower channels; and finally, its old course was left on high ground, where only tiny rivulets are found, far too small to meet the wants of the miners now toiling in the dry bed of the vanished river—a mighty Pactolus of primeval times.

Capital has now come into the field. The small holdings of the first miners, about 100 feet square, have been bought up and consolidated into properties of 200 or 300 acres each, held by companies. Tunnelling and hydraulic operations on a large scale are carried on. Water is brought from the mountains, perhaps for a dozen miles or more, in channels cut in the rock, or carried in troughs over valleys and ravines, and stored in reservoirs at the gravel-beds. The water is then carried down to the bottom of the excavation, in very strong pipes, and employed under a pressure of 150 or 400 feet in washing down the cliffs of clay and quartz, hard and firm as a wall which rise around as the excavations descend. Large tunnels, sometimes 1,500 feet in length, are constructed from the bottom of the excavation to the nearest ravine; and through these tunnels the loosened gravel is carried away by the water from the workings, and also washed of its golden particles. Although many properties of this kind have been bought, only a few of them can be worked at a time, or even brought into the market for the formation of a company; for there is a scarcity of water in that upland region, and the water that can be obtained is already appropriated. The scant supply of water, indeed, limits the extent of the mining operations. A wet or dry year largely affects the produce of gold; but the quantity of gold as yet untouched, and for the present unworkable, is said to be absolutely incalculable. These great auriferous gravel-beds, says a recent observer, are ‘hardly scratched over,’ and hydraulic mining now yields a more certain harvest than the raising of agricultural crops: and thus the golden age in California is likely to last for a period which no one ventures to estimate.

The second opinion held, and still more confidently, indeed universally, in 1850–51, was that there would be a great and speedy fall in the value of gold, and of money generally—an opinion not less confidently held, and more elaborately ex-

pressed, several years afterwards. But even in connexion with this matter there was a discordance of views; for, while all were agreed that a great fall in the value of money was at hand, there was a wide variance of opinion as to the effects expected from that fall: some writers regarding the change as a disaster, while others looked forward to it as fraught with blessings. As often happens, both parties were right, each from its own point of view; but, as events have shown, those who took a hopeful view of the matter have hitherto been fully justified. The majority of writers on the subject, especially the political economists, regarded the new gold-supplies simply or exclusively as affecting the amount of currency in its relation to the then existing requirements for it, without considering the expansion of commerce which these gold-supplies would facilitate, and which expansion would largely provide new requirements for them. Thus regarded, of course, a great fall in the value of money was inevitable—a revolution of prices and property, which *per se* is undoubtedly a great evil. The other party looked mainly at the new gold as promoting commerce, and therewith production and employment, and also as lightening the pressure of taxation, and of mortgages and all fixed payments, which are mainly due by the poorer classes to the rich.

Alison hailed the new gold-mines with an enthusiasm more philanthropic than judicious. He had discerned the evil effects upon our own country of the decline of the gold and silver mines in South America and Mexico owing to the anarchy prevailing in those countries. This diminution of the supplies of the world's currency is now acknowledged to have been one of the causes of the extraordinary depression of trade, and of the wide-spread and mysterious distress, which had prevailed in this and most of the other countries of Europe during the first half of the present century.* Instead of in-

* Mr. Newmarch, in a paper read before the Statistical Society in May last, says:—‘Prior to 1849 the annual supplies of gold available for all the purposes of coinage, bullion reserves, and commerce, had been barely sufficient to meet the wear and tear of the gold coins in circulation. . . . There is now no question that, for about twenty years prior to 1848, the annual supplies of gold had been insufficient to meet the wear and tear of the coin in use, the requirements of the arts, and the needs of enlarging industry, commerce, and population. There had been a slow but steady and progressive tendency towards lower prices, and therefore towards a discouragement of enterprises in which lapse of time and the state of distant markets had to be considered. The new gold dissipated all these discouragements.’

creasing with the population, the supplies of the precious metals had sunk below their old level, thereby raising the value of money, and increasing the difference betwixt rich and poor, while augmenting the pressure of the National Debt, which in this country at that time required for itself much more than half of the whole taxation. Moreover, commerce was checked for lack of the specie requisite for the payment of trade-balances, and without which international trade cannot be carried on.

Howsoever differing in the character or complexion of their anticipations, all parties alike were agreed that a great fall in the value of money was at hand. M'Culloch, in his 'Commercial Dictionary,' speaking of the precious metals, had observed:— 'Should eight or ten millions yearly, in addition to the present supply, be obtained from any other source, it will produce a gradual alteration of prices, similar to that which took place three centuries ago on the discovery of the mines of Mexico and Peru.' Upon which statement Alison said:— 'No one can doubt that this observation is well founded; but if the effect of eight or ten millions annually added to the treasures of the world would be so considerable, what must be the effect of the addition of sixteen or eighteen millions? Yet this addition is just now going on.'

This was the state of matters at the beginning of 1851. But in that year the Australian mines were discovered, and the annual supply of gold became vastly increased. Beginning with 1848, before the new gold from California came into the market, the annual supply of gold (that of silver remaining stationary at 8,000,000*l.*) stood thus:—

	Gold <i>£</i>		Gold <i>£</i>
1848 . . .	8,000,000	1854 . . .	25,490,000
1849 . . .	12,700,000	1855 . . .	27,015,000
1850 . . .	14,200,000	1856 . . .	29,520,000
1851 . . .	16,600,000	1857 . . .	26,655,000
1852 . . .	36,550,000	1858 . . .	24,930,000
1853 . . .	31,000,000	Total since 1848	224,700,000

In 1858, M. Michel Chevalier, one of the most eminent political economists of France, impressed by the vastness of the new gold-supplies, and by the effects which they were likely to produce upon the value of money, published his well-known book 'On the Probable Fall in the Value of Gold, and the Consequences likely to ensue from it.' The book was immediately translated and published in this country by Mr. Cobden, who entirely shared M. Chevalier's opinions, and

who desired to give public warning of the monetary revolution that was impending. In his preface Mr. Cobden said:—‘It is estimated by M. Chevalier that the present yield of gold amounts in ten years to about as much as the entire production during the three hundred years which intervened between the date of the discovery of America by Columbus and the year 1848, when the mines of California were discovered.’ M. Chevalier did not in precise words venture to fix the exact extent of the coming fall in the value of money; but the facts which he adduced, and the general tenor of his remarks, were to the effect that within ten years from that time the fall would amount to one-half.

M. Chevalier sought to establish this view by several lines of inference. First, as to gold alone. At the beginning of the present century, the annual addition made to the stock of gold amongst the nations of Christendom was barely 2,500,000*l.*; and after 1830, when the Ural and Siberian mines began to be worked, the annual supply of gold gradually rose till it reached 8,000,000*l.*, at which amount it stood in 1848. Now, said M. Chevalier, the annual supply of gold amounts to 38,000,000*l.*; so that the supply is now (in 1858) fivefold greater than it was ten years ago, and fifteen times greater than it was at the beginning of the century. Further, maintaining that the supply of gold would continue undiminished for a very long period, he said that during the next ten years there would be added to the world’s stock as large a quantity as had been poured into the world since the end of the fifteenth century, which amount is estimated to have been about 400 millions sterling. Next, taking gold and silver together, M. Chevalier remarked that, during the three and a half centuries which followed the discovery of America, 2,000 millions sterling, or at the rate of 5½ millions annually, had been added to the gold and silver in the world; and that the hectolitre of wheat, which in the years previous to 1492 cost at Paris from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 9*d.*, had cost during the last half-century about 16*s.* 8*d.* Thus, measured by the price of grain (the usual test appealed to in such questions), the value of money during the last three and a half centuries had fallen to merely one-sixth of what it had been. If then the addition of 2,000 millions sterling of the precious metals, spread over 350 years, caused a fall of 84 per cent. in the value of money, what, he asked, will be the effect of 500 millions of gold and silver (400 millions of gold and 100 millions of silver) poured into the market during the next ten or eleven years? This quantity, it is true, is only one-fourth of the amount added

between 1492 and 1848; but as it would be poured into the market in less than one-thirtieth part of the time, its effect upon the value of money would, of course, be much greater than one-fourth, in consequence of the rapidity of the supply.

Again, looking at the cost of production as a basis of estimate, M. Chevalier equally convinced himself, as well as Mr. Cobden—we might say the public generally—that a great fall in the value of gold, and with it of money, was close at hand. Taking California and Australia together, he said, the ordinary daily earnings of the miner are 16*s.*; and yet, he added, at the present hour men will labour at gold-finding (witness the gold-washers of the Rhine), although they make only 15*d.* or 20*d.* a day. But comparing the earnings of the workers at the new mines even with the highest rate of wages which generally prevails in temperate climates and among the most prosperous nations of Europe, this, he reckoned, may be taken at five francs = 4*s.* 2*d.*

'It follows,' he said, 'that the value of gold might fall till nineteen francs (16*s.*) should correspond only to the amount of well-being which at present can be obtained for five francs (4*s.* 2*d.*). By this calculation the fall in the value of money would in the end amount to three-fourths—in other words, to procure the same amount of subsistence, it would be requisite (other things being equal) to give four times as much gold as at present. According to this, we are very far from the end of the crisis.'

This last estimate or calculation of M. Chevalier is glaringly defective. No true comparison can be made between the earnings which he assigned to the gold-miners and the rate of wages in countries like France or England. He takes the earnings of the early miners during the gold-fever period, and no doubt these were as high as he states. But consider how small was the purchasing power of money in California at that time compared with what it is at home, or in Europe generally. Apart from the expenses and privations which the emigrants had to bear in journeying to so distant and isolated a region, trade had not then organised an adequate system of supplies for their maintenance in the new countries; moreover, a large portion of the mining population worked far away from towns or depots of any kind; so that a dollar went but a small way in purchasing the necessaries and comforts of life compared with the same sum in old countries. On the other hand, however, it must be said that the chief attractions of gold-mining, for the class who pursue it, are the freedom and novelty of this kind of life, and the spirit of gambling or adventure which leads the miners to undergo great labour and

hardships for the sake, however small, of suddenly acquiring a fortune. So far as the present mines are concerned, this stage is now almost entirely passed. Both in California and in Australia, the operations are conducted on a large scale, chiefly by capitalists or associations of workers. Nuggets no longer fall to their finder, but to the company or association. Indeed, as a rule, gold-mining, both in California and Australia, is now reduced to a trade, the miners being paid for their labour in weekly wages. When new gold-mines are discovered, which appears to be a highly probable event, of course the old spirit of adventure and gambling will again come into play, and it is hard to say with how small an average remuneration the exciting pursuit of gold-finding may be carried on.

Entertaining as he did, and, as was then thought, with good reason, these anticipations of a vast and also a speedy fall in the value of money, M. Chevalier, like most of the previous writers on the subject, pictured to his readers an alarming prospect. He said :—

This transition will be an interval painful to pass, and will be marked by innumerable shocks and sufferings. . . . The value of all kinds of property will be subjected to a painful uncertainty and to injurious fluctuations. It will be still worse for those persons whose incomes consist of a sum of money (napoleons or sovereigns) fixed in advance. They will live in a perpetual state of trouble, anxiety, and uneasiness. *They will sink by whole sections from their present state to another, in which they will enjoy only half of their present comforts, reasoning, as I always do, upon the assumption that gold will fall to the half of its present value.* They will be flung headlong, without rule or measure, down to a lower station, and without ever having the chance of preparation ; for it is the very essence of changes of this kind, subjected as they are to many opposing influences, to pursue an irregular and disorderly course.'

This was a somewhat one-sided, a purely capitalist's view of the matter; for undoubtedly a fall in the value of money, although inflicting a loss upon the owners of some kinds of property, like the Funds and other purely moneyed investments, would bring a corresponding gain to other classes. The pressure of national debt, which now occasions a large part of the taxation of all countries, would be lightened, equivalent to a reduction of taxation ; and, speaking generally, the hardship resulting from a fall in the value of money would fall upon the wealthy, the class best able to bear it, while the advantages would be reaped by the poor. It would, however, be followed by a rise in the value of land, houses, and chattels. Nevertheless, so great a change as that which M. Chevalier so confidently anticipated—viz., a fall of 50 per

cent. during the next dozen years—was a truly formidable prospect. Mr. Cobden, in his preface to M. Chevalier's book, said: 'I wish I could believe that this work will be read as widely as, from its great importance, it deserves to be. It is a subject on which the early possession of knowledge and the exercise of forethought will confer great advantages over ignorance and indifference, and afford the only safeguard against probable loss.'

'Loss!' This, then, was the expected result of the new gold-mines—the anticipation held almost universally by the learned class, and especially by the political economists. The uses to which the new gold-supplies could be put, the vast support which they would provide for the new or recently acquired and rapidly increasing powers of production and conveyance, were hardly noticed, or rather were wholly ignored, by those writers. Even Mr. Cobden, a thorough commercial man, took no note of the probable expansion of commerce, especially in the form of international trade, nor of the fact, now so obvious, that this expansion of the requirements for specie would *pro tanto* prevent a fall in the value of gold. Yet already, at that very time, the expansion of international trade and investment of capital in foreign countries was doing its work. Ten years had passed since the discovery of the Californian mines, and fully 220 millions sterling of gold (140 millions in excess of what the old mines would have yielded during the same period) had been poured into the world; yet neither M. Chevalier nor Cobden could say that any fall in the value of money—in other words, a rise in prices—had then occurred. A fact of this kind, so contrary to their theories, might well have suggested to them that there were some elements of the question which had escaped their observation. Nevertheless the world had then to get its lesson. Chevalier and Cobden only gave expression to the all but universal opinion; and so late as 1858 the conviction was held as confidently as at the outset that the result of the new gold-mines would be a disastrous revolution in the value of money.

M. Chevalier considerably overrated the produce of the gold-mines at the time when he wrote—at least, we cannot find any other authority who reckons the annual supply of gold in 1858 at 38 millions sterling. Taking the five years when the mines appear to have been at their very best—viz. 1852–6—the annual production of gold, as given by Sir Hector Hay, averaged exactly 30 millions sterling. Recently, owing partly to the restrictions upon the working of the mines from want of water, the annual yield of gold has considerably dimi-

nished, but during the same period new silver-mines of great richness have been brought to light in Nevada; so that the supply of the two metals, taken together, is as large as ever. In the International Exhibitions, which appear to have become an established periodical institution, the public is constantly reminded of the vastness of the new supplies of gold and silver. In the Great Exhibition of 1862, in the Australian Department, a gilded obelisk towered aloft, representing in its dimensions the quantity of gold which had been yielded by the Australian mines, at that time amounting to 120,000,000*l.* sterling. At the recent Paris Exhibition, the colony of Victoria showed in similar fashion the produce of two of its greatest mines; one glittering column representing the gold from the Clunes Mine—352,584 ounces, or about 1,370,000*l.*; while another gilded column represented the produce of the Long Tunnel Mining Company's operations—221,262 ounces, or about 860,000*l.* Yet what are these to the Great Comstoke Lode in Nevada, where gold and silver are found together in nearly equal proportions, and of which 6,000,000*l.*, or more, is merely the produce of a single year? As stated in the latest report of the Director of the United States Mint, ‘the yield of bullion from the two mines which embrace the great ore-chimney discovered in 1874 in the Comstoke Lode has amounted, up to 31st October, 1877, to 78,852,918 dollars,’ or about 15,770,000*l.*; and ‘these mines are now producing at the rate of three million dollars per month,’ or 7,200,000*l.* a year.

Summarising the best authorities, let us now see what has been the course of the supply of the precious metals in the world, or rather in Christendom, during the last four centuries—the statements for the period prior to 1800 being more or less conjectural. At the time of the discovery of the New World (1492), it is computed, but only as the merest conjecture, that the total stock of the precious metals in Christendom was about 40 millions sterling, one-half being gold and one-half silver. From 1492 down to 1803 Humboldt computed that 1,470 millions sterling were added to the stock of the precious metals, of which amount 1,190 millions were silver, and 280 millions were gold. After this date the statistics may be accepted as trustworthy and substantially correct. In the first years of the present century, down to 1810—when Napoleon's invasion of the Peninsula weakened the administrative system in the South American colonies of Spain—Humboldt, a most careful enquirer, stated the annual supply of the precious metals at 10,367,000*l.*, of which sum 7,733,000*l.* were silver, and 2,634,000*l.* were gold. From 1810 to 1829

—a period during which anarchy and revolution were at their height in the great silver-producing countries of South America and Mexico—the supply of the precious metals fell to only one-half of its previous amount; and Mr. Jacobs computed that the average annual supply during that period was—silver, 3,639,000*l.*; gold, 1,598,000*l.*; total, 5,237,000*l.* Thus the supply of silver, which at the beginning of the century, and apparently for several generations previous, had been as 3 to 1 compared with gold, between 1810 and 1830 had fallen to as 2½ to 1. Thereafter the supply of gold continued to rise rapidly. Russia began to produce gold. In 1819 auriferous sands were for the first time discovered in the beds of some streams in the Ural Mountains; but the gold so obtained was in small quantity, amounting during the next ten years (1819–28) to 3,500,000*l.* In 1829 gold began to be found in Siberia: and during the next eighteen years (1829–46) the total yield of the Russian gold-mines amounted to about 26,000,000*l.* sterling—a comparatively small, but most welcome, addition to the otherwise diminished supply of the precious metals.

This brings us to 1847, the year previous to the discovery of the Californian mines. Owing to the gradual increase in the produce of the Russian gold-mines, the supply of the precious metals at the beginning of 1848, according to M. Chevalier, stood at 10,110,000*l.* of gold, and 8,720,000*l.* of silver. In this estimate, however, M. Chevalier includes 3,000,000*l.* of gold and 1,000,000*l.* of silver as the produce of Borneo, Java, and the other islands of the Eastern Archipelago, for which, according to subsequent experience, there appears to be hardly any foundation. Making a deduction for this doubtful or baseless portion of the estimate, the annual produce of the mines immediately prior to 1848 may be stated at 16 millions sterling, of which one-half was gold and one-half silver. Thus the supply of the precious metals, which was 10,367,000*l.* at the beginning of the century, and which fell to 5,237,000*l.* between 1810 and 1830, had gradually increased until it amounted to about 16,000,000*l.* in 1847, or fully one-half larger than in 1800. At the same time, while the supply of silver had remained stationary, the supply of gold had, according to the lowest estimate, trebled since the beginning of the century.

Coming to the new period, inaugurated by the discovery of the Californian gold-mines in 1848, followed in 1851 by the Australian gold-discoveries, and ultimately by the discovery of the marvellously rich silver-mines in Nevada in 1859, authentic statistics show how vast has been the addition thus

made to the world's stock of the precious metals, as well as the remarkable change and vicissitudes in the relative supply of gold and silver. During the twenty-seven years ending with 1875, the produce of the gold-mines (both old and new) was 616 millions sterling, and of the silver-mines 264 millions—total, 880 millions. Adding conjecturally, as a moderate estimate, 50 millions of gold and 40 millions of silver as the produce of the mines since 1875, we get a total of 970,000,000*l.* poured into the world during the last thirty years, or at the rate of 32,000,000*l.* annually.* Excluding silver, the supply of which has increased only recently, we find that the total supply of gold has been about 670,000,000*l.* since 1848—a truly marvellous quantity, exceeding by one-half the entire supply of gold (as estimated by Humboldt, Chevalier, and others) during the previous 350 years.

Next as to the effect of the vast supplies of the precious metals from the new mines upon the world at large. The first question in this enquiry is: What change has taken place in the value of money? Any such change must show itself in an alteration of prices. Mr. Jevons, in 1863, after the new gold-mines had been pouring their wealth into the world for sixteen years, held that prices had then risen to the extent of 10 or 15 per cent.; and he expected that this rise of prices, or fall in the value of money, would soon increase to 30 per cent.—at which point he thought that a combination of circumstances would stop the further fall in the value of money by arresting or diminishing the labour expended upon gold-mining. Mr. Jevons stated that his attention had first been attracted to this rise of prices, when he was engaged in the preparation of a list of prices, by a rise which he observed in the year 1853; and although he fully admits that this elevation of prices had been interrupted, he considered that the facts at the time when he wrote (1863) justified him in holding that a permanent rise of prices had been established to the extent of 10 or 15 per cent.

Anyone who has studied the subject knows that there is no question more perplexingly complicated than that which

* The records of the annual produce of the gold and silver mines published by different authorities, agree pretty closely for the last twenty years, but great differences exist as to the produce of particular years between 1849 and 1858. From 1852 downwards we adopt the statement of the annual produce of the mines supplied by Sir Hector Hay, an eminent bullion-broker, to the Committee on the Depreciation of Silver in 1876.

relates to determining the influence of the supply of the precious metals, or indeed of any individual agency, upon prices. To do this with any exactitude is wholly impossible. Prices are affected by very many other influences than that of the existing stock of money in the world, or even in any particular country. As regards the extent of demand, the most potent influencer of value, increased facilities of conveyance (such as railways and steamships), which augment demand by opening new markets, tend to raise prices in exporting countries; while to importing countries these improved means of conveyance have exactly the opposite effect, lowering prices by cheapening the means of supply. In this way wheat becomes dearer in Hungary and Russia, and cheaper here. From the same cause coal tends to become cheaper in the countries which get it from us, and dearer here. In fact, as is well known, improved conveyance tends to equalise prices, not only among separate countries, but also among various districts of the same country. Manufactured articles, in a question of this kind, may be wholly thrown out of account. Science, in the form of machinery and chemical inventions, is constantly cheapening manufactures of every kind, altering their price to such an extent as wholly to obscure any effect produced by a change in the supply of the precious metals. Raw or unmanufactured commodities are the only ones which can be taken into account in such an enquiry; yet even wheat, which is usually appealed to as the standard in such questions, is more or less subject to all of the above-mentioned agencies affecting price. Down almost to the middle of the present century, agricultural operations remained very much the same as they had been for generations before, so that up to that period the price of wheat was a tolerably trustworthy indication of changes in the value of money. But, since then, so many improvements have been introduced in farming that the price even of wheat now cannot be safely compared with what it was in former times. Bone-dust and artificial manures marked the first stage of agricultural improvement, which has been followed by an extensive use of machinery, such as reaping-machines, the steam-plough, and itinerant steam threshing-machines. Even legislative changes affect prices, in some cases largely. The abolition of the Corn Laws has greatly lowered wheat in England, while the recent legislation for the protection of miners is said to have added 1s. to the cost of every ton of coal. The price of foreign commodities in the English market, likewise, has been largely affected by legislation—tea, sugar, coffee, and other imported articles being now much cheaper owing to a

reduction of customs-duties. In a country which has little or no customs-duties, the price of foreign commodities is *pro tanto* lessened. Foreign tariffs, too, affect prices by opening or shutting markets, and thereby affecting the demand which so largely influences prices. Nay, more, a bonus on export given by a Government tends to reduce the price of the favoured commodity in other countries—as we see at present in the case of sugar: the bonus, or exemption from taxation, given by the French Government upon the export of beetroot sugar sufficing to undersell the cane-sugar of our colonies in the English market, and thereby really supplying us with sugar at an artificially low price.

To these manifold agencies which obscure the effect of the new mines upon the value of money, must be added the vicissitudes of trade (whether produced by war, as recently in France and the United States, or by general causes), which of late years have been very great. In truth, the influences at work upon prices are so various and complex as to defy any accurate analysis. In opposition to Mr. Jevons, Mr. Newmarch maintains that there has been no fall in the value of money at all; and in a paper which he read before the Statistical Society in May last he gave a list of prices in support of this opinion; and since then, prices have fallen considerably. We incline to think that in 1853, when the produce of the new gold-mines was accumulating in the Western world, before it obtained an outlet—just before the Crimean War occasioned a considerable expenditure of specie in Turkey, which was immediately followed by the great drain of specie to the East, produced by our large railway investments in India and the expansion of trade with that country—a temporary rise of prices may be attributed to the new supplies of gold. But, since then, the new requirements for gold have fully kept pace with the supplies; and the circumstances of the last four years prove incontestably that money at present maintains its old value. And thus we have the remarkable fact that although 670 millions sterling of gold (about 430 millions in excess of the produce of the old mines) have been poured into the world within the last thirty years, the world's requirement for gold has been sufficient to keep money at its old value.

But although there has been no fall in the value of gold, undoubtedly there has been a fall in the value of silver in relation to gold. This, too, is the very opposite of what was anticipated. The most confidently held of all the opinions so prevalently expressed between 1850 and 1859 was that there

would be a great rise in the value of silver. At that time the production of gold was more than trebled, while the supply of silver remained stationary at the same amount as at the beginning of the century. It was most natural, therefore, to reckon that the relative value of the two metals would undergo a change, and that gold would lose a portion of its old supremacy in value. Moreover, as then appeared, silver (its supply being stationary) would retain its old absolute value—its value as measured in labour and commodities, although not in gold—whereas the value of gold would be constantly changing and falling as the new supplies poured in. So certain and serious did these results appear that the Dutch Government demonetised gold, and adopted silver as its standard money. Holland is a small country, in which such a change can be effected without much inconvenience; and other and larger States would have followed its example but for the greatness of the difficulty which, as large States, would beset them in such an undertaking.

For a considerable time these opinions appeared to be fully justified by the facts. The price of silver during the first half of the present century had been five shillings the ounce—the actual price, during the ten years immediately preceding 1848, averaging $59\frac{3}{4}d.$. In 1851 the price per ounce rose to $61d.$, and thereafter by slow gradations to $62d.$ (its highest point) in 1859. After a drop to $60\frac{3}{4}d.$, the price rose again almost to its maximum ($62d.$) in 1862–4, the period of the Cotton Famine, when an unusually large quantity of silver had to be sent by our cotton-merchants to India. After 1866 this exceptional value of silver began to disappear, the price receding by slow gradations until it returned to its old level, or somewhat lower, viz. $59\frac{3}{4}d.$, in 1873. In 1874 it fell to $58\frac{1}{4}d.$, and in the following year to $56\frac{7}{8}d.$ Then came the memorable year of the Silver Panic. In 1876, beginning at $56d.$, the price of the ounce of silver fell in April to $54d.$, in June to $50d.$, and finally, in the autumn, to $47d.$ At this point the tide slightly turned; the artificial or temporary effects of the panic passed off; and twelve months afterwards, in the autumn of 1876, the price of the silver ounce had risen to $52d.$ Within the last few months, however, silver has again fallen, the price at present being only $50\frac{1}{2}d.$ Thus, instead of rising, compared with gold, as was universally expected, the price of silver has greatly fallen.

The operating circumstances in this case are visible enough, although their effects have been far greater than was to have been expected from past experience. Of the several causes

which have produced this great fall in the price of silver, the first to be noticed, as the most widely influential, is the large addition to the annual supply of silver which has followed the discovery of the new mines in Nevada in 1859. In 1863 the silver-produce of these new mines had risen to fully 2,000,000*l.* a year; in 1871 it amounted to 4,500,000*l.*; in 1875, after the discovery of the great Comstock vein, it was 9,000,000*l.*, and in 1876 the produce of these mines stood at the same amount. Simultaneously, however, the produce of the old silver-mines of Mexico and South America, which had stood at 6,000,000*l.* a year from 1852 to 1868, has since averaged only about 5,000,000*l.*; and the total annual produce of silver at present is about 16,000,000*l.** Meanwhile gold, which reached its maximum production (ranging from 29 to 36 millions sterling) in 1853-7, fell almost to 21 millions in 1869-71, and since then has averaged barely 20 millions. Thus, despite the recent great addition to the supply of silver, the annual production of gold still exceeds it in the proportion of 19 to 16; while, during the last thirty years, the addition made to the world's stock of gold has been much more than double that of silver. Now, as the stock of gold has largely increased, compared with silver, since 1848, and as the annual supply of gold is at present about one-fifth larger than that of silver, how does it happen that silver has fallen from the price which it bore relatively to gold in 1848, when the annual supply of the two metals was about equal, and when the stock of gold in the world was very much less, compared with the stock of silver, than it is now?

The next operating influence to be noted is the action of some European States in adopting a gold in lieu of a silver currency, and of other European States in restricting the coinage of silver. Also, since 1865, the adoption of inconvertible paper-money in Italy has driven out of circulation the whole of its metallic money, estimated to amount to 17½ millions sterling. In 1873 the new German Empire resolved to provide itself with a gold currency, retaining silver merely for the minor currency; and the same change has been made by the Scandinavian kingdoms. Holland, also, without re-altering

* The Committee on the Depreciation of Silver in 1876 state in their Report that the annual silver-produce of the world, exclusive of the United States, was 7,000,000*l.*, and that 'the total product [of 'silver] of the United States could not be safely estimated at less than '9,000,000*l.*' This makes the total annual production of silver equal to 16,000,000*l.*; and, so far as is known, there has been no change in the produce of the mines since 1876.

its standard from silver back to gold, has taken to coining gold in preference to silver. In this way a new field has been opened for the employment of gold, thereby tending to uphold the value of that metal, while a considerable quantity of the disused silver has been thrown upon the market. The States of the Latin Union—France, Italy, and Spain—have put restrictions on the coining of silver, thereby stopping a use to which some of the silver set loose elsewhere would have been put. Including the disused metallic currency of Italy, a considerable portion of which has doubtless been hoarded in that country, all the silver thrown upon the market by these several operations of European Governments during the ten years ending with 1876 probably amounted to about 20 millions sterling—not much more than a single year's production of silver. But it was not until 1873 that silver began to fall below its old and ordinary price; and between 1872 and May, 1876 (as stated by the Parliamentary Committee), the silver thrown on the market amounted only to 8 millions sterling—namely, '6,000,000*l.* sold by Germany, and about 2,000,000*l.* "set free by the action of the Scandinavian kingdoms." Moreover, France, during the same period (1871–5), absorbed 33,500,000*l.* of silver in partial replenishment of her currency, which had been greatly reduced by the payment of the war-indemnity to Germany.

The third of the visibly operating influences upon the value of silver has been the action of the British Empire. The annual payments of the Indian Government to the Home Government have largely increased of late years. For a quarter of a century previous to 1863 the bills drawn by the Home Government upon India averaged $2\frac{1}{4}$ millions sterling; throughout the next eight years (1863–70) the average was $6\frac{1}{4}$ millions. The amount then rose rapidly, and during the six years ending with April last it has averaged $12\frac{1}{4}$ millions, or ten millions in excess of the average previous to 1863. These bills take the place of specie; and thus the requirement for silver in payment of the trade-balances always due by this country to India has been reduced since 1863 by an amount exceeding two-thirds of the produce of the silver-mines during the same period. In other words, a field for the employment of fully two-thirds of the supply of silver has recently been closed.

This change in the monetary relations between our Home Government and that of India has been the chief cause of the depreciation of silver. It is highly important, therefore, to note the character of this change and the probability of its

being a permanent one. A great increase of the 'Home Charges'—that is, of the indebtedness of the Indian Government to England--has taken place since 1855 or thereabouts; but for many years the effects of that increase were masked by the large investments of English money in the construction of the Indian railways. Mr. R. W. Crawford states that upwards of 93,000,000*l.* have been so expended, of which sum 40 per cent. was spent in this country, and 54,000,000*l.* were sent in successive payments to India. So long as this money was due and was being paid to India, the Indian Government was *pro tanto* relieved from the payment of its 'Home Charges;' so much so that in the four years 1858–61 the Home payments (represented by the Council drafts) averaged only 660,000*l.* per annum. But when the railway-payments from this country came to an end, the Indian Government had to resume payment of the full amount of the 'Home Charges,' *plus* the guaranteed interest on the capital invested in the Indian railways. Hence the recent and comparatively sudden increase in the amount of Home bills drawn upon India. As regards the future, no considerable diminution in the amount of these bills is likely to occur except from an increased expenditure of British money in India—such as might speedily take place if England had to contribute to the cost of the Afghan War. This expenditure, while it lasts, is certain to lessen the existing depreciation of silver.

Nevertheless, taking all the above-mentioned operating influences together, the fall in the value of silver relatively to gold is greater than these influences can be held adequate to produce. Considering the wide field for the employment of silver even in the Western world—considering that some of the largest countries of Europe (such as Russia, Austria, and Italy), and also the United States of America, have to provide themselves with a metallic currency, and that in Russia and Austria this currency must, owing to the condition of these countries, be mainly silver, it will probably be found ere long that the present redundancy, or fall in value, of silver is partly owing to transient causes. At the same time it must be said that, irrespective of the greatness of the recent fall in the value of silver, and looking back over many years, a great change has been steadily in progress in connexion with the relative requirements for gold and silver. Wealth is accumulating; the exchanges of property are increasing in number and value; and as this increase of wealth goes on, gold naturally gains upon silver, both as currency and as a means of storing wealth, in ornaments and otherwise. Some broad facts

are available to show the vast change in this respect which has come over Europe, especially during the present century. In the sixteenth century the supply of silver became at least four times larger than that of gold, and between 1492 and 1848 no less than 1,600 millions of silver were poured into the world, and only 400 millions of gold. Nevertheless, the effect of this enormous excess of silver only lowered the value of that metal relatively to gold from 1 : 11½ to 1 : 15½. At this relative value the two metals stood at the beginning of the present century, although the annual supply of silver was then three-fold that of gold. Down to that time at least, silver was the standard money and general currency of the world. The *pound* in every European country was originally a pound of silver. In fact, silver was then the superior, or indeed the only suitable, metal for currency ; the low range of prices, and the comparatively small amount of exchanges of property in commerce, and in the ordinary operations of buying and selling, rendering silver a far more convenient currency than gold. But these circumstances have been changing ; and apart from the general knowledge of the fact that wealth has been accumulating, and that prices have greatly risen in modern Europe, we find a plain proof of the superiority which gold is acquiring over silver as money ever since 1840, or indeed since 1810, as indicated by the statistics of the annual supply of gold and silver respectively. In 1800, as already said, the annual supply of silver, relatively to that of gold, was as 3 to 1 ; between 1810 and 1830 it fell to little more than as 2 to 1 ; but in 1848 the supply of the two metals, according to our estimate, had become about equal, while according to Chevalier's estimate (accepted by the Select Committee of 1866) the supply of silver as compared with that of gold was then only as 0·68 to 1. Thus, according to our estimate, the annual supply of the two metals in relation to one another in 1848 had been altered to the extent of 300 per cent. since the beginning of the century ; and, according to M. Chevalier's estimate, the alteration amounted to upwards of 400 per cent. And yet the relative value of the two metals throughout all this period of change remained substantially the same—namely, as 15½ to 1. This was a very remarkable fact, and it is still more remarkable that the significance of this fact remained entirely unobserved. It showed in the most striking manner that since the beginning of the century some new and potent influence was at work, which sustained the value of gold, although the annual supply of that metal had in 1848 increased threefold while the silver-supply had remained stationary. It is only now, after thirty years of

the most remarkable revolution in the supplies of the precious metals that the world has ever beheld, that the new influence which supports the value of gold relatively to silver has come to be recognised. This new influence cannot be too clearly appreciated in making calculations as to the future, or even in explaining the present decline in the value of silver. There is no absolute superiority of any metal as currency ; all depends upon the condition of the country where it is to be so employed. Barbarous countries are too poor even to have a copper currency, and cowrie-shells are still in use as currency in some parts of India. But in proportion as the wealth of a country increases, it requires a currency of higher value. It will be a long time before all the countries even of Europe take to a gold currency, but all countries, without exception, will do this as they progress in wealth. Taking the civilised world as a whole (i.e. including India and China), silver still holds its old place as the superior metal for currency ; but in the wealthier countries of Europe and America gold is steadily gaining upon the cheaper metal ; and this ever-growing preference for the more valuable metal as currency will continue to maintain its value relatively to silver to a degree no longer justified by the amount of the supply of the two metals.

Such, then, are some of the more notable facts resulting from the memorable gold-discoveries thirty years ago ; and they furnish a striking proof of the difficulty, even on the part of really eminent men, in forecasting the issue of novel circumstances. There remains to be considered the most important point of all—namely, the effect of the vast new supplies of the precious metals upon trade and the general condition of mankind—a subject which we must reserve for treatment in a separate article.

ART. II.—*Francesco Cenci e la sua famiglia.* Notizie e documenti raccolti per A. BERTOLOTTI. Firenze: 1877.

AT last we have a conscientious attempt to narrate with historical accuracy the famous story of Beatrice Cenci, her wrongs and her crimes ; and it would seem that the attempt is a successful one. This really is the first time that the true story has been offered to the world, though few passages of mediæval guilt have been related so often, or treated by so multifarious a band of writers. Some, the poets and romancers, have excusably enough made no pretence to historical investigation. Nobody will blame Shelley for taking the tale as the voice of

popular tradition gave it to him, and using it as the dreadful plot of the finest modern tragedy in our language. One might say the same, perhaps, for Guerrazzi, were it not that his well-known novel claims to be founded on a new examination of the documentary evidence and a genuine historical appreciation of it—which is absolutely unfounded.* On other grounds also his book is objectionable. It is not like the work of an Italian. It is written in the very worst French taste and style. The author was attracted to the subject merely as it afforded an opportunity for a *succès de scandale*, and he has used it accordingly. Several other writers might be mentioned, some of them quite recent, who have published fresh renderings of the celebrated old tragedy, most of them professing to be based on new and exhaustive investigation of documents throwing light on the circumstances of the case. But none of them have done what they profess to do. They merely follow one another, telling the story as it has so often been told, with more or less of detail, evolved for the most part from the inner consciousness of the writer. The first enquirer who has really consulted all the available records bearing on the subject is Signor Bertolotti; and the result is, as we purpose showing our readers, a very different story indeed from that which so many generations have accepted. Murray's 'Handbook for 'Southern Italy,' p. 45, says: 'The story has been told by 'Keppel Craven in his Travels through the Abruzzi, and 'more accurately still, as derived from a cotemporary MS., in 'an article of the "Quarterly Review," April, 1858.' This pretended cotemporary MS. has deceived sundry other enquirers. It is preserved in the Minerva Library at Rome, and, it is true, calls itself a contemporaneous account. But it is full of blunders; and Signor Bertolotti shows that it has no title to the character it claims. His own version of the history is most carefully based throughout on documentary evidence of an unimpeachable character, partly drawn from the Papal public offices, but in a much greater measure from the archives still existing in the offices of old-established notaries who have, in one way or another, inherited the business and the records of former generations of notarial predecessors. Those who have

* Signor Bertolotti mentions as within his own knowledge that a Roman notary, knowing that Guerrazzi was engaged on the Cenci history, wrote to him to say that several curious documents throwing light on various parts of the story were to be found in the archives of his office, to which Guerrazzi replied that he had no need of any such information!

ever had occasion to enter such offices may have seen long shelves filled with huge thick volumes, each with its date on the back, running into the seventeenth and sixteenth centuries, and in some cases even further back. Think of the mass of absolutely certain facts, and curious details, and long-hidden secrets that might be hunted out from those repositories by anyone who would endure the *improbus labor* Signor Bertolotti has gone through.

Signor Bertolotti does not possess much literary power, nor does he make any pretence or attempt in that direction. Still less has he any regard for the preconceived ideas and sympathies of story-tellers and their readers. His object is simple historical truth, and he is evidently well fitted for the discovery of it. It is clear that he is a practised hand in the examination of archives ; and those who have ever attempted work of this kind know the value and the necessity of this qualification. He has the true archivist's *flair*, sure as the scent of a bloodhound, and, absolutely regardless as to when and where he may run down his game, he is only eager to follow the trail accurately and surely through every doubling and baffling covert. This in the present case he has been able to do with very remarkable success.

But perhaps the reader does not care for dry truth at the cost of disturbing his cherished Cenci legend. Perhaps he may consider it one of the cases in which 'ignorance is bliss' and 'it is folly to be wise.' Perhaps he—or more probably *she*—may declare that no evidence is wanted in the matter beyond the expression of those wonderfully sad eyes which look out from the canvas hanging on the wall in the Barberini Gallery across the intervening three centuries. Look in her face, it may be said—that face whose exquisitely plaintive beauty has caused it to become throughout the civilised world one of the best known faces of all the generations of men and women from that time to this—and you will need no documentary evidence of the truth of one of the saddest tales the world has ever heard. Well, it may at once be said that those who do not choose to have their cherished romance-lore disturbed may as well leave the following pages unread ; for we are going, with much regret, to be terribly iconoclastic. Signor Bertolotti has no regret whatsoever in the matter. He is absolutely ruthless.

We will begin our thankless task with the celebrated picture in question. This is not beginning with the beginning, it is true. But the supposed portrait has done so much to popularise the story, and the emotions with which many persons approach

the consideration of it are so coloured and fashioned by their recollections of that superlatively lovely face and the ineffable expression of its lineaments, that it is well to remove this stumbling-block out of the way before attempting to lay the truth of the story before them. Well, there is the picture hanging on the wall of the Barberini Gallery, catalogued as a portrait of Beatrice Cenci by Guido Reni. The *custode* says it, and the guide-books allow it. And it never occurs to any of the thousands of sightseers who gaze on it, and still less to any of the hundreds who order copies of it, to doubt the accuracy of the description. The unlucky fact, however, is that the picture was never intended to represent the *bella peccatrice* at all, and was in truth painted long after her tragical death. Signor Bertolotti is enabled, by a careful examination of the records of the Pontifical Treasury, to state as a matter of fact that Guido *never painted in Rome before the death of Beatrice* in 1599. The date of the first payment made to him is 1608. Further, we have a catalogue of the Barberini pictures made in 1604, and again in 1623;* and in neither of these is there any mention of any portrait of Beatrice Cenci, or of any work by Guido Reni. As Signor Bertolotti remarks, 'this inventory having been made five years after the death of Beatrice, with a notice of the subjects and the persons represented in the pictures, it is not credible that the Cenci, the memory of whom must then have been fresh in the minds of all men, should have been overlooked.' Signor Bertolotti inclines to believe that this celebrated canvas really is a Madonna by Paolo Veronese. Signor Bertolotti, excellent as an historical investigator, is not on his own ground as a connoisseur. He shows quite satisfactorily that Guido never could have painted a portrait of the Cenci, but wanders altogether *ultra crepidam* as regards his alternative suggestions. It certainly is not intended to represent the Madonna. The picture was undoubtedly painted by no hand save that of Guido Reni; and anyone who hesitates to accept his own artistic appreciation as sufficient evidence of the fact may find the means of convincing himself by a visit to the chapel attached to the church of St. Gregory on the slope of the hill beyond the Coliseum, where, in the large fresco which Guido painted there in rivalry with that by Domenichino on the opposite wall, he will recognise the well-known face, head-dress, and drapery in one of the figures looking

* These catalogues may be found printed in the 'Giornale di Erudizione Artistica,' vol. v. p. 278. Perugia: 1876.

at St. Andrew. This figure is at once seen to be, not like, but the same. Further, he may see in a picture by Guido in the Orsini palace a reproduction of the same *favourite model*. Again, at the Rospigliosi palace the same head, very slightly modified, may be seen in one of Guido's Muses. In short, the head in question was, without doubt, that of a favourite, but most probably somewhat idealised, model of the painter, which he painted at Rome; and it came into the possession of the Barberini, not only after the death of Beatrice, but after the printing of the catalogues which have been referred to. The tradition connecting the picture with the Cenci, altogether gratuitous, but particularly well serving the purposes of the Barberini *custode* and of the Roman copyists, pretends that the picture was painted on the day previous to the execution of Beatrice. But, as Signor Bertolotti remarks, 'Beatrice, at that time more than twenty years old, haggard from remorse, and lacerated by the torture, could not have presented that youthful and serene countenance which we admire in the picture.' The Barberini—Heaven knows why—grant only with extreme difficulty and rarity the permission to make a real copy of this picture. Hence the vast majority of the copies sold year by year in Rome are copies of copies, it is impossible to say how many degrees removed from the original copy which has been the parent of them.

So much for the celebrated Barberini picture.

But the tragedy—the terrible story which has been told from generation to generation through all these centuries! That, surely, is not wholly a myth? No! A terrible tragedy was enacted in the last two years of the sixteenth century, and the veritable history of it is shocking enough; though, as we are about to show, it is not marked by those circumstances of enormity and horror which have stamped it with the blackest mark in the records of depravity and crime. What these circumstances of enormity were, it is unnecessary to recapitulate here. The tale, as it has been told by dozens of novelists, poets, and pretended historians, is sufficiently well known. We shall content ourselves, therefore, with narrating the events as they really happened. Even thus stripped of its adventitious character, it is startling and terrible, and eminently illustrative of society and manners in the Eternal City at the end of the sixteenth century.

Clement VIII., a Florentine of the great Aldobrandini family, was sitting on the Papal throne. He was the strong-handed Pontiff who compelled Henry IV. of France to sue for a pardon and reconciliation long denied to him. He

was elected in 1592, and reigned thirteen years, dying in 1605. St. Peter's bark, having shot the rapids of the Council of Trent with less damage to the craft than might have been expected, had now come into comparatively tranquil water. It was no longer a Church militant. What it had lost in the great struggle of the preceding century was lost definitively. What it had retained it was in no danger of losing within any time to which the shrewdest of human eyes could then look forward. The Popes ruled 'their own' after the fashion which seemed good to them. It was the beginning of the long sleepy 'good old' time which lasted for some two hundred years; and the Roman city and society were such as the unchecked and unmitigated influences of a theocracy made them.

In 1556 Monsignor Cristoforo Cenci became treasurer-general of the Apostolic Chamber. That place seems to have been in many respects analogous to that of the *fermiers généraux* under the later Bourbon Kings of France. It was quite according to the normal condition of such matters at Rome that the holder of the position in question should be a consummate scoundrel, and should accumulate an enormous fortune. Christopher Cenci was true to the traditions of his office in both respects. He was not a priest, but a 'chierico,' a clerk; i.e. he had received holy orders in such a degree as to mark him indelibly as the Church's own, but not in such a degree as to enable him to say mass, or bind him to perpetual celibacy. Without holy orders of at least such an inferior degree, no man could aspire to any of the lucrative offices of the Apostolic Court. Although not in such orders as to enable him to say mass, Christopher Cenci nevertheless held the benefice of the parish of St. Thomas, in which the Cenci mansion stood and still stands, adding the proceeds of it to the annually increasing wealth he accumulated. He might have married; but he preferred living in concubinage with a married woman, named Beatrice Arias, by whom he had a son, Francesco, during the lifetime of the husband of Beatrice. After the death, however, of this husband, he legitimatised his son; left him heir to all his enormous wealth; married Beatrice on his death-bed; left her a life-rent and a house, in the hope that she would live *honestè et castè*; and died about the middle of the year 1562. On November 20, 1563, she married her second husband's man of business, one Evangelista Recchia. But during her short widowhood she was accused by her son's tutor of stealing out of his room in Casa Cenci certain clerical robes. Signor Bertolotti gives the

very damaging evidence of certain servants of the house respecting this accusation ; and very curious, as illustrations or social conditions, they are. But want of space forbids the reproduction of them here.

Of Francesco Cenci Signor Bertolotti begins his account thus :—‘ The bastard of a half priest who had abused his office ‘ to enrich himself, and of a woman who, faithless to her own ‘ husband, was accused of theft, and suspected of having been ‘ unfaithful also to her lover, seemed predestinated to be a ‘ worthless man.’ He was born, not, as Steudhal in his well-known work, ‘ Les Cenci,’ says, in 1527, but in 1549, and from a very early age showed that, whether predestined or not, his career was likely to be a stormy one. His first appearance in a criminal court was at eleven years of age, the accusation against him being that he, assisted by his tutor, had beaten, *usque ad sanguinem*, one Quintilio di Vetralla. His father settled the matter for him by paying handsomely. In his twelfth year he was by a formal legal act ‘ emancipated’ from his father’s authority. In the following year his father Christopher died ; and we find that the youthful heir paid 33,000 crowns to various public administrations to compromise sundry actions for maladministration brought against his father’s estate. Among the rest he paid 3,800 crowns to the Chapter of St. Peter’s, whence we see that the old treasurer held various offices of trust, which he seems to have impartially abused.

In his fourteenth year Francesco was again in trouble about a child of which he had become the father by a young girl. And on October 24, 1563, he was betrothed to Ersilia, daughter of the late Valerio Santa Croce, the dower (promised by the bride’s uncle, Monsignore Prospero Santa Croce, a bishop) being 5,000 crowns. Some of the narrators of the Cenci story have accused Francesco of having poisoned this Ersilia, but there never was any foundation for the accusation. She died a natural death after twenty-one years of married life, and after having given birth to twelve children, of whom five died in their infancy. Nevertheless, there is abundant evidence that the marriage was not a happy one, and that Ersilia Santa Croce suffered much from her brutal husband. She died in 1584, when her husband was in his thirty-sixth year, leaving behind her five sons, Giacomo, Cristoforo, Rocco, Bernardo, and Paolo ; and two daughters, Antonina and Beatrice. Giacomo died on the scaffold on September 10, 1599. Cristoforo was murdered by one Paolo Bruno Corso, his rival in the affections of a woman of the town. Rocco was killed in a

duel by an illegitimate son of the Count of Pitigliano (Orsini) in the year 1595. Bernardo lived till July, 1627, died a natural death, and left two sons and four daughters. Paolo, the youngest, appears to have been sickly from his childhood. He died probably in 1600, as it should seem of consumption. Antonina, the eldest daughter of Francesco Cenci, was born in 1573, as appears from the statement that she was twenty-two at the date of the contract of marriage between her and Luzio Savelli, on January 18, 1595. The exact date of her death is not known; but she did not live long, and she left no offspring. Her husband, Luzio (or, as we should write, Lucius) Savelli, was a member of one of the noblest families in Rome. And the same may be said of Ersilia Santa Croce, the first wife of Francesco Cenci.

Now Francesco was, at the time of his marriage with this high-born and noble Roman lady, a wretch notorious for wickedness, brutality, and abominations of every sort, who had been already publicly disgraced by appearing as a prisoner in court at the instance of the public prosecutor. But he was enormously wealthy, and had therefore no difficulty in obtaining the hand of one of the noblest ladies in Rome. When his daughter was married to the noble Savelli, he was to an infinitely greater extent a disgraced man, as will be further seen in the following pages—seen, that is, to a certain very imperfect degree by reason of the impossibility of printing on a page destined for general circulation the entire details of his atrocities. But he gave his daughter Antonina a dower of 20,000 crowns, and one of the proudest families in Rome was willing to make the alliance—facts which may be recommended to the attention of those *laudatores temporis acti* who are fond of pointing to scandals of a similar, though hardly equal, kind in our own day, as indications of the degeneracy of noble and generous sentiment.

We come now to Beatrice, the second and youngest daughter of Francesco Cenci, the heroine of the popular story. All the narrators of it are unanimous in declaring that she was of exquisite beauty (is not there the portrait to testify it?); that she was beloved by a certain Monsignore Mario Guerra, and was waiting for an union with him till he could obtain the Pope's dispensation from the orders he had received; and that she was at the time of her tragic death just sixteen. Only a few weeks have passed, says Signor Bertolotti, writing in 1877, since the register of her birth was discovered in the archives of the church of San Lorenzo in Damaso. The document runs thus:—‘On the 12th of February, 1577, Beatrice, daughter of Francesco Cenci, and of Ersilia, his wife, in the

'parish of St. Thomas de' Cenci. (Signed) Don Vincentio Antonacci di Frascati.' It appears, therefore, that at the time of her death she was over twenty-two years of age. 'The fact that at that age she had not found any husband, despite 'a dower of twenty thousand crowns,' writes Signor Bertolotti, 'would seem to show that she was not so beautiful.' Most readers will probably think that such an inference is by no means a certain one. But the truth is that there is no need to seek any such explanation of the fact that Beatrice remained unmarried; for there were other more cogent reasons for that circumstance, as we shall show in the seqnel.

As for the story of her romantic affection for the young prelate, Monsignore Mario Guerra, it will be seen presently that he was forty years old at the time of the tragedy, and that, on the occasion of this prelate having to defend himself against an accusation of theft, Beatrice gave evidence which it is impossible to suppose she would have given in the case of a man with whom she was in love. We shall have to speak further of this trial presently. In the mean time it may be observed that Beatrice seems to have acted as housekeeper in her father's household, as is evidenced by the following extract from the accounts of one Emilio Morea, who was the husband of a natural daughter of Francesco Cenci, and who acted as his steward:—

'December 7 (year not given), paid to the Signora Beatrice Cenci by order of Signor Francesco, for household expenses, 50 scudi, or crowns. Id. on December 9, 50 scudi. Id. on the 14th, 100 scudi. Id. on the 20th, 25 scudi. Idem on the 24th, 100 scudi.'

It may be further observed that the above extract, showing the disbursement of 325 scudi in eighteen days, indicates that the current expenses of Francesco's establishment must have been very considerable—an amount of expenditure occasioned, as all the notices we have of the family and their course of life unmistakably indicate, not by any decorous magnificence of living, but by mere dissolute and disorderly extravagance and want of decent management.

Francesco's second wife remains to be mentioned. After remaining nine years a widower, from 1584, the date of the death of his first wife Ersilia, till 1593, Francesco married, on November 27 of that year, Lucretia Petroni, the widow of a man named Velli. It does not appear that there was any issue of this marriage. Lucretia had three daughters by her first husband, to each of whom Francesco Cenci appears to have assigned a hundred crowns as a dower. Lucretia, as is well known,

perished on the scaffold, together with Giacomo and Beatrice Cenci, on the fatal morning of September 11, 1599.

Having thus summarily mentioned those members of the Cenci household with whom an examination of the celebrated story brings the enquirer into contact, we will return to the notices of the Cenci family which Signor Bertolotti has collected, because they represent, as it were, the rapids which precede the tremendous plunge of their life-stream into the gulf, and because they are eminently illustrative of Roman society at the close of the sixteenth century—observing once again that we must content ourselves with such part of the notices in question as it may be found possible to print in the English language on a decent page.

After four years of marriage to his first wife, in 1567, Francesco, then in his eighteenth year, made a will, bequeathing all he possessed to his children who should thereafter be born, expressly excluding his wife from any share in the management of or authority over them, and forbidding them to live under the same roof with her. It may be concluded, therefore, that the married life of Francesco and Ersilia was not a very happy one, though it did endure for twenty-one years, and produced a numerous offspring.

We have seen that Francesco Cenci had appeared publicly as a criminal while yet in his boyhood. Again, in the January of the same year in which he made the above-mentioned will, 1567, the eighteenth of his age, we find him called upon to answer for an assault on one of his kinsmen in a night brawl in the street. In 1572, five years later, he was relieved from imprisonment in his own house, and sentenced to banishment from the Papal States, under a penalty of ten thousand crowns if he were found within them. There is no record existing of the crime which caused this sentence, though something may be learned on the subject from his own evidence given in court upon a subsequent occasion; but we find that he was permitted to return in the February of the following year, his pardon having been obtained from the Pope by the mediation of Cardinal Caraffa.

In 1586 he made another will, in which, says Signor Bertolotti, he shows himself extremely religious and affectionate towards his family, with the exception of his eldest son. We can see no such indications of any feeling of religion, unless directions for his funeral ceremonies and the foundation of a chaplainship be considered such. Nor is there any stronger sign of affection for his family than the due provision for them out of his immense wealth may be thought to afford. He does

not, indeed, express any hostility towards any one of them, with the exception of his eldest son, whom he disinherits as far as it was in his power to do so; and it must be admitted that this eldest son had given him much reason for this enmity.

In 1590 he was again attacked by the officials presiding over several of the departments which had been defrauded by his father; and on petitioning the Pope to ‘admit him to ‘composition’—to say, that is, what he would take to cry quits and let bygones be bygones—25,000 crowns was named as the sum in consideration for the payment of which the Pontiff would square the account. In the document settling the matter, the Pope enumerates the fraudulent practices of Christopher Cenci, his scandalous connexion with Beatrice Arias, and certain doubts whether Francesco Cenci could be held to be legitimatised at all; but, in consideration of the payment of the above sum, quits him from all future claims upon his father’s fortune, absolves him of everything, and legitimatises him as though he had been born in regular wedlock. If, remarks Signor Bertolotti, we take account of the 30,000 and more crowns which he disbursed on the same grounds immediately after the death of his father, the 25,000 crowns which he paid to settle criminal accusations against him, and the 100,000 which he had subsequently to pay for the same purpose, and if, it may be added, we remember that these sums must be multiplied by about ten to bring them to the corresponding value at the present day, some idea may be formed of Francesco Cenci’s colossal fortune.

After the death of his wife Ersilia in 1584, Francesco appears to have pursued a downward path at an accelerated pace. In 1593 we have the record of a criminal process on the complaint of Maria Pelli, of Spoleto, called ‘la bella ‘Spoletina,’ who had lived as a domestic in his house for some years, and had during that time been his mistress. ‘Tired of ‘the brutal violence of her master, who often beat her till she ‘was bleeding,’ she brought a complaint against him before the Governor of Rome, at the same time referring to previous maltreatment. Here is this complaint of Francesco Cenci’s mistress against him on September 30, 1591, as it may still be read in the archives of the Pontifical Criminal Court. It is very curious from sundry points of view.

‘Your lordship must know that I live as a servant with Signor Francesco Cencio [the more peculiarly Roman form of the name], and that I went to live with him three years ago. And from that time to this I have always served him faithfully; and to-day about the nine-

teenth hour (i.e., at that time of year about one o'clock in the day), the said Signor Francesco, wanting to go and see the grain measured, which he sells to the people of the Apostolic Chamber, up at the Terme,* called a tenant of his named Catherine (I don't know her surname), who came into my master's house to live there together with me to take care of a son of his who is not well.† And talking there in the house with the said Catherine and my master in a loose manner about women, I only said it did my master no good to meddle with them, and while I was going to clean the child my master came and said, "Well, what are you doing?" And on my answering that I should have finished what I was doing in a minute, so that I and Catherine might go to dinner (for he had already dined), he began beating me with a great stick; and having broken one over my back, he took another and gave me many blows in different parts of my person in the presence of the said Catherine and of the cook. And while he was beating me the said Catherine said to him, "You will break her 'head!'" And he replied, "What signifies? Have I not plenty of 'money to pay for it?'" Then I ran away. (The notary then describes the marks made on different parts of her body. And the witness then proceeds:) And you must know that he has beaten me many times; and among others, in the time of Pope Sixtus,‡ he struck me on the head with a stick because I said that if I was to comply with his wishes I did not like another woman to be brought into the house. Upon that occasion Master Thomas, the barber, attended me. And the barber gave information to the Governor of Roine; but my master made him say that I had fallen downstairs. (The witness goes on to describe other cases of assault.) My said master also retains in his possession three trunks of mine, as also a bed, and various small articles, besides 43 crowns in money; and I beg the Court that this property may be restored to me, and that justice may have its course respecting these matters; and all this I have said because I will live with him no longer.'

The Catherine above mentioned is then called, and confirms the previous witness's testimony.

* He (Francesco Cenci) told Maria (la bella Spoletina) to go and get a hen and some meat, and prepare dinner for herself and me and Signor Bernardo, his son; but the said Maria did not move. Thereupon Signor Cencio took off her slipper and struck her with it. She became angry, and went into her bedroom saying a great deal, which I did not catch, because they spoke together in a way I don't understand.§

* It was a time of scarcity, and the Papal government bought grain for distribution from Cenci, which was stored in the vast granaries still to be seen at the Piazza delle Terme, close to the modern railway station.

† This was Paolo, the youngest, who was from his birth sickly.

‡ Sixtus V, died in 1590.

§ The witness appears to have been a Bolognese, and it is curious to observe that she could not understand the Roman dialect.

Then Signor Cencio got up and took a broomstick, and began beating her so that the blows could be heard. Then he went to the granary to sell grain.'

Other women give similar evidence; and one testifies that she herself and her daughter were also beaten for trying to prevent him from beating *la Spoletina*.

It seems, however, that this complaint was arranged in some way, by means of money no doubt; for *la Spoletina* appears as his servant still three years later, on occasion of another prosecution against him for ill-treatment of a man-servant, in which, indeed, *la Spoletina* seems to have been an accomplice. On April 10, 1593, one Stefano Bellono complains that,

'whereas he lived with Signor Cenci as house steward, his master, when he was moving house from the Palazzo Cenci to the Ripetta (where Cenci built himself a house), ordered him to go with a mule from the former to the latter place. "I said that it was not my place to lead "mules, all the more that the mule was vicious, and I was afraid it "would do me a mischief."

His master thereupon gave him a black eye, tore his moustaches out, and otherwise ill-treated him—

'calling out the while to his son Bernardo to fasten the door and give him the forked spear, for he would kill me. To free myself from his violence, I said I would go with the mule. He kept my overcoat as a pledge, telling me, if anybody asked about my bruised face, to say I had fallen down.'

Then he relates how the mule became violent by the way, and got away from him and galloped home, and he ran after it.

'I wanted not to go in, but asked Maria the Spoletina for my overcoat. She made me come in, and then locked the door. The next moment Signor Francesco came and took me up to his bedroom. He made me undress myself; and he and Maria took all my clothes off to my shirt. And then that evening he made me get into the carriage, naked as I was, with him and his servants and his sons, and took me to the house in the Ripetta, where he kept me shut up for two days; and only gave me back my overcoat when I had got rid of the marks of his violence. Then I straightway made my complaint.'

Here is another. On April 25, 1594, Attilio Angelini, a carrier of grain, testifies that he

'met Signor Francesco Cenci in his carriage with his house-steward, accompanied by servants armed with arquebuses. He called Baldassario, of Milan, my brother-in-law, and told him that he must bring him the money which he had received from the bakers for measuring out to them the wheat. Baldassario answered that the money belonged to him as the measurer of the corn. Then Francesco, who was next

the door of the carriage, said to him, “Scoundrel ! is that the way you ‘speak to the like of me ?’ ” And he fetched him a blow which did not take effect, but knocked his hat off. Signor Francesco got out of the carriage in a rage, and said to his armed servants, “ Give it him with ‘the arquebus ! ’ ” Baldassario got behind me. One of the servants levelled the arquebus, but Francesco told him in a low tone not to fire. Then stooping he took up a stone, and threw it at Baldassario as he stood behind me, but did not hit him. Then we ran away. I heard afterwards from the wife of Baldassario that he was like to die from two arquebus wounds which he had received at night at the door of his house. I went to see him, and he told me that the servants of Signor Francesco Cenci had fired on him by their master’s order.’

On March 9, 1594, Francesco Cenci was once more brought up for examination before the criminal magistrate from the prison at the Capitol, where he was at that time confined. But if we have found it difficult enough, even by judicious reticences, to follow the depositions of the witnesses against him on other occasions, it becomes now wholly impossible to print in these pages any portion of the evidence given by half-a-dozen or more witnesses, showing that this monster was habitually guilty of unspeakable abominations, which, however unmentionable in our better days, were not by any means uncommon at that time in Italy. Maria la Spoletina was, among other witnesses, examined on this occasion. Her evidence is horrible. Francesco Cenci denied everything, maintaining that one after another all the witnesses lied. The unhappy Maria was, in consequence of his absolute denial, put to the torture, but nevertheless adhered to her evidence. Cenci was not put to the torture because he was noble, he himself observing to the judges that it was not proper to order a man of his quality to be tortured. But when the amount of concurrent testimony became such that he felt it was vain to hope to defend himself, he says on April 1, 1594, after having still persisted in his denials :

‘ But I supplicate in all humility his Holiness to pardon me like a benign and merciful prince, and to finish this my affair and cause in such manner as may be most pleasing to him, because, as I have said many times and repeat again, I do not demand justice, but mercy, from his Holiness; and in all respects and for all purposes I appeal to the mercy and benignity of his Holiness, and I will not depart an iota from that which his Holiness shall order; and for this purpose I desire that I may have my liberty, in order that I may be able to consult with my friends and relations for the purpose of treating with his Holiness respecting all that may be needed in this my cause; and if ever it shall be found that I attempt to defend myself in this cause, let me be held as infamous, seeing that I have no intention but to have recourse to the benignity of his Holiness.’

All which simply meant, and was perfectly well understood to mean, that he was willing to pay such a sum as might make it worth the while of the Papal Government to shut their eyes; and eventually he was allowed to buy himself off for a hundred thousand crowns.

But some of his answers to the judges, who in face of the mass of evidence against him urged him to confess, are very instructive as to the ways and habits of thinking of the place and time.

Cenci. ‘I thought that this business was finished, seeing that I have placed myself at the disposition of his Holiness altogether and in every respect. I confirm what I said before.’ Again: ‘What would your worship have me say? I tell you that my wish is, and that I am content, that the Pope should settle the matter, and take me out of this trouble in the way he thinks best.’

In reply to further insistence that he should confess, he says:

‘Oh, good God, Signore! these people say that I have done this and that, and it won’t rest here, but will go on increasing. And your worship will say, So then, if you have been guilty of this you have done that other too. I say that no word of it all is true. Signor Domenico (the examining judge), I pray you release me, that I may speak to the Pope, and get others to speak to him, and to settle this matter by the means of three or four cardinals, for I shall be able to appease him.’ Again he says: ‘Write down, if the judge likes, that I have murdered a dozen men, and I will confess it. I will say whatever Signor Domenico chooses; but for heaven’s sake make an end of the matter. I repeat that his Holiness must settle this accusation; for it is not to be thought of that a man of my rank should be put to the torture—not that I have not courage enough to support it, but that I do not choose to submit to it, specially in such a case as the present.’

The poor woman who was one of his principal and undoubtedly truthful accusers was tortured. But it was admitted that the carcass of this noble, one of the most ignoble beings that ever walked the earth, was too sacred to be laid hands on by the myrmidons of the law.

We may now throw together a few notices of the sons of Francesco Cenci. On March 5, 1587, Francesco, the father, compels his eldest son Giacomo, by action at law, to restore to him 391 crowns, unduly appropriated by the son, as per account:—80 crowns received from certain tenants; 25 crowns which he had received for the monthly payment to the monastery where ‘the girls’ (his two sisters) were, and had put into his own pocket; 22 crowns, which he had induced a priest at Aquila to lend him on his father’s credit; 34½ crowns, the

balance of $54\frac{1}{2}$, ‘received from a person who for modesty’s sake is not specified’ (what this can mean, and what possible person or thing it could have been that shocked the modesty of the priestly lawyers of that day, it is difficult to imagine); 11 crowns for a debt to a shoemaker; 30 crowns for two pieces of satin stuff, which were bought to replace two other pieces stolen from a wardrobe to which only Giacomo and his father had access; 200 crowns for extinguishing other debts due from Giacomo. It will be observed that these items make $402\frac{1}{2}$ and not 391 crowns. But so the reckoning stands in the ancient document.

Giacomo had also married without his father’s consent; and having the administration of the house in his hands when his father was in prison in 1594, he was guilty of embezzlement to a large extent. Francesco, on coming out of prison, accused his eldest son before the criminal tribunal of attempting to murder him; but Giacomo seems to have defended himself from this accusation successfully. Subsequently, when about to die on the scaffold, he confessed that he had forged an instrument by which he had wronged his father of 13,000 crowns.

It is equally from the archives of the criminal court that notices of Christopher, the second son, must be sought. He was on various occasions in prison on different accusations, and perished at last, in a night brawl in the streets of Rome, in the lifetime of his father.

Of Rocco, the third son, Signor Bertolotti says that he was ‘perhaps the worst of the miscreated race of Cenci.’ There was a complaint against him and his servants on July 22, 1592, for disturbance and threatening to break into a house and menacing the inmates, and again on August 2 in the same year for an altogether unprovoked assault on some fishermen, one of whom was badly wounded. Rocco Cenci was for this outrage fined 5,000 crowns, and exiled. Coming back to Rome secretly, however, he robbed his father’s house, which gave rise, on March 19, to a trial, the record of which, Signor Bertolotti says, is extremely interesting, because the daughters of Francesco Cenci and Monsignore Guerra, the supposed lover of Beatrice, appear as witnesses.

On March 19, 1594, Antonio San Gallo, a servant in the house of Francesco Cenci, being examined at the Palazzo Cenci, testifies:—

‘Yesterday evening, about one hour after sunset, when I was in the house, Signor Rocco Cenci, son of Signor Francesco, came into the hall and asked me for the keys of the door of the house. I at first refused, saying that Signor Giacomo (the eldest brother) had ordered me to

keep the door locked. But as he said that he was master as much as Giacomo, I threw the keys of the house on the floor. He took them up and went into his room on one side of the hall. I went to bed. The next morning the Signora Lucretia, wife of Signor Francesco (the second wife, whom he had married the year before), and her maid, said that Signor Rocco had in the night stolen certain hangings, and silver, and other goods. The Signor Rocco was alone when he came to me. He had come also the preceding night. Whether he came other nights I do not know, for it is three months since I have seen him. I did not see him carry away any property.'

Emilia di Ricciotti, a Milanese, servant in the Cenci family, testifies as follows :—

' Yesterday evening, by order of my mistress Lucretia, I went to warm the bed of Signor Rocco in his room by the side of the hall looking into the street. I helped the said Rocco to draw off his hose. The Signora Lucretia was there with me. At that moment there was a whistle in the street, and the Signor Rocco immediately went downstairs, and returned in half an hour. This morning Signora Lucretia discovered that Signor Rocco had taken away four curtains of silk, a priest's dress, another dress, four cushions, a silver basin, four shirts of Signor Francesco, eleven handkerchiefs, together with certain towels, and tapestry. Signor Rocco slept last night and the preceding night at home ; but I do not know whether he came other nights. We suspect and think with certainty that Signor Rocco took the goods in question, and that Monsignore Mario Guerra was with him also, for they were both here together last night, and they are friends. A felt hat and a sword which are not Signor Rocco's have been found in his room, and it is thought that they belong to Monsignore Guerra.'

Paolo, the youngest son of Francesco, being examined says :—

' For my part I say that I believe the hat shown to me belongs to Monsignore Guerra, who always has a sword under his arm. It was found in the room of Signor Rocco.'

Antonina Cenci, daughter of Francesco, deposes :—

' This is the truth. Signor Rocco, my brother, slept in this house last night, and this morning Beatrice, my sister, going into his room found two cupboards broken open, and certain hangings and other property taken away, also a silver basin and some tapestry and carpets. They say that Signor Rocco took them away together with Monsignore Mario Guerra, who, as I heard, was yesterday in my brother's company. And Paolo, another brother, told me that a hat was found, which he says belongs to Monsignore Guerra.'

Beatrice Cenci, duly sworn, deposes :—

' I know this, that Signor Rocco, my brother, has last night opened certain cupboards ; and from what I heard, that Monsignore Guerra was here with him in the house. I cannot now say from whom I heard it. But he was yesterday with my brother in the house, for I

heard him speak, and knew his voice, for he is a relation of ours. And, in short, it has been discovered that certain tapestry, hangings, and other things are wanting in the house. For the tapestry was in the wardrobe, and the other things in the cupboards; and I think that Monsignore Mario Guerra must have assisted in stealing and carrying away the said property, because Rocco could not have carried it all by himself; and I say further that I consider that the said Monsignore Guerra has been the instigator of all this deed and plot. And thus much I say for the sake of truth.'

Certainly, as Signor Bertolotti remarks, it can hardly be supposed that the witness who gave this testimony was in love with Monsignore Guerra *then*. But perhaps it may not be deemed equally conclusive that she never had been.

Monsignore Mario Guerra was examined at length; but it only results from his examination that he denies having had any knowledge of the robbery.

There is no evidence on the record how this prosecution terminated. But we have Rocco's petition to the Pope to be pardoned for returning from his exile. Having rehearsed his own version of the facts of the case, he says that the judge, ' Guidone, notwithstanding the insignificance of the fault (it merely consisted of an entirely wanton attack on some fishermen, and nearly killing one of them !), and not having any regard to the rank of the accused person, had caused him to be racked with the cord three times very severly in public ; that the said Guidone, considering that he was more likely to be blamed than praised for this severity, had represented that he (Rocco) was a bad, scandalous, and ill-conditioned man ; and that the consequence of this was that your petitioner was exiled during your Holiness's good pleasure to Padua, where he would be now, were it not that he was compelled to return by not having *quid dare denti*.'

And it seems that he was permitted to remain in Rome, where he was shortly afterwards killed in a street brawl, as has been already related.

The picture of the sort of life that was led by the members of this family will be admitted to be a very remarkable one. But we must warn the reader that it is by no means so striking or so highly coloured as it might have been, had it been possible to transfer the results of Signor Bertolotti's researches more fully to these pages. Those who wish to form an idea of what the life of Rome was in those days when the power of the Popes was at the fullest, and what the interior of the palace of a noble Roman family could be, may be curious to peruse for themselves Signor Bertolotti's little work.

We may now pass on to the story of the parricide, the manner of which is well known, and authentically recorded by the

terms of the judicial sentence preserved in the Pontifical archives.

A traveller through the rarely visited central district of Italy, when passing between Rieti and Aquila, and at about halfway between the two, has on his right hand, at a few miles distant from the road, the Castle of Petrella, in a strong position among the mountains. Nothing can be more picturesque or beautiful than the scenery of this part of the Apennines. But few care to affront the possible dangers—less now than formerly—and the certain privations and miseries which await all travellers in this region. Inns there are none, save in the largest towns, and those of the worst description. The Castle of Petrella itself might well stand in the traveller's imagination for Mrs. Radcliffe's immortal Castle of Udolfo. It is a place whose every feature and surrounding circumstance suggest it as the home of lawless violence and crime. It is situated on the Neapolitan side of the frontier which separated the States of the Church from those of Naples, and was one of the various properties which Francesco Cenci possessed in the Neapolitan territory. He was in the habit, it would seem, of passing every year a portion of the autumn at Petrella, and at all events was there on the night of September 9, 1598.

On that night two hired assassins were brought into his bed-chamber as he slept, who murdered him by driving into his eye and brain a large nail or spike held in the hand of one of them, while the other struck it on the head. The body was then thrown from a window on to the branches of a tree beneath in the hope that it might be supposed that the murdered man had fallen, and that his brain had been pierced accidentally by a branch of the tree. The whole family seem to have left the scene of their crime immediately after the commission of it. At all events all the males of the family did so; for an act is still extant, signed by Giacomo, Bernardo, and Paolo in Rome on September 16, by which they appoint Valerio Antonelli, a noble of Aquila, their attorney, for the purpose of taking possession of the property at Petrella. They employed, as Signor Bertolotti remarks, all possible means to avert suspicion. They put themselves into mourning, as is curiously proved by an extant petition to the court from the tradesman who furnished the mourning, begging, after the execution of the criminals, that he may be paid out of the property confiscated.

It appears to have been some time before the real authors of the murder were suspected; for the family remained at

large up to nearly the end of that year, as is proved by two legal instruments (of no other interest) executed by Giacomo Cenci on November 8, 1598, and on December 11. But they must have been arrested very shortly after the latter date, for there is extant a precept issued by the Viceroy of Naples, asserting the complicity of the members of the family in the murder, and ordering their arrest wheresoever they may be found; this document bears date Naples, December 10, 1598. There is an indication, as Signor Bertolotti thinks, that Giacomo must have felt some remorse for the deed, in the circumstance that he made an offering to *la Madonna del Pianto* of a splendid altar cloth. This fact is proved by a still extant petition of the tradesman who furnished the goods for the purpose, begging, after the death of Giacomo, that his bill might be paid out of the confiscated property. It amounted to 210 crowns; and the petition specifies that the Cenci arms were embroidered on it, and that it was very magnificent. The church of *la Madonna del Pianto* may still be seen in the immediate neighbourhood of the ancient Cenci palace; and it must be admitted that Giacomo's offering at such a shrine indicates, if not what may be called remorse, yet a sense that there was a reckoning against him which it behoved him to meet.

The two assassins who did the deed were named Olimpio Calvetti and Marzio da Fiorani, alias Catalano. The Neapolitan authorities for the province of Abruzzo Ulteriore lost no time in putting a price upon their heads; and Olimpio was killed at Cantelice, a little mountain town not far from Petrella, on May 17, 1599, by two brothers named Marco Tullio and Cesare Busone. The examination of the former of these, on his application to the Neapolitan authorities for the reward promised to whoso should bring in Olimpio, dead or alive, is extant. He says:—

‘I knew Olimpio because, five or six months previously, we had both been in the service of Giacomo Cenci for about six months; besides which he had previously for a long time been in the service of Rocco Cenci and Don Cristoforo Cenci, so that we became close friends.’

He goes on to relate how Olimpio was going to burn the corn of Mario Colonna for the sake of revenge, because Colonna had betrayed him, and how he and his brother pretended to go with him on that expedition:—

‘It was arranged with Cesare that when we reached Cantelice he should pretend to be tired, and should ask Olimpio, who was on horseback, to take him up behind him.’ This was done accordingly, and an

opportunity was thus afforded of butchering Olimpio with a hatchet. 'He cut off his head and carried it to the tribunal of the Marquis of Celenza in Abruzzo. This was how the matter passed. The body of Olimpio remained where he was killed. Giacomo Cenci was alive at that time, and was in prison, as was said, for the death of his father, Francesco Cenci.'

These documents are still extant in the Pontifical archives, having been produced before the Roman tribunals by Monsignore Mario Guerra, who, suspected of being concerned in the murder of Francesco, was accused of having killed Olimpio in order to destroy all evidence against him. Signor Bertolotti points out the circumstance of this Olimpio having been an old retainer of the Cenci brothers, and thinks that there can be little doubt that Olimpio was murdered by order of Giacomo.

Now as to the other assassin. Here is a still extant petition to the Pope, dated in 1601 :—

' Most Holy Father, Gaspare Guizza, the devoted petitioner of your Holiness, was two years ago sent out as a commissary by the illustrious Signor Cardinal Vicar to see whether it were possible to get that Marzio Catalano, who was concerned in the death of Francesco Cenci, into the hands of justice. This Catalano had fled into the mountains of Sorea—Alpine places ; and it was winter. Nevertheless, by means of the great diligence used by your petitioner, he was taken prisoner in a few days, and safely consigned to the prison of Tor di Nona. And he afterwards confessed the assassination, by means of which confession *the other accomplices and their confessions were secured*, by which means justice had its course, and *so many thousands of crowns were brought into the Papal treasury*. Your petitioner therefore, never having received any recompense, not even his expenses for his journeys (although from the hardships he went through, and having to be out on the mountains entire nights in the midst of the snow, he contracted a malady from which he has not yet recovered), now throws himself, with all humility, at the feet of your Holiness, and begs for some recompense out of the property which has been confiscated.'

It was the confession, therefore, of the second of the assassins which led to the arrest of Lucretia, the widow, and Giacomo, Bernardo, and Beatrice Cenci. The allusion to the many thousands of crowns brought into the treasury by the act of the petitioner, who evidently considers this the main and most important result of his mission, is highly characteristic.

At the beginning of 1599 the Cenci family were in prison. The romancers and romancing historians have not failed to give the rein to their imagination in describing the horrors of the cells in which the various members of the family were imprisoned ; and some utterly dark dens are still shown in the Castle St. Angelo as the places of confinement of Lucretia

and Beatrice. But in the first place they were in St. Angelo only a portion of the time of their imprisonment, having been during the remainder of it in the Tor di Nona and Savelli prisons; and in the next place Signor Bertolotti has discovered among a mass of old papers belonging to the ancient Papal criminal archives an account-book entitled 'Book in which are written all the expenses on behalf of the Cenci and others concerned in the same cause, by order of the magistrates.' Here is the first entry, which informs us what the Lady Lucretia had for supper on June 28, 1599: A bit of salt tunny fish, 12 baiocchi; Chiarello wine, 12 baiocchi; fish, 15 baiocchi; bread and salad, 6 baiocchi; candle, 3 baiocchi. Here is the *menu* of Lucretia's dinner on the 30th: Pigeons, 40 baiocchi; veal, 15 baiocchi; Chiarello wine, 16 baiocchi; fresh eggs, 3 baiocchi; fruit, 10 baiocchi; bread and soup, 5 baiocchi. Here is the account of the cost of the last supper ever eaten by Lucretia. It is probable that she was not informed that she was to die on the following morning till after she had partaken of it. For a note from the record of the confraternity, the recognised duty of which was the attending of criminals to the scaffold, shows that they did not receive intimation of the execution till the night before it was to take place. For supper: Fish, 40 baiocchi; tunny, 12 baiocchi; Chiarello wine, 16 baiocchi; fruit and ice, 10 baiocchi; bread and salad, 5 baiocchi; candle, 3 baiocchi. Signor Bertolotti remarks that the entry of candle at supper only, and not at dinner, shows that the cell could not have been permanently dark, and that the frequent appearance in the accounts of ice is an indication that it was not cold or damp. Here is the account of the first dinner of Beatrice: Greek wine and cakes, 12 baiocchi; fish, 40 baiocchi; cray fish, 10 baiocchi; Chiarello wine, 20 baiocchi (the young lady drank more than her stepmother); fruit and ice, 10 baiocchi; bread and soup, 6 baiocchi. The baiocco, it may be observed, is at the present day, or was as long as the Papal government lasted, equal to one halfpenny, the value at the end of the sixteenth century being of course much greater. From the accounts Signor Bertolotti draws, fairly enough as it seems to us, the inference that the prisoners were not badly treated in prison or subjected to needless cruelty. It would seem, moreover, that both Lucretia and Beatrice had servants of their own in prison. Further, it appears that the keepers of the prisons in which they were confined, doubtless anticipating a different ending to the affair in which these prisoners were implicated, placed their purses at their disposition. This is shown by still extant

memorials to the Pope and to the Governor of Rome, praying for repayment, after the execution of the prisoners, of the sums advanced to them.

The accounts of expenses for the dinners and suppers of the prisoners continue regularly day after day from June 28 to the day before the execution. Now it is certain that they were tortured according to the mode of judicial procedure at the time and for more than a hundred years later. And from these facts arises the suggestion that either the torture was such that it was possible for the sufferer to return to his cell after it and eat a very good supper, or the accounts in question cannot be accepted as a proof that the articles charged for were ever really consumed. It is to be feared that the latter hypothesis is the more probable.

It is somewhat singular that the record of the process against Giacomo, Lucretia, Beatrice, and Bernardo Cenci is not to be found among the archives of the Roman Courts. It cannot be, as has been suggested, that it was purposely destroyed for the credit of the Papal courts of justice; for in that case the sentence, which is extant *in extenso*, would have been similarly made away with. Extant also is the discourse of the advocate of Beatrice, which begins with the words, ‘Holy Father, although Beatrice Cenci has impiously procured the death of her father,’ &c. It was admitted, therefore, that she was guilty; and the efforts of her advocate in her favour were limited to the setting forth—or to the suggestion rather—of the horrible provocation which had driven Beatrice thus to liberate herself from the monster who had begotten her. This advocate was Prospero Farinaccio, the most celebrated lawyer of his day in Rome. Signor Bertolotti has collected a variety of extracts from different archives in proof of his assertion that this Farinaccio, despite his deservedly high reputation as a lawyer, was a very worthless and ill-conditioned man. Pope Clement VIII. said of him, ‘Si! Farina buona, ma cattivo sacco!’ And it is very certain that Prospero Farinaccio deserved all the ill that has been said of him. But there can be no doubt that he did for his client all that a very clever and unscrupulous advocate could do. The line of defence adopted by him is well known, and it is sufficient to say that it rests upon no tittle of evidence whatsoever. Portions of the record of the examinations of the prisoners are still extant, and Carlo Dalbono, the author of a so-called ‘*Storia di Beatrice Cenci*,’ printed at Naples in 1864, has given some extracts from them in his thoroughly worthless and catchpenny book. There is nothing

whatever of any interest in these extracts, with the exception of a couple of answers given to the examining magistrate by Beatrice, to the effect that she could not have given anything or made any promises to one of the bravos who did the deed, because *she was kept as a prisoner under lock and key by her father.* This statement was no doubt true, and we shall see presently what was the cause of this treatment. Not that it can be doubted that she was treated with cruel harshness and severity by her father. There is not the smallest doubt that he was a monster of lawless violence, savagery, and profligacy. No doubt he had rendered himself intolerable to his wife and children. But, once again, there is no evidence whatsoever in support of the accusation which Farinacco invented in the hope of saving his client's life. He also defended Bernardo, whose life was saved. And the defence invented for him was equally devoid of foundation in truth; it went to make out that he was of weak intellect. But Signor Bertolotti produces abundant evidence from documents having reference to facts of his subsequent life, proving that he was by no means afflicted in that way.

As regards the attempt that has been made by various writers to insinuate that the Cenci family were treated with less than justice from a desire on the part of the officials of the Papal Government to lay hands on the Cenci property, it may be observed, as Signor Bertolotti points out, that the fact that all the criminals were permitted to make wills disposing of their property is hardly consistent with this supposition. Such permission, indeed, would seem to have been a special relaxation of the rigour of the law; for, according to the legislation then in vigour, all the property of condemned felons was confiscated to the State.

Beatrice Cenci, however, made a will, which has been discovered by Signor Bertolotti still existing in its integrity among the archives of a Roman notary; and to this document we must now call attention. It would have been desirable to print it *in extenso*; but it is very long, and would occupy too much space. We must content ourselves, therefore, with endeavouring to give the gist of it in as few words as may be.

'I, Beatrice Cenci, daughter of Francesco Cenci, Roman, of happy memory (!), being sound of body, sense, and intellect, knowing that I must die, for the sake of preventing disorder after my death, make my last will and testament by me subscribed as follows. And beginning with my soul, I with all humility recommend it to the most glorious Mother, to God, to the seraphic Father St. Francis, and to all the court of heaven; and I will that my body should be buried in the church of

St. Pietro Montorio, to which church I leave for my burial an hundred crowns.'

She also bequeaths to the same church three thousand crowns for the building of the wall which supports the road up to that church, and for the celebration of a daily mass for ever for the repose of her soul; the application of the money to be under the control of Fra Andrea, her confessor, a friar of that convent. She leaves to thirty-one different churches and religious bodies 1,750 crowns for the saying of 3,240 masses for her soul. And it is observable that she estimates the price of the masses very differently. Thus the friars of the Araceli Convent are expected to say three hundred masses for one hundred crowns, whereas to those of the Convent of St. Bartholomew fifty crowns are assigned for the saying of one hundred masses. Legacies are left to each of seven basilicas of Rome; but these fifty crowns each are supposed to be sufficient to pay for fifty masses only. She further leaves 14,100 crowns to sundry persons, mainly monks and nuns, and almost entirely in trust for the portioning of poor girls in marriage. All the conditions and contingencies to which these bequests were or might become subject are most minutely provided for and regulated. 'The Seraphic Company of the Sacred Stigmata of 'the Seraphical Father St. Francis' is named as her residuary legatee.

To one passage of the will, however, creating a secret trust, the reader's attention must be more particularly called. It runs as follows:—

'Also I bequeath to Madonna Chaterina de Santis, widow, who now lives with the Signora Margharita Sarocchi, 300 crowns to be placed at interest, and the interest to be given in alms according to my intention confided to her. And if the said Madonna Chaterina should die, she must transfer this legacy to other persons for the same trust purpose—if, that is to say, the person to whom this alms is to be given according to my expressed intention should be then alive. For if that person should be dead, in that case the said Madonna Chaterina may dispose of principal and interest as she pleases.'

Three days after executing this will, she made a codicil directing certain variations in the will of no great moment, and bequeathing 100 crowns each to the three daughters of her mother-in-law, Lucretia, by her previous husband. This will and codicil were opened in due course a few days after her death.

But she made subsequently, two days before her death upon the scaffold, another codicil, which has never been published till Signor Bertolotti discovered it. It is of all the discoveries

he has made the most important for the substitution of a true view of the history and character of the heroine of the tragedy for that which has hitherto been received by the world. It was first brought to light in the following manner. The headless body of Beatrice Cenci had been lying in her tomb in the church of San Pietro in Montorio for five-and-thirty years, when 'the most illustrious and most excellent' Giulio Lancliono, Procuratore of the Fabric of St. Peter's, presented himself to the notary Colonna, asserting that it had come to his knowledge that a second codicil to the will of the late Beatrice Cenci, made on September 7, 1599, was in existence, and begging that the said notary would search for the same among the papers of his office. The notary searched accordingly; and the document in question was found, sealed as it had been when deposited in the notarial office. It was opened with all the due and legally prescribed formalities, among which was the production of the following formal attestation of the death of the testatrix, extracted by the Governor and Counsellors of the 'Venerable Arch-confraternity of the Misericordia of Florence established in Rome,' from their register, thus:—

'On Friday, September 10, 1599, at two hours after sunset, notice was given that on the following morning an execution would take place in the prisons of the Tor di Nona of Corte Savelli. Accordingly, at the fifth hour after sunset, the chaplain, sacristan, and comforters* went to Corte Savelli, and there were consigned to them the following persons condemned to death, viz., the Signora Beatrice † Cenci, daughter of the late Francesco Cenci, and the Signora Lucretia Petronia, wife of the late Francesco Cenci. And at about the fifteenth hour,‡ the ministers of justice and the said Lucretia and Beatrice, accompanied by our members in the usual manner, went to the bridge, and there on a scaffold the heads of the said Lucretia and Beatrice were cut off. At the twentieth hour the body of the Lady Beatrice was consigned to the Company of the Stigmata of St. Francis, and was carried in procession with much honour to St. Pietro in Montorio, where it was buried. And to certify these things this paper shall be subscribed by our officer, and sealed with our usual seal.'

'Given at our Oratory this 20th of August, 1634.

(Signed) 'MATTEO MORETTI, Provveditore della detta Venerabile Arciconfraternità della Misericordia.'

* One of the recognised duties of the celebrated Florentine *Misericordia* (which, we see, had a branch establishment in Rome) was to attend criminals to the scaffold, administering to them ghostly consolation and the last offices of religion.

† It is remarkable that this formal document names the daughter, Beatrice, before the elder woman, her stepmother.

‡ Counting from sunset on the preceding evening.

On the outside of the sealed paper containing the codicil is an attestation in regular form, signed by Beatrice and five witnesses, of whom her brother Giacomo is one, to the effect that this is a codicil to her will, and is duly consigned to the notary sealed up, containing, as the Lady Beatrice declared, dispositions which she wishes to remain secret till after her death.

'And now,' says Signor Bertolotti, 'here are the codicils, which were not to be known while she lived, which remained unopened for many lustres after her death, and which are now brought to light 278 years afterwards, to the destruction of many romantic illusions.'

Signor Bertolotti prints the codicil in question at full length. But it is unnecessary to encumber these pages with so long a document, since the gist of it may be accurately stated in much shorter space.

From 8,000 crowns left by the will to the Company of the Stigmata, one thousand are taken to be employed thus: Five hundred are left to Signora Margherita Sarrocchi (mentioned, as may be remembered, in the former will), for her to enjoy the interest of that sum while living, the capital to go at her death to Madonna Caterina de Santis (also previously mentioned) or to others nominated by the said Caterina in case of her death for the following purposes. The other five hundred of the above-mentioned thousand are left to the said Caterina, 'with the obligation of using them for the *support of a certain poor boy*, according to the instructions 'I have verbally given her.' And at the death of the Signora Margherita the interest of the other five hundred crowns is to be employed for the same purpose. And if the said Caterina dies before the boy in question, then she is to leave the said sums to others in trust for the same purpose. But if the boy should die before the said Caterina, then the said Caterina to have the entire sum to her own uses. If the boy should come to be twenty years old, then he is to have free possession of these sums.

The codicil contains some other small bequests of no interest, besides one, somewhat significant, of fifty crowns to Anastasia, the nurse of her brother Bernardo.

On this Signor Bertolotti remarks:—

'The reader will have at once understood why Beatrice used all these precautions of secrecy, consigning this codicil to a different notary, and forbidding it to be opened till after her death. *The need was to provide for her own child!* The nobly born girl could not bring herself to confess this her fault; but by the advice, or perhaps at the order, of her confessor, she made provision for her son, but in this

cautiously secret manner, that if possible the object of the bequest might never be known.'

It will be observed that in the reference to this same purpose in the first will the object of it is spoken of by the indeterminate phrase *persona*; but in the secret codicil this is changed for *fanciullo* (boy). And Signor Bertolotti justly remarks that, if the object of the codicil were not that which he supposes, it would be a mere trifling variation of the charitable objects of the will, which it is impossible to suppose would have been effected at such an hour with so much trouble and care.

The legal defender of Beatrice, Prospero Farinaccio, as Signor Bertolotti remarks, asserted in his defence that her father, Francesco Cenci, kept her in durance, and treated her with cruelty, with a view to constraining her to accede to his abominable wishes. It is doubtless true that she was a prisoner in her father's house, and very possibly treated with cruel harshness by her father in but too accurate accordance with all that we know of his violent, lawless, and brutal character. But there is, it may be repeated, no evidence whatever in support of the most horrible accusation against the father, which rests solely on the entirely unsupported assertion of the advocate Farinaccio, who made other certainly false statements for the same purpose. And it would seem impossible to avoid the conclusion that Beatrice was punished in her father's house for conduct which was held to be an ineffaceable blot on the honour of a noble family.

The bequest to the nurse of Bernardo, who was perfectly well able to provide for her himself, and those to the two other women named in the codicil, are, in the opinion of Signor Bertolotti, strong grounds for thinking that all three of them had been go-betweens at the time of her fault, or had assisted at the birth of her child.

'In any case,' he sums up, 'Beatrice without a mother, left in her own power at a very early age, living in a family where profligacy of every sort was rampant and habitual, and having the evil example of her father before her eyes, is more to be pitied than blamed. Who her lover was, and what became of her child, will, I think, scarcely ever be known, considering the precautions which she took in providing for the latter.'

Signor Bertolotti occupies several pages with notices, which his researches have enabled him to give, of the subsequent fortunes of Bernardo, whose life was spared, but who was condemned to be present at the horrible torture and execution of

his relatives. He was further sentenced to the galleys for life, from which, however, he was soon released. Some information is added respecting Monsignore Guerra, who was not Beatrice's lover, but was in all probability an accomplice in the murder of Francesco; and of Farinaccio, the celebrated lawyer. All these are interesting, and abound in traits illustrative of the manners and morals of the time. But the necessities of space and time compel us to content ourselves with referring the curious reader to Signor Bertolotti's work.

The true story of Beatrice and her crime has now been told for the first time, and may fairly be concluded with the remark that there is no ground whatever for all that has been said by so many writers to the effect that the condemnation was in any degree caused by a desire on the part of the Papal Government to confiscate the Cenci wealth. The property was *not* confiscated, as is clear from the testamentary dispositions of the culprits; and it all might have been confiscated according to the habits of the time and country by allowing the prisoners to compound, or, in other words, buy themselves off. The fact is that the Pontiff, Clement VIII., hesitated long between justice and mercy, and was at last suddenly determined in favour of the former by the tidings of another similar crime recently committed by a member of another noble race—the murder of his mother by one of the Santa Croce family.

ART. III.—1. *Manual of Human and Comparative Histology.*

Edited by S. STRICKER. *Microscopic Anatomy of the Nervous System.* By MAX SCHULTZE. Translated by HENRY POWER, M.B. Issued by the New Sydenham Society. London: 1870.

2. *The Principles of Mental Physiology.* By WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, C.B., M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. London: 1876.
3. *The Physiology of Mind.* By HENRY MAUDSLEY, M.D. 1876.

THE process which is adopted when an electrician transmits messages along the telegraph wire, and that which nature pursues when signals are passed through the instrumentality of nerve influence in the living animal body, are so remarkably alike that the best known of the two methods of signalling may be advantageously referred to as a first step in the explanation of the one that is less familiar and less obvious.

The electrical engineer, in his telegraph work, employs two quite distinct classes of instruments. He first stretches out long strands of iron wire for the conveyance of the message that he has to transmit, and he then contrives a battery of galvanic cells to generate the electric force that is to be sent streaming along the wires. Those stretched metal strands, as every one is aware, are kept perfectly distinct from end to end. They are either suspended in the air from insulating supports of porcelain, or they are clad in an investing sheath of electrically impervious substance, to confine the fleet messenger to its appointed path. The electric stream which travels along the wires is provided in the battery by the action upon each other of some such substances as metal, water, and acids, or salts, which produce changes of physical state amidst their own molecules when they are brought into contact, and, as a part of those changes, set free currents of force which was before employed in preserving the original state of the several constituents. The currents of the emancipated force are turned on from the battery to the wires whenever a signal or message is to be transmitted along them.

In the organised framework of the animal body, in a similar manner, isolated strands are laid down for the conveyance of nerve influence, and batteries are provided for its production. The conveying strands are seen, when the structure of the organisation is examined by curious observers, in the form of white glistening fibres or threads, which are designated 'nerves.' The batteries are also discoverable amidst these threads. They appear under the aspect of 'tumours' or 'knots' of the nerve-substance, and are thence termed 'ganglia.' The nerve-ganglia occur in considerable abundance in most parts of the body; but their favourite seats, or focal centres, are the brain, and the spinal cord which is a prolongation of the brain. The spinal cord and brain are, indeed, vast masses of nerve-ganglia connected together by a tangle of threads.

The minute anatomy of this nerve-structure and brain-structure of the animal body is, however, one of the most marvellous of the revelations that have been made in consequence of the discovery and employment of the microscope; the ultimate elements that are concerned are of almost inconceivable minuteness. Nerve-threads may be microscopically brought within the reach of the eye which are of such exquisite fineness that fifty thousand of them can be ranged side by side within the limit of an inch. Of such fibres it would take something like one hundred and twenty millions to make up a cord of the

diameter of a pencil. At the extreme ends of these minute nerve-fibrils, where they are severed from each other, each fibril is moulded in the form of a round or flattened rod, which is composed of soft albuminous substance, and which is destitute in this situation of all external covering. It is simply a thread of albuminous pulp, drawn out like the threads of viscid glue which may be formed from warm gelatinous solutions. In this state it is technically called the 'axis-cylinder,' or core, of the nerve fibre.

When, however, several of these ultimate nerve-cores are brought into close contiguity for convenience of package, they are coated over, before they are allowed to touch each other, with a mixture of albumen and fat. This coating of the nerve-fibre is designated the medullary substance of Schwann, because it was first observed by a distinguished German physiologist of that name. Its purpose is obviously analogous to that of the gutta-percha covering of telegraph wires destined to be buried in the earth or to be sunk in the sea. It serves to isolate each strand. After the nerve-fibril has been coated by this insulating pulp, it is then further enclosed in a kind of nerve-skin, or sheath, which is known as the 'neurilemma.' Each glistening nerve which is traced by the anatomist in the human frame is made up of a multitude of these coated and sheathed fibrils, of which every one is kept distinct and apart from the rest, from end to end. In this elaborate piece of organisation, however, it must be understood that the membranous sheath and medullary coating are merely mechanical incidents of the structure; the axis-cylinder, or core, is the effective part upon which the transmission of the nerve influence depends.

The ganglionic, or force-originating portion of the apparatus, is of an altogether different character; but it is of an equally elaborate and marvellous design. It consists of globular vesicles of exquisitely filmy membrane, containing in their interior cavities a soft granular pulp of a reddish-brown tint. These vesicles are of a larger diameter than the elementary fibrils of the nerves, and, though generally of a globular outline, run out very often into angular corners or horns. At these horns the axis-cylinder, or core, of some adjacent nerve-fibril is brought into close connexion with the granular pulp, either by the free passage of the one into the other, or by the pressing up of the thin filmy nerve-sheath of the fibril against the equally delicate membrane of the globule.

These ganglion-globules of the nerve-apparatus are invariably deposited within the meshes of a network of hair-fine

blood-vessels, in the midst of which they are grouped and distributed in such a way that, as the abundant blood-streams course along through the netted channels of the vessels, the globules get bathed and saturated by the streaming blood. The blood transudes through the filmy walls of its own vessels and of the ganglion-globules, where these lie in close contact. The result of this drenching of the nerve-globules with the blood is, that their granular pulp is continually reinvigorated and renewed. The force which they originate is extracted from the blood. The ganglion-masses of the most active parts of the nervous apparatus, such as the brain, indeed receive a tenfold larger supply of blood than any other portion of the living organisation of equal size; and if the flowing stream is suspended for even a passing instant, all brain-power is simultaneously lost.

From all this it therefore appears that the ganglion-globules of the nerve-apparatus are the batteries in which nerve influence is produced, and that that nerve influence is set free as a consequence of destructive change set up in material furnished by the blood. Rich, complex food, brought to the ganglion-globules by the streaming currents of the blood, is changed, in the interior of those globules, into the red granular pulp; and then the red pulp is resolved into simpler states, setting free force capable of being turned to account, and of being discharged as currents of nerve influence into the associated threads, whenever messages are required to be sent along them in the signalling service of the economy.

As in the case of the electric telegraph signalling batteries are provided at each end of the line, in order that messages may be sent in both directions, to and fro, so also there are ganglion-masses at each end of the nerve-threads in the animal body. Wherever impressions have to be transmitted from external regions of the body in to the central nerve-masses of the frame, as in the case of the eye, the ear, and the sensitive skin which is the outer boundary of the organisation, abundant ganglion-globules are laid down in connexion with the outer extremities of the nerve-fibres. No nerve-current, indeed, is possible without the presence and influence of this originating part of the apparatus. There are ganglion-masses associated with the outer extremities of the nerve-fibrils in all the external organs of sense. This is indicated at once by the colour or tint of the nerve-structure where such masses occur. The ganglionic, or originating, part is always of a grey hue on account of the presence of the red granular pulp, and of abundance of blood. The mingling of the red blood and

granules with the white nerve-pulp converts its whiteness into grey. The fibrous, or simply transmitting, part of the nerve-structure, on the other hand, is in all cases white, and not grey, because it is destitute alike of the red blood and red granular pulp.

The nerve-pulp, which is prepared out of the blood in the ganglion-globules, has naturally been an object of constant curiosity to chemists. They have examined its composition very carefully in the hope that they might by that means ascertain the secret of its magical power. The result of the examination is that this pulp has been found to be composed chiefly of an albuminoid substance of a very complex nature, to which the name 'protagon' has been given. So far as the analysis of this organic base of the nerve-pulp has been found practicable, it has appeared that each of its molecules is built up of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, phosphorus, and oxygen. 232 atoms of carbon, 240 atoms of hydrogen, 4 atoms of nitrogen, 22 atoms of phosphorus, and 22 atoms of oxygen are contained in each ultimate molecule of the protagon. The large number of the elementary atoms that have been drawn upon for the construction of this molecule efficiently expresses the elaborate complexity of the substance, and in some measure accounts for the large store of potential, or latent, energy which it contains, and which it yields up as active and effective force when it is resolved back into its elements. Its special fitness to be so decomposed into its elements is manifested in the fact that of the 520 atoms of which each protagon molecule is composed, 494 are the fiercely combustible principles carbon, hydrogen, and phosphorus, which are at all times so ready to dissolve their state of union with other bodies, or amongst themselves, in order to combine with oxygen. The oxygen which effects the decomposition of the protagon molecules in the ganglion-globules is supplied in abundance in the streaming blood. Each red corpuscle of the blood takes up a charge of oxygen from the breath as it passes through the air-cells of the lungs, and then delivers that over to the ganglion-globules of the nerve-apparatus, as it traverses the meshes of the capillary vessels. It is in this sense that the blood blows up the flames of the nervous activity, at the same time that it furnishes nourishment to the nerve-substance. With each discharge of nerve-force that occurs from the nerve-batteries, atoms of carbon, hydrogen, and phosphorus are snatched out of the protagon of the nerve-pulp by the oxygen conveyed to them by the blood-corpuscles. The nerve-influence set free in the ganglion-masses is as essentially a product of the oxida-

tion and burning of the nerve-pulp, as flame is the result of the burning of the combustible substance of a candle.

The energy generated in the ganglion-globules of the nerve-structure has, for purposes of illustration, been likened to the electric force that is set free in the galvanic batteries of the electrician when messages are sent along the wires of the telegraph. It should, however, be understood that it is by no means intended to imply that nerve-currents and electric currents are really identical in their nature. Electric currents are sometimes detected coursing along living nerves. Some delicate experiments made by an accomplished physiologist, M. du Bois-Reymond, established that fact. But the presence of the electric currents in those instances appears to have been of an incidental rather than of a necessary character. A series of considerations indicate that nerve-influence is not electrical in the ordinary sense. The medullary substance of Schwann, which effects insulation in the axis-cylinder, or nerve-core, is hardly of a character that would accomplish the purpose if electricity were concerned. And, again, the movement or propagation of the nerve-influence along the nerve is a much more sluggish affair than the transmission of an electric current along a conducting line. The battery-current moves through a copper wire at the rate of about 30,000 miles a second. The nerve-influence, on the other hand, runs along a nerve at the rate of 200 feet per second. The influence which is propagated along a nerve is a change in the condition of the nerve-pulp, passed on through its substance from molecule to molecule, perhaps as a vibration of the substance, perhaps as a decomposition of its particles. The nerve-influence is only connected with electrical action in the sense, now pretty well understood, that all the great forces of material nature are but different forms of one common energy, and are transmutable into each other according to the exigency of the work that has to be done. The electrical agency is the form which is employed when distances of thousands of miles are concerned, or when a girdle is to be put round the earth in forty minutes. But, obviously, the same fleet messenger is hardly required to carry a message between the brain and the hand. An agency that can travel with a speed of 200 feet in a second is amply sufficient for the transmission of signals within the narrow limits of the human frame ; although, when a messenger is required to pass from the sun to the earth, an agency is selected which has the speed of 190 millions of miles in a second.

As recently as the year 1833 a discovery in relation to nerve

organisation was made by Dr. Marshall Hall, which needs here to be brought under notice. He was engaged at the time in experimenting upon a water-newt, which had been killed by cutting its head off, and he was surprised to find that whenever he pricked the skin of the decapitated animal with a needle the skin shrank away from the prick, until he severed the nerves which connected the part with the spinal cord. The skin then ceased to shrink under any pricking that could be inflicted upon it. Dr. Hall hence inferred that the impression made upon the skin by the prick was first transmitted to the spinal cord, and that it was then *reflected back* from the cord to the skin in a form that was communicated to it as motion.

Dr. Hall's views of the nature of this action were published in the 'Philosophical Transactions' almost immediately after the performance of his first experiment, and comprised the announcement of the discovery of what has been, since that time, termed the *reflex action of the nervous system*. This substantially means that the nerves of the animal body very generally contain within themselves a double series of fibres, the one set provided for the transmission of impressions from without in an inward direction, and the other set for the return of a corresponding current of influence from within, and that as generally the responsive current is quite involuntarily but instantaneously sent back from the common termination of the double nerves within, whenever the current in the opposite direction has been caused. The reflected action thus produced is unmistakably an operation of life. But it is not an operation of conscious life, or even of sensation. The headless water-newt certainly knew nothing of the movement of which its skin was the seat. Its still nervously irritable organisation was simply played upon by the pricks, as a musical instrument is played upon and made to give out tones by the touch of the musician's finger.*

* This discovery of Marshall Hall's was, in some measure, foreshadowed thirteen years before by Sir Charles Bell, when he made out the distinction between the motor and sensory roots of the spinal nerves. But there was nothing in the conclusions of Sir Charles that trench'd upon reflex action as it is here described. He simply established the fact that afferent nerve-fibres carry sense impressions in to the spinal cord and brain; and that efferent nerve-fibres transmit motor influences out from the brain and spinal cord to external organs and parts. He knew nothing of the involuntary response to nerve stimulation made by the ganglion-masses seated at the immediate terminations of the nerves,

The great vital fact to which this discovery of reflex nervous action points is, that every part of the body of a living animal which is furnished with nerves has its own proper centre of nervous life, receiving impressions from without, and responding to those impressions by an instant and quite unconscious and involuntary reply. In the lower forms of animal life, in many instances, the ganglia or nerve-centres, which act in this way, are arranged in distinct groupings, or agglomerations, laid down along the entire length of the body, like the links in an extended chain. In articulated animals, such as centipedes and insects, whose bodies are made of distinct joints or segments, each segment has its own proper ganglion-mass distinct from the rest, and only brought into communication with them by means of fine nerve-threads that pass along from segment to segment. The individualising of the nerve-life of each separate part is so thoroughly carried out, in the case of the centipede, that if its head be cut off while it is in the act of moving along, the body continues to walk under the impressions communicated to the segmental nerve-centres from the feet. If the body be further divided into three or four parts, each part, in a similar way, continues its journey on its own account.

This faculty of unconscious and involuntary movement set up by the impact of mechanical impressions, which is now a well understood and thoroughly accepted function of nerve organisation, was received in the light of a dire heresy when it was first propounded by Dr. Hall. When, in the second memoir on the subject, which he communicated to the Royal Society, he described certain movements which tortoises can be caused to make after they are deprived of their heads, a derisive note was scrawled upon the paper by one of the pundits of the society, enquiring whether the turtle was also 'alive after it had been converted into soup.' It is a part of the history of this discovery that, in the year 1837, this second memoir was rejected by the council of the Royal Society as unworthy of acceptance.

The vital independence of the separate ganglion-centres of the nervous system, manifested in this reflex action of Marshall Hall, applies quite as much in the case of the higher animals as in that of the lower forms of animal life that have been alluded to. Even in the highly developed organisation of the human body, there are chains of distinct and separately acting nerve-ganglia. The spinal marrow, which is so securely packed away in the interior cavity of the backbone, is indeed one prolonged row of such ganglion-masses, pressed into close contiguity on account of their exceeding abundance, and send-

ing out, at each vertebral joint of the spine, the double nerve-cords which serve to transmit the nerve-influence in the two directions. The ganglion-masses of the spinal cord are completely invested by a thick outer layer of the nerve-fibres provided for the accomplishment of the transmitting work. On this account the spinal cord, when cut across, is seen to be composed of grey nerve-substance within, and of white nerve-substance without.

Baron Cuvier was the first to draw attention to the service which the study of the lower forms of animal life is capable of rendering to physiological science, because it presents to the observation of the student the progressive steps of an ever increasing complexity of organisation. This sagacious naturalist was in the habit of speaking of the various tribes of animals as 'experiments prepared by nature' for the instruction of physiologists as to the uses of particular parts in the elaborate organisation. As new structural contrivances are added in the ascending scale, new actions and faculties appear as resultants of the addition, and in that way reveal the uses for which such particular species of structure have been designed. Thus, in the perfect insects, which are distinguished, amongst the lowly tribes to which they are allied, by the power and energy of their muscular movements, the ganglion-masses are largely increased in size in those segments of the body that are chiefly concerned in the work of locomotive progression. They are especially large in the thorax of such tribes as the dragon-flies, which have powerful wings, and of the grass-hoppers, which are energetic leapers.

In insects there also appears a notable augmentation of the ganglion-masses of the front segment of the trunk, or, in other words, of the head, because the organs of special sense, the eye and the antennæ, are developed in connexion with that segment. The ganglion-masses of that segment are also termed the 'cephalic ganglia,' which is simply a more technical way of saying 'ganglia of the head.' A still more important designation, that, namely, of 'sense-ganglia,' or 'sensorium,' has also been given to them. This name very aptly and expressively intimates the all-important fact that these 'head 'ganglia' are the immediate seat of the impressions made through the organs of sense. There is strong reason also for the further conclusion of physiologists in regard to them, that they are the seat of conscious as well as of sensory life. They not only react, by the reflex movements which they initiate, upon the outer boundaries of the organisation, at which the external impressions have been primarily received, but they

register those impressions upon the inner organisation as feelings and conscious states. The movements, however, which are performed under their influence are not necessarily connected with any intentional effort of the will. They are, in no sense, voluntary acts. They are movements '*reflectively*' performed, with the addition of a conscious registration of the occurrence. The movements of this class, instigated through the organisation of the sense-ganglia, are termed 'instinctive' or suggested impulses; they are impulses produced by impressions made through the organs of sense, but not reasoned out with a view to any recognised purpose or definite design. Insects, whose active and energetic lives are chiefly shaped out through the instrumentality of these sensorial ganglia, are supereminently creatures of instinct. Their organised structure is played upon by their impressions of sense. They are conscious of the mechanical or vibratory impulses communicated to their bodies; but they are inexorably driven, as a consequence of those impressions, through an unvarying sequence of movements over which they have no power of direction or control.

The higher animals are also furnished with these sensory ganglia in a yet more advanced form of development. In the perfected nerve organisation of the human being they are especially large and active. In man there are five distinct senses provided to minister to them—those, namely, of sight, hearing, taste, smell, and touch. All the nerve-fibres which are concerned in the mechanism of those organs of sense, innumerable as they are, are carried in to the sensorium or sense-ganglia, which are cephalic or head-contained, as in the insect. Those sense-ganglia in man are deposited within the cavity of the bony skull, which serves as an efficient protection for their delicate organisation. There is an opening, however, at the base of this ivory casket, through which the nerve-ganglia of the spinal marrow are brought into structural connexion with this skull-defended sensorium. The face, which is planted just beneath the skull, is virtually a framework of bone adapted for the support and convenient stowage of the organs of sense that minister to the sense-ganglia. The four special organs of sense—the eyes, ears, nose, and tongue—thus lie close to the ganglion-centre, which they serve.

But the brain of the most highly endowed animals, and amongst them of man, has more in it than these large sense-ganglia. In the first place there is intervening between them and the nerve-ganglia of the spinal marrow, and serving as a kind of link of communication between them, a lengthened

mass of nerve-pulp which is termed, on account of its form, the ‘oblong nerve-marrow,’ or *medulla oblongata*. This lies just within the threshold of the skull, and is properly the ganglion-centre, entrusted with the charge of all movements connected with breathing and swallowing. Nerve-threads come to its ganglion-globules from the chest and from the gullet. The movements which it controls have, however, nothing to do with consciousness or sense. They are involuntary actions which have to be performed irrespective of any influence of will, and even during the insensibility of sleep. The *medulla oblongata* and sense-ganglia are, nevertheless, nearly associated together. They lie side by side upon the irregular platform which constitutes the floor of the overarching skull. They resemble the ganglion-masses of the spinal marrow in the fact that they are composed of grey nerve-substance within, and of white nerve-substance without.

The white nerve-fibres, which are associated with the several links of the ganglion-masses that have been described as running in a continuous chain through the long interior channel of the spine quite up into the cavity of the skull, are in marvellous abundance. The more vast the ganglion-masses become, with advance in the type of the organisation, the more copious also becomes the apparatus of transmitting threads that are associated with them. These not only pass in from the outer limits of the organisation, and return back to it to establish the links of reflex connexion; they also run on from ganglion to ganglion along the stretch of the spinal cord, looping and meandering about amongst the globules by the way, until a most elaborate system and service of intercommunication is established; and this service of intercommunication is so organised that the arriving impressions can, according to the special need of the case, be either arrested and turned back as reflex movements at the early stages of their ascending inward progress, or be passed on to be dealt with by higher authority in the deeper penetralia of the organisation. Dr. Maudsley illustratively suggests, in reference to this point, that the various ganglion-centres may be looked upon as ‘stations on ‘the track through which quick trains pass without stopping, but ‘at which other trains stop to take in passengers, and at which ‘any train may be stopped if necessary.’ It is for this reason, therefore, that the long stretch of the spinal cord is covered by continuous and unbroken layers of the white fibrous nerve-substance, running strand upon strand up and down, here sending fibres of communication to the grey substance within,

and here transmitting the glistening threads in the opposite direction to the outlying organs.

The sensory ganglia, which are at the inner end of this nerve-chain, and which are the central seat of sensation and consciousness, are not, however, the ultimate and supreme effort of nerve-organisation in animals. The brain, which is lodged within the ivory casket or skull, has a much larger bulk than that which is accounted for by the presence of the sensory ganglion-mass and its allied respiratory ganglia. Vast agglomerations of nerve-pulp are piled up and heaped over those in the case of all the more highly endowed animals, and indeed constitute by far the larger part of the brain. On this account these superadded masses are termed the ‘cerebral ‘ganglia’ or ‘cerebrum.’ The sensory and the respiratory ganglia are bound up with the larger cerebral ganglia in one common coat or investment, and are connected with them by abundant communicating fibres; but they are not essentially and structurally constituent parts of the brain. They are merely the advanced guards of the ganglion-masses of the spinal cord pushed on into the skull to establish communications with the larger ganglion-centres located there. The true cerebral ganglia, which are of a higher stage of development than the sensory ganglia, do not appear at all in the insects. They first present themselves, in the ascending scale of animated organisation, in fishes, where they assume the form of a pair of knobs of grey nerve-substance, attached like protuberances upon the sensorium. In reptiles they are a little larger than in fishes. In birds they quite cover up the ganglia connected with the nerve of smelling, and partially conceal the ganglia connected with the nerves of sight. In quadrupeds, and especially in their most sagacious families, such as the dog, they entirely cover up and hide the underlying sensorium. In man they rise in ample masses, until they fill the capacious arched dome of the skull. In the human brain they are also moulded into two lateral halves, which are divided from each other by a deep medial furrow, and on this account are spoken of as the hemispheres, or hemispherical ganglia, of the brain. Each hemisphere is also subdivided again by transverse furrows into three subordinate compartments, or ‘lobes.’ In order of progress these lobes run from before to behind. There are three pairs of ganglion-masses which, on account of their very large size, are folded back over the inferior structures; the hindermost being thus also the terminal or highest pair. The posterior lobes of the brain are of a more advanced order of development than the front ones. They are not found in even

such sagacious animals as elephants and dogs. These lobes are shared with man only by the monkeys.

There is one very important structural peculiarity by which the true cerebral ganglia are distinguished from all other ganglion-masses, and by which they are marked out from even the sensory and respiratory ganglia, so intimately associated with them as to be contained in the same outer covering or coat. They have the grey force-originating part of their structure without, and the white fibrous part within. When the brain is cut across, this distinctive peculiarity is immediately perceived. The core, or centre of the organ, is white; and its outer layers, or marginal part, are grey. It is as if the central fibrous parts had been lengthened out and expanded like the rays of an opened fan, and as if these expanded rays had then been thickly covered over at their ends and sides by heavy masses of ganglion-globules, deposited upon them like grapes around their stalk. The object of this change in the relative position of the two distinct parts of the nerve-structure is obviously to afford convenient space for the more vital and energetic elements, the ganglion-globules, when they are very largely developed. In the hemispherical ganglia of the brain, the ganglion-globules are clustered outside of the white fibres, for the same reason that leaves are clustered around the twigs of a tree—namely, in order that there may be ample space for a very large and abundant crop of the organs.

There is also a second reason why it is convenient that the grey nerve-substance should be placed outside instead of inside in these energetic ganglia. The presence of blood is required in them in proportion to the activity of their operations. The network of capillary vessels, which furnishes the supply of blood, is therefore stretched, in the first instance, over the large outer surface of the mass, and is then thrust down in fold after fold from this broad outer surface into the interior of the substance. The widely expanded layer of the vesicular and blood-supplied pulp is, however, puckered up into sinuous convolutions, and over each convolution its own proper portion of the vascular network is spread. The immediate outer covering of the brain is thus a film of intermeshed blood-vessels, which envelopes the grey pulp everywhere, and keeps its globules saturated with permeating blood. It is by this contrivance that the very abundant and preponderant supply of blood already alluded to is secured. The blood flows into this all-embracing network by four distinct arterial trunks, which ascend into the interior of the skull through the neck. The vascular membrane itself, where it is folded round the con-

vulated ganglion-mass, is not inappropriately termed the ‘kind ‘mother,’ or ‘pia mater,’ of the brain ; and it is literally and really what is implied in its name, the foster-mother of brain-energy and brain-strength.

The reader who has traversed the preceding pages has now reached what may be termed the inner penetralia of the subject; for it is through the instrumentality of these hemispherical masses of blood-saturated pulp, so daintily and tenderly lodged within the safe recesses of the skull, that the mere physical impressions of sense are nursed and transmitted to the faculties of the mind. That these grey and convoluted masses of nerve-structure are organs of the mind is incontrovertibly proved in various ways, but in none more strikingly and emphatically than by the fact that whatever injures the healthy integrity of the convoluted pulp effectually arrests or destroys the active consciousness of the mind. When intoxicating spirit is mingled with the blood-streams, and poured with them into the capillary vessels of the brain, all consciousness, feeling, and power of thought disappear. When the flow of blood itself is mechanically stopped, as happens in faintness produced by suspending the movements of the heart, precisely the same result ensues. In persons of strong intellectual character and of great force of will, with whom reason is supreme, the brain-mass is large ; whilst in those in whom instinctive emotions and passions are strong, and intellectual power weak, the brain is in the same proportion small. These great convoluted brain-masses, therefore, are the centres of nerve-action which have been added to the animal organisation, when intelligence and reason have been commissioned to bear their part in the operations of life. It does not, however, by any means follow that the high functions which they perform are conscious operations in themselves. They have to deal with the impressions of sense which have been passed on to them from the sensorium, or centre of sense-reception, and their proper work is to recognise and register what is entrusted to them in the mental storehouse so as to fit them for the operations of the higher reasoning faculties. The brain-substance which accomplishes this task of transmuting the impressions of sense into ideas, nevertheless has so little trace of consciousness in itself that it cannot even feel on its own account. Its soft pulp may be roughly handled or pinched without knowing that it is touched. Even when wounded it is not aware of the injury it has received. But when its own proper work has been performed, it signals back along the connecting nerve-threads to intimate the result, and the impression becomes by some mysterious and unknown

process a *conscious* idea. The sensory ganglia thus serve a double purpose, and occupy, so to speak, a midway place. They take cognisance of sensuous impressions that are sent to them from the outside world, and also of cerebral or mental states that are signalled back to them from within, besides in the first instance passing on to the cerebral ganglia the impressions of the senses.

In speaking of the conversion of the impressions of sense into ideas, the border-land, which separates the known from the unknown, is fairly entered. Some physiologists have, indeed, conceived that an idea is substantially a sense-impression stamped upon the brain-pulp. Others have preferred to consider an idea as a vibration of brain-molecules, called up by an impression of sense. For any practical purpose it is not of material consequence whether either of these hypothetical fancies is adopted, or whether the change is summarily spoken of as a mental state. The honest and plain truth is that nothing whatever is known of the nature of the process. At this point the investigations of exact physiological science break down. It can, however, by no means be admitted that such limitation is peculiar to this branch of research. Scientific men, in sober truth, do not know more of the forces which they term gravitation, and electricity, and heat, than they know of the operations of the mind. These designations are all names that have been devised for unknown agencies, which are recognised only through the effects that they produce. Those effects are in each instance, nevertheless, examined and reasoned about, and the conditions and laws of the several agencies inferred. The metaphysical phenomena, which psychology deals with, are, at any rate, quite as tangible realities as the imponderable fluids, invisible vibrations, infinitesimal atoms, and supersubtle polarities of the physical philosophers.

There is one consideration, however, which very plainly indicates that brain-structure still plays an important part in mental work, even after ideas have been formed. After the lapse of long years the ideas which have been registered in the cerebral storehouse can be reproduced at will. Memory is simply the reproductibility of ideas. The brain-pulp, upon which the registration of memory is effected, is one of the most evanescent and delicate of the structures of living organisation. Its ganglion-globules are in a state of unceasing change. Yet the records which are made upon that soft, frail, and fleeting material remain, although the material itself is used up and destroyed over and over again. The explanation of this marvellous result appears to be that the impression, which is first

stamped upon the ganglion-globules of the brain, is retained by some faculty of the intellect which is independent of physical change, although some physical changes may temporarily affect it.

Dr. Maudsley holds that there is something in the brain-vesicles, over and above the part which is unceasingly changed, which constitutes a kind of enduring framework, upon which the new globules are moulded, and that the permanence of ideas and the endurance of memories are due to these undecomposable and unchangeable portions of the structure. In some recent microscopic examinations of the brains of aged men, it was noticed that at the points where the angular corners, or horns, of the ganglion-corpuscles should be in free communication with the pulp-core of nerve-threads, the proper connexion had been destroyed by the drying and withering away of the nerve-threads at those points. Such impairment of structure would very amply account for the failure of memory in advanced years, since whatever the residual contents of the globules might be, they would in such circumstances of necessity be quite inaccessible for any purpose of renewed mental work. In reference to the physical state which is concerned in the production of memory, Dr. Maudsley says:—

‘That which has existed with any completeness in consciousness leaves behind it, after its disappearance therefrom, in the mind or brain, a functional disposition to its reproduction or reappearance in consciousness at some future time. Of no mental act can we say that it is “writ in water.” Something remains from it whereby its recurrence is facilitated. Every impression of sense upon the brain, every current of molecular activity from one to another part of the brain, every cerebral reaction which passes into movement, leaves behind it some modification of the nerve-elements concerned in its function, some after-effect, or, so to speak, memory of itself in them, which renders its reproduction an easier matter, the more easy the more often it has been repeated, and makes it impossible to say that, however trivial, it shall not in some circumstances recur. Let the excitation take place in one of two nerve-cells lying side by side, and between which there was not any original specific difference, there will be ever afterwards a difference between them. This physiological process, whatever be its nature, is the physical basis of memory, and it is the foundation of the development of our mental functions.’

The difficulty of apportioning out the cerebral ganglia into parts charged with the performance of particular operations of the mind has been one that has pressed heavily upon physiologists. That the brain is subdivided into subordinate organs which are distinct from each other both in structure and function, is probable in the highest degree. In some recent experiments, performed upon the lower animals whilst under the

influence of anæsthetics, Dr. Ferrier was able to produce particular actions at will by passing gentle currents of electricity through different parts of the cerebral ganglia. Thus, for instance, when one definite spot in the brain-convolution of a dog was acted upon, the animal wagged its tail, and when another part of the brain-mass was stimulated, it twitched its left ear, held up its head, opened its eyes, and assumed the familiar expression of fawning. In a similar way a cat was made to start up, throw back its head, open its eyes, and lash angrily with its tail. There can be no doubt that in these experiments ideas were excited in the brains of the insensible animals by the physical agency of electrical currents. The brain convolutions in reality consist of a number of distinct mind-centres, spread out in a kind of vault over the subordinate centres of nerve-action which have the charge of consciousness, and are arranged in layer above layer. Dr. Lockhart Clarke, as a first step towards the mapping out of the brain-substance into distinguishable parts, has shown that there are at least seven concentric layers of nerve-substance in the convolutions, which are alternately of darker and lighter tints; and Dr. Maudsley suggests in reference to these observations of Lockhart Clarke's that, in all probability, the superimposed strata correspond with operations of increasing complexity, the lowest layer being mainly concerned with the simpler acts of perception and memory, while the higher layers are employed in the more complicated task of converting those first rude impressions into more abstract ideas and the more finished conceptions of intellectual activity. The structure of the brain is, however, of such surpassing delicacy and such exquisite minuteness, that very little progress has yet been made in the direction of this branch of investigation, even by the highest skill of the observer and the utmost perfection of microscopes. A fragment of the grey substance of the brain, not larger than the head of a very small pin, contains parts of many thousands of commingled globules and fibres. Of ganglion-globules alone, according to the estimate of the physiologist Meynert, there cannot be less than six hundred millions in the convolutions of a human brain. They are, indeed, in such infinite numbers that possibly only a small portion of the globules provided are ever turned to account in even the most energetic brains. In one particular passage of his book Dr. Maudsley finds occasion to contrast the 15,000 words which Shakespeare employs for the expression of his ideas with the hundreds of millions of brain-globules that must have been concerned in the production of this intellectual harvest.

- Since both impressions of sense and impressions of memory are brought up to the bar of the sensorium to be dealt with upon their merits, it may very well happen that sometimes the great centre of consciousness gets sorely puzzled to discriminate between the two different classes of ideas. Many of the operations of the mind are so essentially the reproductions of impressions of sense, that in some circumstances it must be very easy to mistake them for the things which they represent. In the general work of life the power of discriminating between fancies and facts implies a complex mental act, which is only matured and perfected by long-continued training. There must consequently • at all times be many people with whom this training is not complete, and who do not efficiently distinguish between sensory impressions and ideas. Such persons, accordingly, are prone to accept ideas as facts, and so receive as real whatever their imaginations suggest. They reflect their own inner life upon the outside world. Many of the motives under which people ordinarily act are, undoubtedly, of this mistaken and illusory character. In such circumstances the actions are what the physiologist terms *ideo-motor*—actions involuntarily performed under the direction of ideas. They are, indeed, essentially '*reflex actions of the brain*'—movements as involuntarily performed under the stimulation of ideas, as sneezing is involuntarily performed under a special sense-impression applied through the nose. Dr. Carpenter ascribes many of the extraordinary phenomena that are met with amongst mesmerists, electro-biologists, table-turners, table-talkers, and spiritualists, to this class of involuntary cerebral actions; and the passages in which he has developed his views upon this matter are amongst the most interesting and able portions of his book. In very many instances effects of this character are produced in persons who are intellectually weak, and who have not enough strength of character and force of purpose to retain the full command of their own mental operations. But these results are not exclusively found amongst weak people. Nothing is of more frequent occurrence in life than to meet men of highly cultivated and powerful intellects, who are misled as much as the weakest victims of mental fatuity—men who dwell in the retirement of their studies, amidst their own reveries and thoughts, and who only come out from such retirement into the world, to see there the images which have been fabricated in their own brains. With such people the unbiassed investigation of facts becomes almost an impossible process. They can see nothing but what they have already determined is to be seen.

The involuntary reflex action of the brain, and the consequent tyranny of ideas, is a very real and prominent feature in the mental and intellectual existence of man. It goes, indeed, very much further in its operation than is generally conceived. It sufficiently accounts for the vast number of individuals who claim superior and infallible insight for themselves in a sphere of existence where, nevertheless, no two are altogether agreed in their views and opinions. It is the secret of the wide sway of dogmatism. Each man, with entire consciousness, believes in the strength of his own position, and is as honest as he is uncompromising in his faith. He is none the less the thrall of his own ideas, and the victim of a cerebral tyranny from which there is no escape. The same influence can be traced, with scarcely less force, into the region of mental pathology. Its application to the phenomena of insanity is obvious to everyone. But it is not so generally understood that much of what is familiarly termed 'temper' is really to be referred to the same instrumentality. Few persons, who have intelligently observed this form of mental aberration, can have failed to notice how terribly real the illusory fancies of bad-tempered people are. They honestly believe that they are the most ill-used persons on the earth, when they are surrounded only by kindly regard and forbearing indulgence. The true explanation of this pitiable state simply is that such people are the victims of the involuntary ideo-motor operations of their own too active brains.

There is another side, however, of this question of reflex cerebral action, which it is more pleasant to contemplate, and in which material amends are made for the unamiable phase of its agency. It is that which is now very expressively recognised as 'unconscious cerebration.' This designation refers to a remarkable faculty of the mind, which was recognised by German physiologists more promptly and readily than it was by Englishmen, although it had been in some measure noticed by Sir William Hamilton. Dr. Carpenter appears to have arrived at a knowledge of this matter by an independent line of thought, and as a consequence of the perception that the sensorium was the effective centre of consciousness for the internal senses, or ideas, as well as for the external impressions of sense. His views on the subject were distinctly expressed in the fourth edition of his book on 'Human Physiology' as long back as 1852, and it certainly must be admitted that he has done more than any other English physiologist to make this particular region of mental physiology his own, and to render its doctrines intelligible to the multitude.

The unconscious cerebration of Dr. Carpenter means simply that the human brain is capable of carrying on long trains of mental operations on its own account, when it is once fairly started on the track, and of finally arriving at conclusions which can be received as conscious ideas, although there has been no consciousness whatever of the process by which the operation has been conducted. The physiological explanation of this curious power is that the convoluted ganglion-masses of the brain continue their activity in working upon ideas when the functions of the sensorium, which is the seat of consciousness, are entirely suspended and in abeyance, as they are in profound sleep; or when they are exclusively occupied with other trains of impressions, and, on that account, incapable of taking sensorial note of what is passing in the brain. Dr. Carpenter's own statement of his views upon this point is contained in the following brief sentence: ‘Mental changes, of whose *results we subsequently* become conscious, may go on *below the plane* of consciousness, either during profound sleep ‘or while the attention is wholly engrossed by some entirely ‘different train of thought.’

Dr. Maudsley remarks in reference to the same matter:—

‘Whatever the organic process in the brain, it takes place, like the action of other elements of the body, quite out of the reach of consciousness. We are not aware how our general and abstract ideas are formed; the due material is consciously supplied, and there is an unconscious elaboration of the result. Mental development thus represents a sort of nutrition and organisation; or, as Milton aptly says of the opinions of good men, that they are truth in the making, so we may truly say of the formation of our general and complex ideas that it is mind in the making. When the individual brain is a well-constituted one and has been duly cultivated, the results of its latent activity, rising into consciousness suddenly, sometimes seem like intuitions; they are strange and startling as the products of a dream oftentimes are, to the person who has actually produced them. Hence it was no extravagant fancy in Plato to look upon them as reminiscences of a previous higher existence. His brain was a brain of the highest order, and the results of its unconscious activity, as they flashed into consciousness, would show like revelations, and might well seem intuitions of a higher life quite beyond the reach of present will.’

Whilst alluding to this remarkable power of independent and unconscious action of the brain, it should, perhaps, be observed that in reality there is no culture more rare than the one which gives men absolute control of the operations of their own minds, and the power not only of directing their trains of thought to a definite end, but also of estimating correctly the value of the conclusions that are ultimately arrived at. It

is a difficult and delicate task, even for scientifically trained men, to distinguish at all times between imaginations and facts ; and this difficulty is materially increased by the circumstance that so much of the results of thought lie in a debateable region where hypotheses are unavoidably mingled with facts in the most complicated and perplexing way. The practical escape from this difficulty is the habit which sound reasoners acquire of classifying their own conclusions according to the inherent and intrinsic weight of each, so that some are held loosely as mere approximations to truth, whilst others are regarded as quite settled affairs. It was this consideration, no doubt, which was present to Faraday's mind when, in one of his charming lectures at the Royal Institution, he said, 'Our "varying hypotheses are simply the confessions of our ignorance in a hidden form ; and so it ought to be, only the ignorance should be openly acknowledged.' It is a notable instance of the almost invincible power of the ideo-motor influence over the human mind that the practised philosopher, who had arrived at so clear a perception of this important truth, nevertheless had a rather large series of hypotheses, which he habitually and avowedly excepted from his own wise canon. The same remark would apply to one of his most eminent successors in natural philosophy.

If the conclusion of the physiologists, that the presence of a convoluted brain-mass of necessity indicates a power of dealing with ideas, be correct, it follows that all the lower animals which have convoluted brains are also endowed with ideas. Wherever there is clear evidence of the existence of memory, as is unquestionably the case with the horse and the dog, it certainly must be so. It is probable, however, that in the most sagacious of the four-footed and four-handed types of the animated kingdom, these mental functions are altogether of the ideo-motor class, and that their succession is not directed or controlled by conscious purpose and will. If this be the correct statement of the fact, the mental lives of the lower animals must be somewhat of the nature of a long reverie or dream, chequered with episodical promptings of instinct.

A noteworthy instance of a dream-life of this character, in which the reveries appeared to have taken a very mathematical line in a canine brain, was but recently familiar in the scientific circles of London. The well-known spectroscopist and astronomer, Dr. Huggins, had a four-footed friend dwelling with him for many years as a regular member of his household, who was a mastiff of very noble proportions by descent, and who bore the great name of 'Kepler.' This dog possessed many

rare gifts, which had secured for him the admiration and regard of a large number of scientific acquaintances, and amongst these was one which he was always ready to exercise for the entertainment of visitors. At the close of luncheon or dinner, Kepler used to march gravely and sedately into the room, and set himself down at his master's feet. Dr. Huggins then propounded to him a series of arithmetical questions, which the dog invariably solved without a mistake. Square roots were extracted offhand with the utmost readiness and promptness. If asked what was the square root of 9, Kepler replied by three barks; or, if the question were the square root of 16, by four. Then various questions followed, in which much more complicated processes were involved—such, for instance, as ‘add 7 to 8, divide the sum by 3, and multiply by 2.’ To such a question as that Kepler gave more consideration, and sometimes hesitated in making up his mind as to where his barks ought finally to stop. Still, in the end, his decision was always right. The reward for each correct answer was a piece of cake, which was held before him during the exercise; but until the solution was arrived at, Kepler never moved his eye from his master's face. The instant the last bark was given he transferred his attention to the cake.

This notable case of canine sagacity, however, in no way militates against the remarks which have recently been made in reference to the ideo-motor character of the quadrupedal mind. Dr. Huggins was perfectly unconscious of suggesting the proper answer to the dog, but it is beyond all question that he did so. The wonderful fact is that Kepler had acquired the habit of reading in his master's eye or countenance some indication that was not known to Dr. Huggins himself. The case was one of the class which is distinguished by physiologists as that of expectant attention. Dr. Huggins was himself engaged in working out mentally the various stages of his arithmetical processes as he propounded the numbers to Kepler, and being, therefore, aware of what the answer should be, *expected* the dog to cease barking when that number was reached; and that expectation suggested to his own brain the unconscious signal which was caught by the quick eye of the dog. The instance is strictly analogous to the well-known case in which a button, suspended from a thread and held by a finger near to the rim of a glass, strikes the hour of the day as it swings, and then stops—that is, provided the person who holds the button himself knows the hour! The explanation of this occurrence is that the hand which holds the button trembles in consequence of its constrained position, and in that way sets the button swinging;

and as the attention of the experimenter is fixed upon the oscillation, in the expectation that a definite number of strokes upon the glass will occur, his own brain-convolutions take care that the movements of the finger shall be in accordance with that expectation.

The mathematical training of poor Kepler has unfortunately come to an untimely end. The interesting arithmetician died of an attack of typhus fever, to the great sorrow of his large circle of friends, at the beginning of last year, and he now sleeps under the shadow of the telescopes at Tulse Hill. The memory of his high attainments and of the distinguished success with which he upheld the reputation of his name, however, remains. His most intimate friends also enjoy the consolation of an excellent portrait of his thoughtful face, lit up with the exact expression which it bore when he was engaged with his arithmetical problems.

As has been already stated in an earlier paragraph, the sudden stoppage of the circulation of blood through the brain simultaneously and summarily puts an end to all manifestations of mind. This is so absolutely the case that firm mechanical pressure upon the arteries of supply instantaneously suspends all thought, feeling, and consciousness. Nature itself has, however, a more gentle way of exhibiting this crucial experiment. If the circulation of the blood through the brain is gradually reduced, instead of being summarily stopped, the same state of insensibility slowly supervenes. In other words, the animal goes to sleep. Observations made upon the lower animals show that during sleep the brain-pulp becomes contracted and pale in consequence of the diminution of its current of blood; and that, with the return of the waking and conscious state, the brain-pulp is again swollen out to its original dimensions, in consequence of its re-engorgement with blood. The vital current during sleep is sufficiently maintained to furnish nourishment for the repair of the exhausted brain, but it is not in sufficient force to keep up its functional activity. During any energetic exertion of the attention or will, on the other hand, exactly the opposite condition is brought about. A strong current of blood is then turned on upon the pulp of the cerebral ganglia, and is directed towards those particular parts of the structure whose functions it is intended to quicken. Physiologists conceive that the physical state upon which attention depends is simply increased force of blood thrown upon certain definite portions of the brain organisation. There is, indeed, a special arrangement in the living mechanism by which diminished or increased flow can be brought about in reference

to any part. The vessels which carry the supply of blood are actually diminished or enlarged according to the effect which is to be brought about. There are a series of fine nerve-threads and delicate muscular bands supplied to the blood-vessels themselves to manage the proper adjustment of their dimensions according to the effect which is desired. When sleep is to be produced, the blood-vessels which proceed to the brain are narrowed by the contraction of their walls; and when the mind-operations are to be aroused and set to work the same blood-vessels are relaxed and enlarged, so that more of the blood sent out under the stroke of the heart may find its way through their channels.*

In two of the books which have been named at the head of this article, the authors have travelled over very much the same ground. In both the object has avowedly been to explain how far physiological science has advanced towards an explanation of the nature and action of mind. In both instances the task has been honestly and well performed, so well, indeed, that it quite justifies this somewhat late notice of the books. The chief difference between them, perhaps, is that the 'Mental Physiology' is the more easy to read, and the more abundant and rich in its passages of illustration; whilst the 'Physiology of Mind' is more technical and more physiologically profound, although not so technical or so profound as to require more effort of attention than is readily given by persons of good culture and average intelligence. Both books are the natural outgrowths of larger works conceived in earlier years, but it is one reason for the great value of the result that has been secured in both cases, that it has been reached by two entirely different lines of investigation. The authors have arrived at common ground by quite opposite routes. The 'Mental Physiology' has separated itself, by the mere force of its own accumulating weight, from Dr. Carpenter's larger work upon human physiology, which still ranks as an established text-book of the subject. The 'Physiology of Mind' is an offset from a book called 'The Phy-

* The contraction of the smaller arterial vessels is effected through the influence of nerves supplied from the distinct sympathetic nerve-system of organic life, which has its chief centres in the visceral plexuses, and not in the spinal cord and brain. But their *dilatation* is produced by the operation of other nerve-threads derived from the system of the spinal cord. The power of mental action over the dilatation of the small blood-vessels is manifested in the familiar occurrence of blushing under emotion.

'*siology and Pathology of Mind*,' which was also first published many years ago, and which was at that time a bold attempt to investigate some of the more obscure portions of the science of mind by means of the phenomena of insanity. The physiological branch of this treatise has, however, now grown so ripe that it has broken asunder from its pathological stem, and taken root for itself in the form in which it has recently appeared. For both books, it is not too much to say that their purpose has been amply and ably worked out. In both, clear forcible language is used in the construction of the argument, and in both a very complete impression is ultimately given of the existing state of this branch of physiological knowledge.

The great facts relating to the physiology of mind, which have been definitely established by the recent progress of scientific discovery, may be briefly expressed in the following condensed propositions.

With every expression of a mental state, and with every action of the mind, some structural change occurs in the substance of the brain. It is in that sense that the brain is the organ of the mind.

The change which occurs in the brain is of a destructive character. A complex unstable substance, formed out of the blood and deposited in the brain-globules, is decomposed and destroyed by the agency of oxygen. The nerve-influence and mind-action are energies evolved as a consequence of that decomposition. The brain-pulp is burned for the production of brain-force.

The combustible brain-pulp is deposited in minute membranous sacs, or globules, to which an abundant network of blood-vessels is distributed. Through these blood-vessels both the oxygen, which is the agent effecting the corrosive decomposition of the pulp, and the nourishment which repairs the corrosive destruction, are conveyed to the brain. The blood circulation both wastes and sustains the brain, and in that way promotes its mental functions.

The globules of the brain are produced in quite incalculable numbers, and are in a state of continuous reproduction, growth, maturation, and decay. The cerebral globules are essentially living organs, which build up the structure of the brain by the multiplication of their own minute forms. The transmission of nerve-influence and mind-force between the several aggregations of globules, and between globule and globule, is effected by means of a destructive decomposition of the pulp of the nerve-threads which meander about amongst them in all conceivable directions. With every effective current of nerve-

influence there is a concomitant consumption of nerve-pulp. Nerve-substance is destroyed by the transmission of nerve-influence, as well as by the origination of mental activity.

Different kinds of globules, and different methods of distribution and grouping of their clusters, are distinguished in the brain. But on account of the surpassing minuteness and delicacy of the structure, and the intricacy of its arrangement, it has not yet been possible to map out the different parts of the convolutions of the brain into subordinate divisions corresponding with the different faculties of the mind.

Such are the results which science has attained in this recondite province of intellectual enquiry, but with these results the achievements of physiological investigation end. There is no glimmering yet of the way in which the energy evolved from the destruction of the sensory track of the brain-pulp is changed into the phenomena of consciousness. There is no hint of the plan by which the action of the unstable and combustible base of the brain convolutions is transmuted into the functions of the intellect. There is no explanation of the process by which pulp vibration is transformed into reason and feeling. There is no demonstration of the structural difference between pleasure and pain. An unfathomed abyss still stretches out beyond the most advanced ground won by the adventurous explorations of physiologists. Dr. Maudsley, as the expositor of the latest progress in mental physiology, honestly and unreservedly admits that this is the case when he says :—

‘ Of what may happen in a world into which human senses have not yet found a means of entering, we are no better entitled to speak than the blind man is to talk of the appearance of objects. In such matter it would be more wise to adopt Tertullian’s maxim, “ Credo quia impossibile est,” than that too much favoured by human ignorance which affirms “ that a thing is impossible because it appears to be inconceivable.” ’

Here, then, we reach the limits to which physical science has attained. The moral and intellectual faculties of man belong to a region for which physical science has no language and no explanation. To investigate them is the task of a higher branch of philosophy, for we still say with the old schoolmen ‘ Nihil est in intellectu quod non fuerit in sensu—*nisi intellectus ipse.*’

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of the Life of Anna Jameson, Author of 'Sacred and Legendary Art.'* By her Niece GERARDINE MACPHERSON. London: 1878.

We remember to have read, quoted by Mrs. Hemans, a saying of Mme. de Staël, that ‘for a woman, fame is only a royal mourning, in purple, for happiness.’ There is picturesqueness in the expression, and not a little truth; yet we doubt if those gifted women, any more than the authoress of ‘Sacred and Legendary Art,’ would have been wise to exchange their talent for any other happiness, real or imaginary. It brought them competence, occupation, independence, variety, influence, troops of friends, and that fame which, if it be but a royal mourning for happiness, is also ‘a love disguised.’ The distinction which they attained answers to love in its widest and most exalted sense, develops much that is best in the writers, and cultivates the readers, while it maintains the communion of cultivated minds. If none had ever possessed such distinction, the past would be, as Joanna Baillie said—

‘A blank, a desert bare, a shipless sea;’

and all these gifted women were right to wish for it. Supposing them, however, to have been willing to surrender these advantages, it is certain that they could not have stifled the genius which was both their birthright and their vocation. In this matter nature always turns king’s evidence. The artistic temperament, with all its pleasures and pains, its trials, temptations, victories, and despairs, is a gift, and ‘the gods themselves cannot take back their gifts.’ Such enthusiastic natures are, however, often unfortunate in their married lives, because they choose their partners very ill in the first place, and then expect from life what it has not to give. Their imagination, which began by painting an imaginary and impossible happiness, serves afterwards to intensify their distress, while their ardent temperament requires a variety and an amount of excitement just as likely to be painful as pleasant. Mrs. Jameson, with her Celtic nature and her fervid imagination, was no exception to this rule, but she was an amiable, industrious, blameless, and honourable woman, as well as a cultivated one. She was known and valued by many of the best intellects of the day, and her appreciation of the merits of others was always frank and generous. It was sometimes felt that her appreciation of herself was not stinted, but it must be remembered that she was compelled to seek in art, and literature for the happiness which she had at least

hoped to find in the domestic affections. When we consider that she began life at sixteen years of age, it is no light merit to have distinguished, as she did, between real acquirements and those sentimental counterfeits which popularly pass current for them. Her own education inspired her with pity, and she remembered, with a surprised regret, that pupils had been committed to her care, when she was herself in a state of relative ignorance of the commonest things, and in absolute ignorance of the art of teaching. But she might also remember, and with just pride, that her energy conquered all these drawbacks, till she made herself at last a good judge of art, and no mean authority on its mediæval history.

Anna Brownell Murphy, the eldest daughter of a clever young Irish miniature painter, was born in Dublin, in 1794, in the midst of the most stormy period of Ireland's stormy history. Mr. Murphy, a hot-headed patriot, belonged to the band of 'United Irishmen' whose attempts at revolution came to such a summary and tragical close. The interests of his family had been powerless to sober him, but a professional engagement in England fortunately kept him out of the way at the crisis, and thus saved him from the fate of Robert Emmett. Of his daughters, Anna, the eldest, soon proved herself a quick and clever child. Her parents were proud of her, and her education, if it was wanting in precision, was conducted with greater breadth than was common at that time. She had a lively fancy, a good memory, and superabundant energy; and as those were not the days of Local Examinations, or of the critical tests of a girl's acquirements, Anna worked to please herself, but laid, in her French, Italian, and Spanish studies, the foundations of her future success as the historian of sacred and legendary art in Europe.

Mr. Murphy's fortune was small, and the region of Pall Mall, in which he settled himself, was more expensive than Whitehaven or Newcastle, where the infancy of his children had been spent. Anna, privy to her father's anxieties, conceived, at twelve years old, a plan for assisting him.

'Where she may have heard of the lace-making of Flanders we are not told; probably an account in some encyclopædia or periodical of the time had caught her eager imagination, and suggested the idea. However that may be, she gathered her sisters together on the first occasion possible, and pointed out to them, with all the eloquence of a popular leader sure of the faith of his disciples, the necessities of the position. Their father and mother were, she said, anxious about the family means, and striving hard to make ends meet; while here were four girls, from twelve downwards, eating the bread of idleness. By

this time another baby had been added to the band, a tiny Charlotte in her cradle, too young by far to have any heroic plan suggested to her. Such a plan, however, Anna had all ready to lay before the others. It was that she and her sisters should set out for Brussels, learn the art of lace-making, work at it at once successfully, and achieve in the shortest possible time a fortune, with which to set their parents perfectly at ease for the future. Once more the proceeding was *tout simple*. She had it all quite clear and easy, as on that former occasion. The plan now would be to take their course straight along by the banks of the Paddington Canal as far as it went, then enquire which was the nearest road to the coast, and there take ship for Belgium. There was not, however, that unanimity in the council which generally prevailed. Eliza, the next daughter, declared that she for one could not be spared, that the mother and baby could not get on without her, and that she must stay behind. But the others embraced the plan, though somewhat tremulous was the adhesion of little Camilla—she whose red shoe had perished in the first adventure.

The project was fully matured, and even communicated to the parents, who seem prudently to have made no effort to restrain the children's enthusiasm, but permitted everything to go on as suggested. Their bags were packed, and the last evening came. Camilla, timid and always wavering, would willingly have renounced her share in the glorious enterprise, but Anna was eager and Louisa firm. It is easy to imagine the gleam of half fun, half sympathy, that shone in the father's eye as he drew the children about him. Louisa, supposed in the family to be his favourite, had some wine put into her glass. It was a sort of farewell pledge at their parting, “for there's no ‘telling when we may be together again, my darling,” he said. This, however, was too much for the child, whose heart sank into her shoes at such an address, and whose inspiration was all Anna's, not her own; she gave a loud sob, and threw her arms round her father's neck. “Oh, papa, I will never, never leave you,” she cried. The crisis was too much for a child's courage; Camilla, already so feeble in her adhesion, gave in on the spot; and it is needless to say that Anna, left alone in her valour, did not go forth on this forlorn hope by herself. The story is very characteristic, and I hope the reader will find it as pretty as I do.’

In this childish determination there was a something prophetic, for down to the last day of her life the eldest of Mr. Murphy's daughters was an heroic and untiring breadwinner for her family, while she employed her talents and influence so as to smooth the path for other women who had to follow onerous but honourable careers.

Her education finished nominally at sixteen years of age, and then, when herself little more than a child, she entered the family of the Marquis of Winchester as a governess. She was six-and-twenty when she first met Mr. Robert Jameson, and, as she was at that time again living under her father's roof,

she had leisure to make acquaintance with him. The young barrister was clever, and Anna thought that his tastes corresponded with her own; the young people fell in love, and soon became engaged to each other. But there were difficulties in the way of their marriage. Both were poor, and in the following year the lovers were parted; whether by the desire of Mr. Murphy, or by some perception on the part of the bridegroom of the incongruities that were likely to cloud the lives of both, does not now appear.

To Anna at least the step was a painful one—so painful that she again left home, and started with a family about to make the *grand tour* and to visit Italy in the costly and leisurely fashion in which the journey was then made. She began her travels in a melancholy mood, but her spirits were soon excited by variety and society, by fresh conquests, and by those hundred consolations to which youth is open, and which it knows how to procure. She called her diary that of an '*Ennuyée*', but in truth its heroine is represented as making exertions worthy only of the most robust health and of the most buoyant spirits, and we are sure that the writer, in spite of the melancholy in which she indulged, must have soon begun to suspect that she carried about in herself an anodyne for many griefs, a compensation for many of the pains and errors which her enthusiasm cost her. Her unformed taste, as yet, was not a trustworthy guide; her criticisms were not original, and hardly got beyond those elementary rules for critics which Goldsmith laid down when he advised a tyro always to 'praise the works of 'Pietro Perugino, and to say that the picture could doubtless 'have been improved had the painter bestowed more pains on it.' But the book was attractive, and when, after her marriage, it came before the public, it had a great success. So fresh and vivid were some of the pages, that one day, when it fell into the hands of Edward Irving, he devoured it eagerly, and laid it down full of sympathy for the love-griefs and for the early death of the poor *Ennuyée*. A few days later, at the house of Mr. Basil Montagu, he was presented to Anna Jameson, and told that she was the *Ennuyée* of the 'Diary.' His face fell, and, turning to the master of the house, he fairly reproached him for ever having allowed him to sympathise with the book and its heroine, whom he believed to be buried in a convent garden! 'Sir,' he cried, 'I cannot forgive you; you have 'robbed me of my honest tears.'

The happiest period of the author's life may be said to have been the years that elapsed between the preparation and the publication of her first book. They were passed in

the family of the first Lord Hatherton (then Mr. Littleton), where Miss Anna Murphy was very fortunate in her pupils. A little play which she wrote for the Littleton children was her next literary effort, and the miniatures of Lord Hather-ton's daughters, painted by her, still hang on the walls of the schoolroom where she presided for four years. She left Teddesley to be married to Robert Jameson, and to begin life in earnest in Chenies Street, Tottenham Court Road. ‘The ‘new husband and wife were,’ says her biographer, ‘of kindred ‘tastes and accomplishments, fond of literature and of culti-‘vated society, and, though not rich, of sufficiently good pro-‘pects to justify their union in a time not quite so exacting ‘in this respect as the present.’ Yet these conditions did not, unfortunately, suffice to make it a happy one, or to produce one of those perfect unions of which Balzac said that it is *une fleur solitaire* and very difficult to find.

The niece who owed so much to Mrs. Jameson’s tenderness, and who has written her memoir, which she did not live to publish, says as little as may be of the discomforts of this ill-assorted union, perhaps because she had learned few of the secrets of the prison-house, since Anna would be slow to reveal to anyone so much younger than herself how her grand illusion had vanished, and been replaced by the bitterness of neglect. We shall imitate Mrs. Macpherson’s reticence, though there are friends of Mrs. Jameson’s, and also of Robert Jameson’s, still living, who could throw a good deal of light upon the painful story of those divided lives. There is an Eastern legend which tells how four men, by connivance of the angel gate-keepers, once entered Paradise. One only came in peace and left in peace; of the rest, one saw and went mad, one saw and died, and one destroyed all the young plants along his way. From the first Mr. Jameson seems to have done this; from the first the wife was rudely neglected, and the authoress urged to make capital out of her talents. Ere long Anna went to live with her sister, Mrs. Bate, and Mr. Jameson went to take employment in Dominica. In 1833 he again returned to England, and they remained together in London till the following spring, when, another and a more hopeful appointment having been secured for him, Mr. Jameson set out alone for Canada.

Literary engagements had meanwhile increased upon his wife, and Mrs. Jameson planned and carried out a Continental expedition for objects connected with her career. She travelled in Germany, and there found the welcome she deserved as the author of the ‘Essay on the Heroines of Shakespeare.’ The

most careful, original, and beautiful of her books was already popular there, and Tieck, the literary giant of Dresden, must have considered her as a foeman worthy of his steel, as well as a woman of his regard, for his manuscript criticisms on her book are still legible on the pages of the copy which is preserved in the library of the British Museum. Goethe died the year before Mrs. Jameson reached Weimar, but she found there his daughter-in-law, Ottolie von Goethe, still occupying the well-known 'Goethisches Haus,' and a close intimacy sprang up between these two ladies. Here too and in Dresden Mrs. Jameson enjoyed intercourse with Retsch, with Dannecker, with Madame Devrient, and with Schlegel, the 'Castelforte' of Madame de Staël's 'Corinne,' whose volubility and lively egotism bored Byron, stunned Schiller, and teased Goethe, while it certainly amused Mrs. Jameson not a little.

During all these months the home in Canada, to which Anna looked forward whenever her husband should be fairly established in his new position, seemed further off than ever. She wrote from Germany to her father, with whom her relations always remained very close and very endearing, that she had had 'a letter from Canada—as usual very well written, very cold, and very vague ;' but this vagueness gave place at times to words of great bitterness on the part of both husband and wife. Two of the letters here published are among the saddest things we ever read, and the conviction which Mr. Jameson expressed, and Mrs. Jameson endorsed, viz. that they would have been happier had each of them been united to any other person, must have given greater poignancy to Anna's grief when in 1834 Mr. Murphy's health began to break. He had always followed the steps of his daughter's career, and shared some of her labours. In 1814, when holding the appointment of painter in enamel to the Princess Charlotte, he made an exquisite set of copies of the collection of portraits known as the 'Windsor 'Beauties,' and used to tell his children how the princesses were wont to visit him at his work.

'Mr. Murphy had also the honour of submitting the first eight portraits of the series to the late Queen Charlotte, and she not only expressed her satisfaction in the most gracious terms, but ordered it to be conveyed to him by General Taylor. Mr. Murphy took the liberty of asking her Majesty whether she recollects the famous picture of "Nell Gwynn" known to have once existed in the Windsor Gallery. (It should be observed that Queen Charlotte was suspected of having, from peculiar notions of propriety, removed this picture.) The Queen replied at once that most assuredly since *she* had resided at Windsor there had been no "Nell Gwynn" there ! It is not to be supposed that Queen Charlotte could have intended anything beyond a mere

statement of facts by such an equivocal reply ; but it caught the fancy and memory of the Irish artist, always ready to see a joke, and he carried home the unintentional repartee to his girls with much merriment.'

When the painter's share of the work was finished his daughter's began, and Mrs. Jameson, ten years later, furnished the letterpress for this volume, thus giving to her intercourse with Mr. Murphy all the pleasures of joint authorship. From the illness with which the poor miniature painter was now afflicted his health never really rallied, though his life was prolonged for some years, till he had seen Anna in the meridian of her success, and also, as we shall see, in the crisis of her domestic troubles.

Mrs. Jameson had just given to the world her pleasant volumes of 'Sketches at Home and Abroad,' and planned another visit to Germany, when she was summoned to join her husband on the other side of the Atlantic. We have seen that, when he first left her, she complained of his want of zeal in making arrangements for their establishment in Canada ; but now that the hour had come, it must be confessed that she obeyed his summons with reluctance. She was leaving the work and the position she had earned for herself, and a home in her sister's house where she was worshipped and cherished, for an unknown country and a hearth which had grown all the more strange to her, as her husband had sometimes allowed six months to pass without giving any signs of interest in her.

The result of her visit to him was most unsatisfactory. Mr. Jameson, advised by his friends that he must either keep his wife under his roof, or make her an allowance, had summoned her to join him, and Mrs. Jameson, clinging to her sense of duty, and advised by the same friends that her absence might be prejudicial to his character and professional interests, went to him : but they had no pleasure in meeting. Other and less regular ties had been formed in her absence ; the distant, uncultivated country struck a chill into her heart ; their union remained a childless one ; she writhed under the neglect with which she was treated ; she was ill and dispirited, suffered greatly from the cold, and, as she said, was 'dying for news from her 'dear home,' for 'I had met no familiar face, no look of welcome, and I was as sad at heart as a woman can be. For 'God's sake, write to me.' She roused herself, however, and, wishing to try how to make her life liveable, she began to occupy herself with the local question of education. She also wrote home vivid pictures of the scenery and politics of the

land of her exile. Mr. Jameson was made Chancellor, and his wife thus expressed herself:—‘ He is now at the top of the tree, and has no more to expect or aspire to. I think he will make an excellent Chancellor; he is gentlemanlike, cautious, and will stick to precedents, and his excessive reserve is here the greatest possible of virtues. No one loves him, it is true, but every one approves him.’ From these lines it would appear that the Chancellor’s wife had rather too little reserve. One can only hope that her husband never had the opportunity of reading them; but the reader, after doing so, will not be surprised to learn that she had already made up her mind to leave him and to return to England. She wrote that neither duty nor necessity could now oblige her to endure more of what she had endured, and that, for the future, her life would be more easy, and her conscience more free, for the attempt she had made. This dreary experiment ended in October, 1837, and her intercourse with her husband, who allowed her three hundred a year, was thenceforth carried on only by correspondence; but the letters, which grew less and less frequent, had, like the allowance, ceased altogether before Mr. Jameson’s death in 1854.

It would be unfair to omit to mention here the journey into the least known regions of Canada which Mrs. Jameson made before taking leave of her husband and of his Transatlantic home. The energy she displayed, the fatigues she endured, and the insight which she thus gained, not only into the haunts of the Red men, but into the wants and difficulties of British emigrants, were every way characteristic of her, as was the spirit with which she made this expedition at a crisis in her life which would have broken a more delicate heart. The publication of these sketches brought her into communication with Miss Martineau, and added, in many ways, to Mrs. Jameson’s circle of readers.

But as yet she had been little more than tentative in her work. Its real development and its lasting fruits were to come, and to be the results of that solitary position and of the leisure in which the rest of her life must be passed.

She adopted her niece Gerardine Bate, took a cottage near London, and applied herself to the study of art. She wrote in 1840: ‘ Though there is much to be done and endured, I cannot say I am unhappy. My mind is serene, and I am so engrossed by the affairs, interests, and sufferings of others, I have no time to think about myself. Besides, I have just undertaken a new book—a laborious thing which will pay me well, and must be finished as soon as possible.’

The subject to which Anna Jameson meant now to devote her time, her talents, and her opportunities, was one which was beginning to receive great attention in England.

It was at the latter part of the eighteenth century that a great revival of art took place in England. The convulsions and wars which followed the French Revolution caused a great number of the finest works of art in Europe to be sent to this country, which were eagerly purchased. In the reign of George IV. forty-eight great private collections already bore witness to the taste and wealth of English gentlemen and connoisseurs; dilettantism became the fashion; Sir Thomas Lawrence caused 40,000*l.* to be expended upon drawings by the old masters, while the acquisition of the Elgin marbles early in the new century stamped it as a new era in the training of the British school. From this time progress was rapid. Collectors bequeathed their treasures to the nation. The National Gallery had been begun by the purchase of the Angerstein pictures, and soon increased in importance. Taste was in fashion, and it must have its literature, its exponents, its commentaries, and even its 'ladders to learning.' But the extent and variety of these private and public collections were very imperfectly known when Mrs. Jameson, encouraged by the patronage of Lord Lansdowne and other connoisseurs, undertook to produce a full account of these scattered treasures.

Mrs. Macpherson says of Mrs. Jameson's new work: 'It was the compiling of an elaborate *catalogue raisonné*, or a companion and guide to the various private art collections to which the public obtained admission in London, and it was, I believe, a successful speculation for the publisher.' Its success acted as a spur to the author's activity.

Mrs. Jameson undertook, for the 'Penny Magazine,' a series of articles on the early Italian painters, and those papers, when collected into a single volume, soon received the compliment of a French translation. The book possessed eminently what the translator would have called 'the defects of its qualities.' It was picturesque, enthusiastic, and spirited, lacked a sufficiently objective view of art, and was often weak and discursive where it might easily have been made both more technical and more exhaustive. In this way it is more a pleasant book for the drawing-room table than a useful companion in a picture-gallery. It had also some very strange lacunes, as in its omission of Sandro Botticelli, than whom no pupil of Lippi's and no master of his day less deserves to be forgotten. On the walls of the Sistine chapel he proved

himself to be a draughtsman little inferior to Ghirlandajo, and if his colouring has stood the test of time less well than has Ghirlandajo's, not the less will that great circular picture in the Uffizzi long delight the gazer. No one who has ever seen it can forget those seven seraphic faces. The Virgin Mother's hand, in writing the 'Magnificat,' is gently guided by the Divine Infant, and the angels who crown her, as well as those who hold the manuscript, listen with delight to the song that flows from the prophetess-poet, the greatest mother in Israel.

Mrs. Jameson had always the secret of pleasing her readers. She was a well-read woman, one who had conferred with the master-minds of her day, and who had also travelled a great deal; for she acted on Goethe's saying:—

'He who will the poet see
Must in the poet's country be.'

To this her pages owed many pleasant illustrations, and even her digressions are not without a charm; the greater that they help us to realise what is the end of all investigations into either history or art—the truth that these men and women were even as we are. In this way her book had a success even beyond that which she was aware that it owed to the growing interest in the literature of art in England. Meantime, the collections of the British Museum and of the National Gallery, which daily increased in value and importance, had such advocates in the House of Commons as Sir David Dundas, Lord Elcho, and Mr. Gregory; the Arundel Society prepared its beautiful portfolios; Mr. Ruskin wrote of 'Modern Painters' and for modern painters, and taught so well, in his shrill and inspired scream, that landscape art made in consequence great progress, and left far behind those conventional pictures of which Byron laughingly said that they were all made up of 'vines, olives, precipices, glaciers, volcanoes, oranges, and ices.' Art schools were now proposed all over the kingdom, loan museums opened, the Staffordshire potteries stimulated, and books on painting, wood-engraving, and architecture added largely to the current literature of the day; while by photography the art treasures of foreign countries were rendered familiar to English students. Mrs. Jameson, however, could not regard this sudden popularisation of art without some misgivings, and she sought to anticipate the height of the movement with a few words of warning, addressed, as she said, to the uninitiated. The 'Art Journal' of March, 1849, contained

these passages, and we quote them here because, in our opinion, Mrs. Jameson never did herself greater justice than in these sober words on the objects of art training and on its individual as well as national importance.

' We are to have art, it seems, for the *million*. Now it is certain that this diffusion through all ranks of the love of ornament and beauty will not raise the standard of excellence—that was fixed some two thousand years ago in the days of Phidias—but it will raise the standard in every individual mind; it will bring home and illustrate to the popular apprehension those principles, eternal and immutable as the law of Nature herself, on which that eternal standard is founded. I am not one of those who believe that excellence will become less excellent by being diffused, or that the sense of the true, the beautiful, the pure, will become less valuable by being rendered more familiar—indispensable to the sentient being as love, light, and air.

' All human sympathies flowing in a right direction—and in art, as in morals, there is a right and a wrong—gather strength as they flow by the confluence of many minds. It is some comfort that we do not see in these days—at least, we do not so often see—that pretension to the exclusive right to feel and discriminate, that mingled scorn and despair with which the real lover and judge of art was wont to regard the ignorant blunderings of public patronage; and, on the other hand, I think we have outlived that truly vulgar error, so flattering to indolent mediocrity, that "in matters of art every man with two good eyes in 'his head is competent to see;" whereas, where art is concerned, the faculty of seeing becomes in itself an *art*! Yes, it is a good sign when the worshipful many are beginning to feel that the fine arts are not merely imitative, but involve something more, and far beyond imitation; it is a good sign when a man is no longer affronted by a doubt of his power, and even of his right of judgment, and has candour enough to wish to educate his perceptions up to that point where the just appreciation of comparative excellence first unfolds itself to the delighted intellect. It were too much to expect to find developed alike in all the instinctive sense of beauty in art, or the capacity for enjoying its manifestations. No popularising of art will ever equalise the power to feel and to judge of art; but we may hope that the multiplication and diffusion of objects through which the taste is exercised will tend to facilitate comparison and quicken sensibility. . . .

' The passion and fashion for works of beauty and decoration has been growing among us, assisted by many causes. The invention of most ingenious mechanical processes by which the magnificent remains of antiquity and the productions of living artists may be reproduced with marvellous delicacy and exactitude, and of other processes by which ornamental carving and casting from faultless models may be executed at a trifling expense, the perfection to which modern chemical science has brought the finest preparations of clay—as bisque and terra-cotta—together with the application of new materials, gutta-percha, for instance, to the purposes of art; and, though last not least, the institution of schools of design all over the country—all these have

combined to assist by mechanical means the multiplication of what the French call *objets de goût et de luxe*. That this growing taste may not be vulgarised is a matter of great importance. We may entertain the deepest sympathy for the artist struggling to live by the proceeds of that art to which he has given his life, and applaud the efforts made by public means to render his works known and give him a fair chance for reputation (it is not for one generation to give *fame*). But let it ever be borne in mind that we best assist our native artists by placing before them and the public who is to judge them, in every possible form, those productions which bear the stamp of original greatness, and have been consecrated by the admiration of successive generations of men ; things which exist at a distance, or have become so rare and so expensive that they are locked up in national collections or in the portfolios of amateurs. On these the principles of art are founded, or rather by these they are illustrated, for these lead us back to nature—pure nature, which is only another name for the pure ideal, and whence all must proceed which is to endure through the vicissitudes of conventional manners and modes of thought. This is the main object of a society lately instituted, the Arundel Society. Between this society and one begun some years ago for the encouragement of modern art and native artists there should be no rivalry, rather the most close and friendly co-operation. Every help to the knowledge of genuine art is a help to the living artist ; and only the meanest, narrowest, and most short-sighted views would make a man think otherwise. . . .

' Art is for pleasure and for contemplation.

' To multiply the sources of pleasure and to enlarge the sphere of contemplation are the objects we propose to ourselves in cultivating what we term a taste for the fine arts. But not only must we have pleasure and contemplation associated together, they must be associated in equal measure ; for as surely as the one or the other predominates there shall be no full concord, no complete harmonious enjoyment of the object before us. The intense feeling of beauty, merely as such, without a corresponding exercise of the faculties of the intellect, or a due subjection to the moral sympathies, leaves the soul of man unsatisfied, and produces, if not a degraded and frivolous, at least a narrow and defective taste in art.

' On the other hand, where the fine arts become subjects of disquisition and analysis, as manifestations of the human powers, as part of the history of human culture, as an instrument available in the hands of government for the amusement or improvement of the people—as a means, in short, to some end out of themselves, be that end what it may—the highest or the lowest—then such a merely speculative utilitarian appreciation of art can lead to nothing very good, I believe, except it be a grant from the Treasury to help Mr. Layard, or a new National Gallery with room for Mr. Vernon's pictures. For individual enjoyment, for individual elevation and improvement, what can it do ? But blend with the sensuous pleasures of form and colour thrilling through nerve and fancy a world of awakened thoughts crowding in like divine guests to a divine banquet, and then we have indeed a joy at once subjective and objective, infinite, complete, and

worthy of our immortality; a joy which no lower nature can share with us—which higher natures, if they did not share, might envy us.'

It happened that English society contained at this moment another important element, and one which was to suggest to Mrs. Jameson a very congenial topic, and to confer on her latest and her greatest books not only an immediate success, but a lasting value and an enduring name. Since the first quarter of our century a remarkable religious leaven had been at work. To the Evangelicalism of the Venns, Simeons, and Wilberforces, had succeeded that phase of religious life and opinion in England which we call the Tractarian movement, but which was really the revulsion, first of a party at Oxford, and then of the popular mind, not only towards the doctrines of the early Church, but towards mediævalism in all its shapes. Religion assumed a more æsthetic form. The demand for church accommodation in our great towns and in the metropolis was to fall in with this movement. The tasteless chapels of Mayfair were proclaimed to be incongruous as well as unsightly. Gothic art revived in the hands of Pugin and Scott, while for the windows and porches, as well as for the finials, and pulpits, and reredos of all these new or restored churches, old examples were consulted, and modern artists ran their thoughts into mediæval moulds consecrated by the sacred and legendary art of the past.

' Sacred and Legendary Art ' is a vast theme. To classify, to elucidate, and to illustrate sacred and legendary art required not only the facile pen and the lively sympathy which Anna Jameson always brought to her work, but the reading, the experience, the research, and the critical power which she had now been hiving through many studious years, and through many hours spent at the shrines of the early religious masters. It may be that the theme was first suggested to her by her acquaintance with M. Rio. The Neo-Catholicism of France, the school of Cochin and of Lacordaire, that which has since made a painter of Besson and a musician of Gounod, could already boast of its critic in Rio. Perhaps, as Mrs. Jameson trod the galleries of Paris in the company of the historian of Christian art, she reflected that English literature possessed no book that could compare with his devout and beautiful pages. No one had in England attempted to be a guide to those pictures of the great masters which most soothe us, while they exalt the innermost places of the imagination. She set to work in 1847.

The pictures she had to classify are so many formulas of faith, and from the first rude *graffiti* in the catacombs down to

Raphael's 'Transfiguration' and his great 'Dispute on the Sacrament,' they form, so to speak, a pictorial history of the Church. Christian art, after being almost hieroglyphic during the first persecutions, then dared to become tentative. It kept at first to few subjects, and had not only its conventional outlines, but its canonical colours, for it loved to blend the *blue* and *red* of Faith and Passion with the *violet* of Repentance, the *black* of Sorrow, and the *white* of Purity and Victory. During its third epoch, we see the triumphs of architecture, of mosaic, and of that exquisite miniature painting which has turned into art treasures the choir-books, psalteries, missals, and breviaries of those chevaleresque and devotional ages. The thirteenth century, which is to the history of art what the flower-clusters are to the tree, saw the rise of the Siennese school. To it succeeded the Florentine, and then, through the Bolognese, Venetian, and Umbrian schools, art reached its glory, and dwelt in the palaces of its strength. It was Mrs. Jameson's task to lead her readers through the Christian centuries; to cull for them the early flowers of Paradise, which Giotto and Cimabue planted; to recall the tenderest forms of mediæval fancy, and the stern thoughts of the men who carried art as a cross, while they looked for the speedy consummation of all things in the second Advent of the Lord. She had also to reproduce the mystic beauties of those studios which were cells, and the dreams of monks who dwelt apart in cloisters, 'where a man lives more purely, falls more rarely, and dies more happily.' Nor must it be forgotten that art long held a middle place between the exoteric and the esoteric religions of the Christian world. The exoteric, as preached to the vulgar, was full of modern superstitions built upon a foundation of ill-forgotten mythologies, till just as the Hindoo dared not represent the incomprehensible and self-existent Brahma, so the Italian occupied himself with a host of subordinate and created beings. The painters took the subjects thus popularised, but they looked deeper than the form; and while they painted the imaginary deeds of some legendary saint, they gave God the glory. They set boundaries of nature and humanity to the awful formulas of theology, and they evoked living forms out of a boundless contiguity of shade formed by the philosophy of the schoolmen. They glorified the human form which asceticism set at naught, and they retained on their canvas the same simplicity, the same ineffable air of candour in narration, which makes of the Gospels themselves a masterpiece of spontaneous art.

The mere labour of tracing back these legendary pictures to their sources must have been immense. Nor would it suffice

to consider the subject only from a critical point of view. Art has its philosophy, as history has, and the mind would stand confused and amazed before the ‘gods many and the lords ‘many’ of legendary piety, did it not take into account, along with the vast imaginative power of mankind, the mythology of the Indo-Germanic race and the anthropomorphic tendency of all our beliefs. Legends overlie and overwhelm history, but they are often a pseudo-history, and they presuppose some objective truth as their base, however fanciful they may be. The difficulties of such a task Mrs. Jameson did not attempt to lessen, but she touched the subjects with a reverent and uncontroversial hand. Her book, the one by which her name will ever be remembered, was received with acclamations at home and abroad. In America Mrs. Jameson had already many warm friends; but now Longfellow writes: ‘God bless ‘you for this book! How very precious it is to me! Indeed, I ‘can hardly try to express to you the feelings of affection ‘with which I have cherished it from the first moment it ‘reached us. It most amply supplies the cravings of the reli-‘gious nature.’ This was really felt to be its character, and Mrs. Jameson might fairly have prefixed to her work, as its motto, the words of Horace Walpole: ‘Pictures are the ‘scenery of devotion . . . and the art that is the subject ‘of this book is the least likely to be perverted.’ In fact, if it be true that art is nature humanised, of sacred and legendary art it may be averred that it is nature sublimated, since, though its elements are drawn from everything in heaven and earth, its subjects are taken chiefly and most lovingly from Scripture, and from that human heart for which Scripture was made and given. Such painters are the ‘eternal children’ of the Gospel—of that *Evangelion* which speaks of a ‘Man among men,’ and which substituted humanity for the corrupt civilisation of classical Rome, the profound philosophies of India, and the metaphysical subtleties of Greece.

The subject of Christian art naturally grew in magnitude and importance as Mrs. Jameson devoted herself to it. Great masses of notes lay ready under her hands; the pictures seemed to beckon to her, and she brought out in 1852 her ‘Life of ‘the Madonna.’ Nothing can exceed the finish of this beautiful book, with its hundred and sixty-five wood engravings and its twenty-seven etchings, illustrating a letterpress of admirable and harmonious prose. Mrs. Jameson’s style in a work of such magnitude as this is markedly more chastened and sustained, and her knowledge was profound of all the best pictorial representations of the Madonna. She seems to

have forgotten no example of very great merit, unless it be the exquisite miniature of the Annunciation in that ivory-bound psalter of Queen Melisenda of Jerusalem, which is preserved with such care in the British Museum. It is one of the few examples in which the Virgin, instead of sitting, kneeling, or bending, during the visit of the angel, is represented as standing erect. Veiled and robed in dark blue, she has an extraordinary expression of chastity and reserve, while the tall, dignified figure, in spite of its miniature scale, and of its being the work of a Greek artist of the twelfth century (1131–1144), reminds one of that *Stabat Mater dolorosa* of Perugino which is in the Pazzi chapel, and which within the last few years only has been shown to visitors in Florence.

In preparing a book which she called ‘The Life of the Madonna,’ Mrs. Jameson had at once to state and to speak of artistic facts as she found them, and to avoid all appearance of a polemical spirit. She wisely restricted herself to critical details, and though she wrote in Rome, and in sight of that tasteless column of the Immaculate Conception, which stands in the Piazza di Spagna, as if to record the high-water mark of Mariolatry in the nineteenth century, she did not even attempt to explain why modern Catholicism produces only the most debased, tawdry, and puerile trinkets of devotion. This is a fact which even the uninitiated can perceive for themselves; and it is certain that the gilt and stucco Madonnas which now fill the shops and churches are to the Virgins of Dürer, Raphael, and Murillo, as the ‘Rosaire de la Dévotion’ of Paul Parfait is to Bossuet’s ‘Meditations on the Gospel.’ It would look as if an excess of devotion to ‘Mary’ had both vitiated the taste of the artist and debased the object, just as the over-fondness of a mother spoils a child, or as the overheating of a stove will ruin a beautiful plant. Mrs. Jameson passed this thorny matter over. Enough for her, and for her readers, were the canvases of the great masters, whose themes of innocence, pain, and superhuman beauty do not provoke an argument. When we stand before the ‘Mater Amabilis’ of some monk who never himself owned either wife or child, or before some sweet pastoral Madonna which is to art what the Burgundian *Noël*, the Provençal *Nouvé*, and the English carol are to poetry, we also acknowledge the impersonation of sympathising womanhood in her who received from the angel tidings of the peace so long wept for in the world, but which cost the Lady of Pain herself so dear. And, controversy apart, these subjects may well have charms for us, illustrated as they have been by the ancient artists ‘with

'that mingled *naïveté* and reverence, and that vivid and dramatic power, which only faith and love and genius united could impart' (p. 134).

When Mrs. Jameson was young, her father was her collaborator; now that she had seen more than half a century, her niece Gerardine Macpherson worked at her side. Travellers in Italy in those days often met with these two women, copying or taking notes in the galleries and churches, while amongst the pleasantest places of *rendezvous* in Rome was the house in the Piazza di Spagna where Anna Jameson worked, while her niece's needle etched the illustrations for her books. Mrs. Jameson herself also practised the art of etching. The graceful frontispiece to the '*Graphidæ*,' a collection of epigrams on the painters by an anonymous poet, was the kindly work of her hand. This little book was privately printed, and is now rare.

The last of the series was now on its way. The labour of such an undertaking was very great, and if to Mrs. Jameson it did not appear overwhelming it was only because, as Goethe makes Helen say to Faust, 'it is easy—it comes from the heart.' This '*History of our Lord*' was intended to record the accumulated results of the piety and industry of nineteen Christian centuries. Mrs. Jameson undertook to tabulate the laws, moral, historical, and pictorial, which have, out of the history of our Lord, created a whole realm of religious art. She lingered lovingly over every picture which set Him forth: now over some pious legend of the Childhood, now over a cartoon of the Miracles, or over one of those Crucifixions which seem to have come, like a sob, from the penitent heart of humanity. The pictures were in great numbers and the themes inexhaustible; for the Christ of history was, although historical, no passing apparition. While working at this great subject the pen fell from the hand of a tired, elderly, and solitary woman, and Anna Jameson died. The unfinished text of her book was handed to Lady Eastlake for completion, and it thus saw the light under the prestige of two persons who united in no common degree artistic and literary talent, the qualities of the artist with those of the connoisseur. It closed the long list of works, forty-eight in number, which stand in the catalogue of the British Museum under the name of Anna Jameson. Of these one has been translated into French, one into Polish, several have had American reprints, and one was brought out in Germany, bearing the press-mark of Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Some of these books, like the '*Loves of the Poets*,' are undeniably specimens of bookmaking, and all contain wck

or verbose pages, on which an eloquence, that it would not be illnatured to style Hibernian, replaced solid or original matter. But in others the style is really admirable, and sometimes, as in her analysis of the character of Miranda, in her study on the ‘House of Titian,’ and her sketch of an autumn Sunday afte. noon at Carolside, it reached a very high degree of beauty.

The volumes on ‘Sacred Art’ are indispensable guides to the student. They exhibit in a marked manner her taste, her application, and her accuracy of detail, as well as the deficiencies of her training, and of her own conception of the sphere of a critic. It has sometimes been said that ‘criticism is easy, ‘art difficult;’ but, in truth, criticism of the kind that Mrs. Jameson attempted is very much more difficult than she took it to be. It requires an innate artistic spirit, and its cultivation by prolonged study of the canons of art. There must be a habit of constant observation, a quick eye, and a retentive memory, as well as the acumen to perceive all the relationships between form and expression. The critic must have the technical knowledge of art, but also such a fond and loyal devotion to nature that he does not degenerate into a mere judge of *bric-à-brac*; and, above all, he must possess the taste which is even rarer than genius. In an old-fashioned English treatise by Jonathan (1723) the criticism of a picture is divided into these heads:—greatness, grace, invention, expression, composition, colouring, drawing, handling. Now Mrs. Jameson’s attention was seldom given to all or even to many of these different points of view. Her sensibilities often ran away with her judgment, or she wandered off into the history of a picture, and then talked of all that it suggested to her, rather than of the picture itself. To the very last her objective knowledge of art remained extremely defective. She was inferior to Mrs. Merrifield in technical acquaintance with oil-painting, as well as the processes used for the arts of mosaic, distemper, gilding, and glass-staining, while she left untouched what we may call the chemistry of the fine arts, the oils, resins, pigments, mordants, and varnishes, upon all of which the longevity of a picture so greatly depends. In many respects her criticism fell short, in many it is now out of date, for in this as in everything else there is either a progress or a fashion, ‘*ed ora ha ‘Giotto il grido.*’ Other writers have jostled her out of place; exhibitions succeed but do not resemble each other, and taste in England now claims the right to divide itself into as many schools as there are different modes of practice and different veins of thought. Between them it is not our business to

judge, but, while speaking here of the literature of art, we may regretfully remark that as it was in the time of Pilkington so it is now; and our zeal in this matter is not unto knowledge. The mental training of a public that is supposed to foster art, or at any rate to buy pictures, is far behind that of other countries, and of the books published (taking the department of classical art singly as a specimen) two-thirds are written in Germany. The French follow at a respectful distance, and the English are the last in this province of mental attainments and research. That such studies have their value and their practical results on a nation anyone may convince himself who, at the Trocadéro, recently saw the triumphs of portrait painting in the hands of Richter and Lenbach of Berlin, or the landscape work of Achenbach, who may be justly styled the modern Hobbema. There is plainly a great deal for Mrs. Jameson's successors to accomplish and also to correct in England, and it is not too much to say of the newly-elected President of the Royal Academy that we expect him to do much for the education of his countrymen. To judge by the aspect of our latest exhibitions, he has a great task before him.

Before taking leave of Mrs. Macpherson's very interesting biography of her aunt, we must notice one aspect of Mrs. Jameson's career which, unlike her art-criticism, has gained in interest from the lapse of years, and from the present state of events and feeling in England. We allude to her letters on social subjects. It would be unjust not to notice the brave and philanthropical way in which Mrs. Jameson handled, not the odious and declamatory topic of 'Women's Rights,' but the social and national question of 'Women's Work.' That she did this well and wisely is evident from the warm meed of admiration that she gained from the late Frederic Denison Maurice. Mrs. Jameson had herself begun to work at sixteen years of age. She knew the habits of all classes, the trials of working-women in the lower orders, and the deeper trials of the women of the middle class who are unmarried, who are in want of bread, but who have perhaps only untrained minds and unskilled hands to bring into a market that is already overstocked. She was also cognisant of that 'vague disease' from which the more affluent suffer, and of which they sicken, and even, as an eminent physician has assured us, die, seeing that they have empty hearts, vacant hours, and idle hands. The singular disproportion of the sexes, which in Great Britain now shows the startling figure of a surplus female population amounting to one million, had even then begun to engage the attention of economists and philanthropists, and

Mrs. Jameson gave it her most serious thoughts. She had long occupied herself, as we have seen, with the loveliest creations of human genius, but she knew that the ideal lies beside the real, and she wrote vigorously in the interests of female emigrants, deaconesses, sisters of charity, workhouse matrons and visitors, art-students, and governesses. Nor was this done by fits and starts, in singular and irregular efforts, but by sustained labour and sympathy, and above all by example. She thus risked being identified with much that half a century ago excited the ridicule of men, and that still, thanks to the hasty susceptibility of women and to the indiscreet partisanship of their friends, excites the pardonable antagonism and dislike of the other sex. But Mrs. Jameson worked with tact and temper, and in this way she did her part towards a solution of some of the bitter problems of middle-class female training in England, and towards the free co-operation of women in the industrial life of society. She lived to see the dawn of a better day for working women, and, had she lived a little longer, she would have hailed with joy the formation in the 'Working 'Ladies' Guild' of an organised band of 1,000 women of the upper classes now engaged in helping their less favoured sisters in the task of earning their daily bread.*

The pension of 100*l.* a year granted to Mrs. Jameson by her Majesty the Queen was a royal and womanly acknowledgment of her merits. Yet up to the very close of her life Anna had to work in order to maintain herself and her family. That fate, hard as it might appear, had, however, great compensations for her. It gave a real purpose to her life, and it saved her from becoming a prey to 'the many haunting things' which would have been only too likely to pursue the solitary thinker and the neglected wife. She had many friends, but none so enduring or so true as art and literature. Socrates, when in prison, confided to Cebes that 'all through his lifetime he had 'had dreams which had always recommended to him the same thing: "Socrates," said they, "apply yourself to music;" and this 'he took for a simple exhortation, as desiring him to carry 'on the study of wisdom, which is the most perfect music.' To many artists, since the fatal day when the ship of Apollo returned to guilty Athens, has the same voice delivered the same message, desiring them to subdue, and subordinate to a high harmony, all the forces of existence; and the life of Anna Jameson was truly dedicated to art. It became her work and

* 'Report of the Working Ladies' Guild.' Hatchard, London, 1878.

her profession ; she loved it truly, and it rewarded her largely ; and though she was, and remained, a poor woman, hers was not one of those pcevish leagues with learning which some have only signed as it were perforce and in discontent. Her life was chequered by pain, but if sorrow can be banished it was banished in her case by diligence. ‘ I have love and work ‘ enough,’ she wrote in one of her happiest letters. Her sorrows and her responsibilities gradually taught her greater reticence and greater self-command, and the evening of her life was serene. She lived to a ripe age, and though, as too often happens, star after star went out, yet she was left rich in memories ; ‘ she never knew harm-doing,’ and by her friendships, her labours for others, and her unceasing studies, the artist-woman was soothed, dignified, and consoled.

ART. V.—1. *Report from the Select Committee on the Euphrates Valley Railway.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 1871. Ditto, 1872.

- 2.** *Report from the Select Committee on Steam Navigation to India.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 1834.
- 3.** *Report on the Euphrates Valley Railway.* By Major-General CHESNEY, R.A., F.R.S. London : 1857.
- 4.** *India and her Neighbours.* By W. P. ANDREW. London : 1878.

A MONG the changes which have taken place in the aspect of various portions of the earth within the historic period, none has been more striking than the decay and desolation that have fallen on the great Mesopotamian valley. That naturally fertile region was the cradle of the human race. The accounts and the indications of historians, sacred and profane, have received a new significance from the unsealing of that mysterious character which the Semitic and the Aryan conquerors of Assyria and Babylonia inherited from an earlier Turanian race. And not only do we find the literary records of great and populous cities ; the memoranda of purchase and of sale, of the survey and the transfer of land, of the discharge of the duties of political office in annual rotation, and even of the methods of grammatical instruction, preserved in these clay tablets, but we find material evidence of the splendour of the Assyrian Court, and of the busy industry of a dense population. Year after year we obtain fresh

glimpses of this long forgotten and peculiar civilisation. Enormous works, for worship, for defence, or for irrigation, have left yet enduring traces, which show that the ancient dwellers in the valley watered by the Euphrates and the Tigris were as apt as were the contemporary or yet earlier Egyptians to derive the benefit that a well-directed industry could secure from the bountiful supply furnished by the river. Fragments of bronze gates, of a crystal throne, sculptured slabs, objects of luxury or of elegance in ivory, alabaster, bronze, or more precious metals, have been found in abundance. That the chronicles of centuries may yet be recovered from the safe keeping of cylinders of stone and tablets of baked earthenware is matter of not unreasonable expectation. Relics and records alike testify to the fact that, from two thousand to four thousand years ago, so much of the great Mesopotamian plain as had at that time been formed by the steadily accruing deposits of the rivers was a very hive of human industry, a region where the rich fertility of nature was to the full utilised by the toil of man.

Of the causes and the course of the change which has thus reduced populous cities to ruinous heaps we know far less than might be desired. Under the dynasty of the Seleucidæ royal cities were founded on the banks of the Tigris and the shores of the Levant. The decay of more ancient capitals has been by some attributed to the growth of these more favoured cities. But the question is that not of the displacement, but of the disappearance, of population. It may almost be questioned whether the entire population of Mesopotamia, at the present time, is equal to that formerly comprised within the limits of one or other of those great walled provinces which in the days of Herodotus were called cities.

Public attention is now directed towards the Mesopotamian valley by two entirely different causes of interest. One is the resumption of the task of exploration, and the brilliant results, whether regarded from an archaeological or from an historical point of view, of which it is possible that we are only at the commencement. The other is the consideration, to which each word of alarm as to the frontier or the defence of India gives more urgent weight, that the shortest road between England and India lies along the track of the ancient highway of the valley of the Euphrates.

Not that the question can be regarded as by any means new. In 1834 the House of Commons appointed a select committee to enquire into the means of promoting communication with India by steam, and recommended that a grant of

20,000*l.* should be made by Parliament for the purpose of ascertaining the capabilities of the River Euphrates for steam navigation with the least possible delay. At this time the Suez Canal was not in existence. A partial break in the sea voyage was necessary for every route but that round the Cape. And it was recommended by the committee that, by whatever line the communication is established, the cost, including that of ‘the land conveyance from the Euphrates on the one hand, ‘and the Red Sea on the other, to the Mediterranean,’ should be divided equally between the English Government and the East India Company.

In pursuance of this recommendation, the Duke of Wellington, on November 28, 1834, informed the President of the Board of Control that her Majesty had been pleased to grant to Captain Chesney, R.A., a commission as commander of the ‘expedition about to be undertaken for the establishment of a ‘communication between the Mediterranean Sea and her ‘Majesty’s possessions in the East Indies, and to communicate, ‘through the Board of Control, instructions to that officer, ‘who was raised to the rank of colonel.’ An abstract of correspondence and accounts of expenditure relative to the enterprise thus commenced was ordered by the House of Commons to be printed on July 17, 1837.

Two out of four projected large volumes, under the title of ‘The Expedition for the Survey of the Rivers Euphrates ‘and Tigris, carried on by order of the British Government ‘in the years 1835, 1836, and 1837,’ were published ‘by ‘authority’ in 1850. The completion of this work, which was on a scale of exhaustive detail, appeared, however, to the Treasury to be attended with undue expense; and in 1868 a condensed ‘Narrative of the Euphrates Expedition’ was published by Colonel Chesney at the instance of the Government; although the author justly remarks that the construction of the Suez Ship Canal deprived that portion of his own work which related to Egypt and the Red Sea of much of its former interest.

In 1871 a select committee of fifteen members, who called Sir Stafford Northcote to the chair, was appointed by the House of Commons to examine and report upon the whole subject of railway communication between the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, and the Persian Gulf. On July 27 in that year the committee reported to the House the evidence they had taken, which had been offered, in four days, by nine witnesses; and recommended their own reappointment at the commencement of the next Session, to continue the enquiry. On

July 22, 1872, after recalling Sir Henry Rawlinson, and taking the evidence of twenty-eight more witnesses, official and non-official, the committee agreed on their report. They expressed their conviction

'that there is no insuperable obstacle in the way of the construction of a railway from some suitable port in the Mediterranean to some other suitable port at or near the head of the Persian Gulf; that there is more than one port which might be selected at each end of the line; that there are several practicable routes; that there would be no difficulty in procuring the necessary supply of labour and of materials for constructing a railway; and that there need be no apprehension of its being exposed to injury by natives, either during the progress of its construction, or after it shall have been completed. They find, too, that there is reason to expect the sanction, if not the active concurrence, of the Turkish Government in any well-conceived project that may be presented to them.'

With the exception of this expression of a decided opinion in favour of the practicability of a route connecting the Mediterranean with the Persian Gulf, whether as regards the physical character of the country, the number and distribution of its inhabitants, or the goodwill of the central Government, the committee have rather offered a summary of the evidence brought before them than endeavoured to sift it, and to rate it according to its value. They seem to have thought that this portion of the judicial function would best be discharged by the House of Commons. It is quite intelligible that civilians should have hesitated to express any decided opinions on the military question, more especially when they found that there was not an absolute accord between officers of high rank, who had held supreme command in India. At the same time the report recalls the fact that 'among the witnesses whose evidence tends most strongly to support the policy of incurring the cost or risk of a national guarantee, your committee may mention Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, Lord Strathnairn, Sir H. Bartle Frere, Sir Donald MacLeod, Mr. Laing, Colonel Sir H. Green, Colonel Malcolm Green, Captain Tyler, R.E., Mr. W. Gifford Palgrave, &c. Among those who suggest considerations tending to throw doubt on the propriety of such an expenditure your committee would call attention to the evidence of Lord Sandhurst, Sir H. Rawlinson, Major Champain, &c.' When the committee has thus only numbered, without attempting to weigh, we shall not presume to attempt the latter mode of valuation. But it may be observed that the conclusions of the report failed to indicate the very important distinction which exists between evidence and opinion.

Under the former head rank the descriptions of the country to be traversed; of the physical obstacles and facilities; of the distances and corresponding time to be occupied in transit; of the population; and of the actual traffic carried on either over or parallel to different portions of the several lines. Under the latter rank those considerations as to the value of a given acceleration in the communication between this country and India, as to which, although the views of Indian statesmen and soldiers will be received with due respect, everyone is able more or less distinctly to form some opinion of his own. It may be the case that it was the idea of the committee that, on this score, the country would form a tolerably unanimous opinion, and that their own functions would be best performed by merely recording the evidence brought before them.

As to matters of direct evidence the committee reported that the amount of time which might be saved in the transmission of mails from England to Bombay is estimated by different witnesses at from four to eight days; the difference, of course, being mainly dependent on the determination of the line for the railway. Further, they think that the sum of 10,000,000*l.* would be ample to cover the expense of the shortest route. They say 'the Euphrates route is considerably the shorter, and would be the cheaper to make,' and that, 'if the enterprise were to be regarded simply as one affecting British interests, one of the two routes by the way of the Euphrates should be preferred.' When these distinct points are brought together, it seems that a real unanimity on the part of the committee exists as to the main points in question. They leave it to the House of Commons or to the country to decide whether it is worth while to incur the risk of an expenditure of about 225,000*l.* per annum (allowing for comprehensive surveys) for the sake of accelerating the present mail passage to India by nearly one-third of the time actually occupied. They point out that if we regard our own interests alone—in fact, if we decide on this acceleration—we shall follow the course of the Euphrates. And while 'they are inclined to prefer the port of Grane,' or Koweit, on the Persian Gulf, as the eastern terminus of the railway, they suggest the desirableness of further surveys for the determination of the details of the route. The wisdom of this recommendation is not impeached by the fact, to which we shall presently call attention, that the completion of a thoroughly adequate survey is a much less difficult and costly affair than the committee were led to understand would be the case.

To one point, and that one of such general interest that the

exception is striking, neither the report of the committee nor the draft report of Sir G. Jenkinson has directed attention. That point relates to the fertility or fertilisable nature, and also to the sanitary conditions, of the country through which lies the shortest route. Of the unhealthy nature of Alexandretta, indeed, evidence of the most positive character is forthcoming. And with regard to the selection of the eastern terminus of the railway the evidence of Captain Felix Jones may be regarded as tolerably conclusive. This officer served 37½ years in India. He was on the surveys of the Red Sea, the Maldivé Islands, Ceylon, and the Gulf of Manaar, and afterwards surveyed Mesopotamia, ending with being political resident at Bushire. Between 1840 and 1855 he surveyed nearly every portion of Mesopotamia from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf. It is clear that it is out of the question to put the opinions of non-professional men in the scales with the definite testimony of this well-informed surveyor. Captain Felix Jones says, with regard to Mohammara, one of the spots which the advocates of a Tigris line propose for a port:—

‘It is decidedly not suitable in any way as a port for a railway terminus. It lies in the centre of the delta of three vast rivers, so that it is generally a perfect swamp; or it is so cut up with watercourses and great rivers flowing in its immediate neighbourhood, that to build a railway there would be an absurd thing. The country is all alluvial, and even where there is no water on the surface, by tapping it for a foot you would get water. . . . Bassora is extremely unhealthy; it lies in the midst of marshes, and in fact it has almost become depopulated from its unhealthiness. The same remark applies to all spots within the delta of the rivers.’

On the other hand Captain Jones says of Koweit, or Grane: ‘It is capable of holding the whole British fleet. It is a very fine harbour indeed. Very healthy, comparatively speaking, with all the rest of the neighbourhood. . . . I have no doubt that good water could be obtained by sinking for it. . . . I went to Grane myself, especially to report to Government on the subject.’ Captain Jones’ evidence is so fully in accordance with all that is known as to the impracticability of attempts to construct permanent ports in the deltas of great rivers that the committee might have been justified in somewhat decisively cutting the thread of much useless discussion by giving more prominence than they have done to points thus clearly established.

There remains, however, a question of no minor importance with regard to the admitted decline of population in the district on the banks of the Euphrates. ‘There are parts of

‘Asia Minor,’ says the author of ‘Man and Nature,’ ‘where the operation of causes set in motion by man has brought the face of the earth to a desolation almost as complete as that of the moon; and though, within that brief space of time which we call the historical period, they are known to have been covered with luxuriant woods, verdant pastures, and fertile meadows, they are now too far deteriorated to be reclaimable by man; nor can they become again fitted for human use except by great geological changes, or other mysterious influences or agencies of which we have no present knowledge.’ Without going quite so far as Mr. Marsh in fixing the limits to the field of human industry, we must remember that a belt of utter desert does undoubtedly divide the valley of the Euphrates from the once regal metropolis of Palmyra. Along the old roads, Roman and yet older than Rome, traversing the plain of Bashan past Bosrah and Salcah, branching to Palmyra, to Basrah, and down the Wadi Sirhan, are the remains of numerous towns, and the traces of careful cultivation. How far the actual encroachment of the desert on these regions is or is not remediable, may be an open question. But along the line which edges the Euphrates valley just above the level of the floods, where the river in ancient times touched, before it made a bed for itself, the country is very cultivable if water is got to it. General Chesney and Captain Jones, after careful survey, speak unhesitatingly to this effect. We shall cite a few details from the narrative of the former. But in the meantime it should be borne in mind that we have this direct and positive testimony as to the ease with which lands now very sparsely inhabited may be regained to civilisation.

Recent events in the East have given new significance to the question : What is the natural line of intercourse that should connect England with India ? Our old ocean highway by the Cape has been so far thrown into the background by the piercing of the Isthmus of Suez, that there is even a question how far it may be regarded, for military purposes, as an alternative route. The stoppage of the Suez Canal, if only a temporary inconvenience, is one of those events which cannot be regarded as impossible. Thus the question has come to the fore with considerable aptness : ‘Is it advisable for Great Britain to provide herself with an alternative route to India, independent of the Canal and of the long sea voyage? and, if so, in what direction, and at what cost?’ As the two latter questions must, to some extent, be solved before the first can be decided, it will now be our endeavour to ascertain how

much is really known as to the conditions of a railway line through Syria, Arabia, and Mesopotamia.

The difficulty in the way of a full investigation of the question is not so much the want of material as our wish to avoid fatiguing the reader by too much detail. One of the chief and most ancient highways of the world has undergone a change somewhat similar to that which was effected in the communications of this country, first by the introduction of canals, and secondly by that of railways. For a journey of a thousand miles the camel and the ass cannot compete with even the rudest and simplest mode of water carriage. The plains of Arabia are still traversed by the great Haj routes, and a passenger traffic, counted by hundreds of thousands, intersects at stated times what are otherwise pathless solitudes. But the steam navigation of the Tigris from Bagdad, and the sea communication so recently made possible from Scanderoon or Beirut to Bushire, and so into Mesopotamia, have reduced, within the memory of man, the number of camels that formerly plied along portions of the route in question by thousands. Under the withering blight of the misgovernment of a fatalistic race, the population has faded from the old cradle of mankind. Remains of ancient canals and derivations, in the rich soil between the two great rivers of Mesopotamia, are now veiled by pestilential swamps—water, the source of life and fertility when reduced to the service of man, becoming the scourge of animal life when allowed by neglect to assume the mastery. The causes which have led to the disuse and abandonment of the great Euphratean route are clear and palpable. They are such, in part, as have within the past half-century wrought such marvellous changes on the face of civilised Europe. They are such, again in part, as have been, since the Turanian race first obliterated the civilisation which Greek kings and Roman procurators introduced into Asia, steadily exterminating population, and reducing great cities and fertile districts to be the habitation of the dragon and the owl.

But with the advance made by mechanical science, and chiefly in consequence of that great invention which, while it has given us certitude and punctuality in navigation, has given us for land transport a fourfold velocity as compared with any yet conceived to be possible by water, one of the great causes of this diversion of traffic has ceased. And the fact has become evident that the main highway for the most rapid communication between England and India runs along that which, in the times of Alexander and of Cyrus, was the main high

road of the East—if, indeed, from the density of its population, it should not rather have been called the main high street of the world. As in every newly settled country the first want is that of roads, so is it now the case in Arabia. All that is needed is the construction of a road—not a track for a camel, which cannot compete with a beat, far less with a steamboat—but a track for the iron horse, which makes nothing of a load that would have crushed the elephants of the great king, and which laughs at the speed of the Parthian or the Arab horseman. This road has but to be made—as sooner or later there is no doubt that it will be made—to command not only a steadily augmenting passenger traffic, but also the transport of all such goods as, by reason of their small bulk and high value, pay rather for speed than for undisturbed continuity of transport.

The Czar of Russia is said to have prescribed the course which was to be followed by the engineers of a Russian railway by the simple method of laying down a ruler on a map, and drawing a straight line from point to point. In projecting a line of communication between London and Bombay, or any other Indian port, the idea of following the line in which the crow flies must meet with very serious modification. Whatever may be said as to the requirements of political geography, the main features of physical geography must, in the first instance, receive due and well-balanced attention. Any line which is worth practical notice must be either wholly or partially by sea. If the latter, the selection of ports and the cost and method of transhipment become matters of primary importance. In the comparisons which were made by the witnesses before the Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1872 between the sums, in distance and in time, of the different routes proposed from London to Bombay, it was assumed that the Brindisi route would invariably be taken. By this assumption, however, an incomplete view of the question was laid before the committee. For the facility of despatch without the inconvenience of intermediate transhipment is abandoned by the use of the Brindisi route.

In enquiring as to the best mode of communication between Great Britain and India, it must be borne in mind that, both as regards expense and convenience, we must provide for two kinds of traffic. For mails and for light passenger traffic, the shortest route and the most rapid rate of travelling are far more important elements than the avoiding of repeated transhipments. But for the transport of heavy stores, guns, and military forces when no emergency is pressing, the method,

as described by Lord Sandhurst, by which ‘regiments and ‘drafts of troops are put on board ship at Portsmouth in ‘England, or at Queenstown in Ireland, and without any ‘transhipment delivered in periods of from four to five weeks ‘at Bombay,’ presents many advantages. The length of the voyage from Portsmouth to Bombay, through the Suez Canal, may be taken at 6,200 nautical miles under favourable circumstances, and at 6,700 nautical miles during the monsoons, which cause the steamers that cross the Indian Ocean to make a *détour* of 500 miles. At the rate of ten knots an hour, which may, in the present condition of our marine, be relied on with some confidence, the time occupied by the voyage will thus be from twenty-six to twenty-eight or twenty-nine days, as compared with from ninety to one hundred and twenty days for the length of the voyage by the Cape. Thus we may take as our starting-point the fact that the cheapest and most convenient transit, when time is not of primary importance, will be made wholly by sea, and will occupy something like a calendar month.

At the other pole of the question, where speed of communication is principally regarded, the line of shortest distance hitherto indicated as practicable is that of the electric telegraph through Brussels, Munich, Vienna, Constantinople, Bagdad, Bushire, and Hyderabad, to Bombay. The difficulties which have to be overcome before such a route could be made practicable for steam communication are, however, so numerous, and of so serious a character, that it is sufficient here to say that while an uninterrupted land communication from Calais to Hyderabad, and thence to Bombay, would allow of the most rapid transit for mails and for passengers, the actual length of such a line would be appreciably greater than that of a system which availed itself of the shortest and readiest route. This the physical geography of the countries to be traversed indicates to be partly by land, and partly by water. Thus to ascertain the best practicable mail route (supposing that political and financial considerations allow of its selection on engineering principles alone), we have to disregard the cost and trouble of repeated transhipments.

When the question is thus simplified, it becomes at once evident, on geographical considerations, that the old Roman port of Brundusium, the modern Brindisi, now directly connected with the French and Italian system of railways by the completion of the Mont Cenis tunnel, forms the first stage in the journey from Calais, and the point where now, and very probably for a long period of time, mails and passengers for

India will be transferred from land to water transport; although, in the event of war with any European power, that line would probably be closed to our troops.

It is no less evident that of the two routes possible from the Levant, the one lying on the south-west, and the other on the north-east, of the Arabian Peninsula, the latter is the one preferable in all respects (with the exception of involving a double transhipment), as compared with the passage through the Suez Canal. And if, as recommended by Sir Henry Tyler, the railway from Alexandria to Suez be used in order to save from twelve to twenty-four hours of the delay that is due to the slow speed imposed on the vessels that navigate the Canal, this single advantage in favour of the southern route disappears.

Not only is a line drawn from some point on the Syrian shore to the upper Euphrates, and thence running parallel to that river to the Persian Gulf, where the sea route recommences, shorter, by 18 per cent., than the Red Sea course at its best, and by more than 20 per cent. than that route during the monsoons, but it is also wholly extra-tropical. It is desirable to bring this important fact into due prominence. Some of the witnesses before the select committee have spoken of the heat endured in the Persian and in the Arabian Gulfs as if it were a question of local configuration of coasts, or of inappreciable thermometric amount. Indeed, one witness ventured to suggest that the northern is the hottest route. But there is a navigation of 800 miles down the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden after crossing the tropic of Cancer; while that circle runs south of the southern shore of the Gulf of Oman, and is 200 miles to the south of the Straits of Ormuz, at the mouth of the Persian Gulf. Thus the Red Sea route is not only more than 700 miles longer than that by the Euphrates; but the whole of that additional length, and nearly half as much more, are wholly intertropical.

It is true that one member of the committee, who in 1863 went down from Bagdad to the Persian Gulf, and landed at various places on the route, put the pertinent question: 'It is the fact, is it not, that the passage by the Red Sea would lie two-thirds of it within the tropics?' But the committee have made no allusion in their report to this important element of the question. Major Champain, who, under the India Office, was chief of the line of telegraph from Persia to India, and who expressed himself as opposed to a line of railway communication across from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf, was of opinion that the heat, as tested by the thermometer, 'might be the same on the Euphrates railway

'and in the Red Sea,' but thought that the difference in favour of the comfort on board ship, where you can walk about, have punkahs, and so on, is hardly to be exaggerated! 'Although the heat might be the same, and the thermometer might show the same number of degrees, yet the heat on board ship would be more bearable than on land.' But the assumption of an equal thermometric heat on the two routes can only be made by persons unacquainted with the main facts of physical geography. In speaking of the lower part of the Red Sea as intertropical, we underestimate the case. Of the great divisions of climate which are marked by the isothermal lines, the highest temperature, that exceeding the mean annual temperature of 80°, has been aptly termed the equatorial zone. In the longitude of the Red Sea the isotherm of 80° closely coincides with the tropic of Cancer; and there is thus a climatic difference of extreme importance, as regards the limit of human endurance, in favour of a route by the Persian Gulf as compared with one by the Red Sea.

Thus of the physical conditions which the engineer is bound in the first place to study, two, viz. that of length of line, and that of salubrity of climate, are decidedly in favour of the northern route. The difference is neither vague nor doubtful. It is one that can be definitively expressed in geographical miles and in thermometric degrees. It remains to be seen in what mode advantage can best be taken of natural facilities, and what would be the approximate cost of the establishment of the shorter, the quicker, and the cooler route. And it must be remembered that shorter and quicker, though in this case coincident, are not necessarily so, as a longer route by land may often be accomplished in less time than a shorter route by water.

The point of debarkation upon the Syrian shore must be brought within the five degrees of latitude which range from Haifa, a little to the south of Acre, and the Gulf of Scanderoon. In this range of coast line the only points which are calculated to arrest the attention of the surveyor are nine, viz. Haifa; Sur, the ancient Tyre; Saida, the ancient Sidon; Beirut, Tripoli, Latakia, the mouth of the Orontes, Seleucia, and Alexandretta or Scanderoon. Of the first of these, which has been advocated by Mr. George Elphinstone Dalrymple, formerly Colonial Secretary of Queensland, and also by a French writer, an excellent survey has been made by the officers who have conducted the Ordnance Survey of Palestine. Plans, giving soundings, of the other sites, on a scale of about two miles to the inch, may be found in the appendix to the

report from the Select Committee on Steam Navigation to India, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed July 14, 1834; and two plans of Scanderoon will be found in a parliamentary paper headed 'Reports respecting Communication with 'India through Turkey,' presented to the House of Commons by command of her Majesty in 1872.

Of these ports the first five are excluded from consideration, as furnishing proper sites for a railway harbour and terminus, by the configuration of the country. The unique depression in the sub-aerial crust of the earth through which the Jordan rushes in its precipitous course, and the parallel lines of lofty mountains which form a part of the same system of geological disturbance, are barriers which the engineer of a railway will not unnecessarily affront. From any port south of Latakia, and to some extent from that place, it would be necessary to run a course parallel with the sea coast in order to pass the line of hills which borders the Levant. Having thus incurred unnecessary distance, either of these lines would have to cross a wide expanse of *nejd*, or sandy plain, which is not only unsurveyed, but so destitute of water that the advocate of one of these lines is driven to suggest either the sinking of artesian wells, or the conduct of water in pipes along the side of the railway for the supply of the engines at the stations. Practical sagacity condemns the idea of any such leap in the dark. With reference to the line from Haifa, on the bay of Acre, the port itself is the key of Syria, and the distance across the desert is less than in the other projects. But it is quite long enough to be inadmissible. And a line across the country to the south of the impassable barrier of Hermon would have to descend into the deep cleft of the Jordan valley, 850 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and have to rise very rapidly for 2,000 feet.

We are thus driven to limit any serious investigation of the point on the Syrian coast best fitted for a railway port and terminus to the four localities of Latakia, the Orontes, Seleucia, and Scanderoon. Of these Latakia and Scanderoon alone are at this moment available for shelter. Seleucia is in the most neglected and unapproachable state. It is, however, by no means clear at which spot it would be possible to ensure what is required for a railway port at the least expense. And, that being the case, the remains of the port which was 'constructed by Seleucus Nicator on a scale of grandeur more adapted to the state of modern commerce than that of the ancients,' may be thought to possess the first claim on the attention of the harbour engineer. As far, moreover, as plans

exist to guide the engineer, Seleucia would be the best point from which to bear towards the line of the Euphrates.

Each of the four harbours, however, has some special feature in its favour, and it is only on a patient balance of all the facts that a safe judgment can be formed. ‘The ancient port of ‘Latakia’—we now quote the additional memoir on the Euphrates, dated May 11, 1832—

‘is partly natural and partly artificial. It is an irregular oval, the longer side about 600 feet long, parallel to the sea, from which it is separated by a solid wall, now much decayed, and the shorter about 500. The entrance is from the west, and about 80 feet long by 60 feet wide, having a rock close to its southern side; and as the deep water is nearly parallel to the shore, vessels make a N.E. course until near the entrance, when they steer nearly east, and keep on the north side of the rock, between the middle and the hither side of the passage, in which there is a depth of from 12 to 16 feet of water, and about 18 in the basin within.’

Owing to the neglect of the harbour wall, the sea rushes over the low land in storms, and brings sand and rubbish into the basin. In 1832 accommodation was only afforded for from five to seven vessels of from 150 to 200 tons. It thus appears that the work of the engineer is by no means done to his hand at Latakia. Add to this, that although ‘in ordinary weather there is no difficulty in making the port, occasionally, during gales of wind, vessels bound thither are forced to bear up for Scanderoon.’ Before enquiring, then, into the probable cost of the repair of the sea wall, and the clearing of the port (by which it might be enabled to contain some forty vessels), it is desirable to enquire into the condition of the harbour of refuge in case of a gale.

The roadstead harbour of Alexandretta is surrounded by high mountains along three-fourths of its circumference, and part of the remainder is sheltered by the indentation of this part of the bay itself. It thus ‘forms an extensive and perfectly safe anchorage at a quarter and half a mile from the beach, almost land-locked, and so well protected from every wind, that no instance is recorded of a vessel being driven from her anchors. Scanderoon is capable of containing a very large fleet, either of men-of-war or of merchant vessels, and the latter lie so close to the shore, which is rather bold, that several may discharge or take in at the same time.’ The chart shows $1\frac{1}{2}$ and 2 fathoms soundings along the southern coast-line, deepening gradually to 3 and 4 fathoms in about 250 yards, and to from 8 to 18 fathoms in the middle of the bay and along the eastern coast-line close within shore. The bottom of the bay is de-

scribed by one witness as soft sand and mud, although the quality of the anchorage is disputed. A carriage road ascends the mountain to the town of Beilan, and this pass, which affords the only line of access to the interior of the country from Scanderoon, was examined by Mr. Telford Macneill in 1857 and 1864. A line running by this route would pass over a wet and swampy marsh for two miles from the town of Alexandretta, and then ascend the Balan pass (every author has a different mode of spelling) to an elevation of 2,100 feet above the sea, by inclines having a mean gradient of 1 in 21, for $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and a maximum gradient of the formidable pitch of 1 in 13. On the Antioch side the descent would be at the same pitch of 1 in 13 for $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and for a total of $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles at 1 in 18. These figures give an elevation of 503 feet above the sea for the debouchure of the railway from the mountains. Passing at a distance of 20 miles north of Antioch, this line, at 47 miles from the sea, meets the range of limestone hills which divides the plain of Antioch from the plain of Dana. Crossing the latter plain, it enters a narrow gorge leading to Tarib, and thence crosses the outskirts of the desert to Khantuman. From Khantuman it follows the valley of the Challis river to Aleppo, which it reaches at a distance of 91 miles from the sea. Hence to Belis on the Euphrates is an easy run of 52 miles, or 143 miles in all from the sea.

It is certain that nothing short of unavoidable necessity could justify an engineer in adopting a terminus for an important railway that is shut in by such a barrier as this. Sir John Macneill spoke very hopefully of 'the development and 'new improvements which had taken place in the construction 'of locomotives,' referring particularly to the Fell line temporarily in use over the Mont Cenis pass, and to the narrow-gauge Festiniog railway. But no mechanical improvement could obviate the fact that the expenditure of power required to haul a given load up the eight miles of the Beilan pass would be enough to propel the same load over seventy miles of level railway, while the time consumed between starting from Alexandretta and getting a train clear of the pass would be enough to allow of a quarter of the distance to Koweit being performed on a well-graded line.

A work of this nature would be far more formidable than the famous Semmering and La Pretta passes through the Alps, where the maximum gradient is 1 in 40, or nearly half the severity of the ascent from Scanderoon. Nor is it by any means certain that the latter port, now notoriously pestilential, can be rendered healthy by the process of draining.

M. F. Rolin, in a paper on Railways in Asiatic Turkey, contained in the 'Mémoires de la Société des Ingénieurs Civils' for 1878, states that when the wind blows from the N. or S.E.E. the anchorage in the bay is dangerous. The town of Alexandretta is built amid a district of wet swampy marsh covering an area of from 150 to 200 square miles. It is, M. Rolin says, hardly three feet above the level of the sea. In stormy weather the streets are inundated. In winter a sudden hurricane, called 'raggiya,' according to a report made by Vice-Consul Barker to Earl Granville in 1872, 'rushes down the side of the naked rocky mountain, and knocks about the ships at anchor.' For four months in the year the heat is intense, and the mountain barrier, which shuts in the place, is considered by Mr. Barker to be even a more potent source of mischief than the marshes. 'Dogs die of the fever as well as human beings.' 'Sometimes the death of the person put there to be factor is recorded by letter before the news of his arrival at Is-Ken-derun is announced at Aleppo, and on turning over another leaf or two the death of the one sent to replace him is recorded, and so on.' It is pretty clear that effectual drainage could only be accomplished by powerful steam machinery. It is uncertain whether perfect drainage would make the place safe for human abode. 'To lean upon the staff of a probable success by drainage and filling up the marshes would be,' Mr. Barker soundly remarks, 'reckless in so important a step as the permanent establishment of a railway route to India.'

There is no doubt that Scanderoon, for a considerable part of the year, is fatal to Europeans. To sleep there for a single night is to sow the seed of fever, which may never loose its hold on the sufferer. From May to October, General Chesney says, 'the port is avoided as much as possible by all vessels, and partly owing to this cause, and partly owing to the expense of maintaining passing troops, Tartars, &c., the town has been gradually deserted, all but a few miserable houses occupied by boatmen, muleteers, and labourers employed on the stores and about the vessels. That any works of an engineering nature, carried on at whatever cost, would render this fever-trap a salubrious locality for a great railway port, is altogether problematical.' And history is not without a lesson to offer on the subject. Two thousand eight hundred years ago the maritime advantages of Scanderoon were at least as conspicuous as they are to-day. What could then have induced Seleucus Nicator to incur the expense of constructing an artificial port, covering an area of more than thirty acres, at Seleucia, instead of relying on the natural facilities offered

by Alexandretta? It may be suggested that a desire to make the most of the Orontes as the water-way to Antioch led to the construction of a great harbour near the mouth of that river. The invariable habit of the rivers falling into the tideless Mediterranean of choking up their mouths, as far as navigation is concerned, as in the case of the Nile, the Rhone, the Po, and the Brenta, affords a good reason for the construction of Seleucia at about three hours north-west of the *embouchure* of the river, in place of laying out money on the little harbour of Suedia, a few miles within the bar. And indeed, unless there has been, since the time of the Greek kings of Asia, a geological elevation of the site of Antioch, the Orontes could never have served for such an approach to that city as the Tiber once furnished to Rome. The distance by land from the shore of the Mediterranean to Antioch is thirteen miles and a quarter, while General Chesney states * that by the course of the river it is forty-one miles. The difference of level in that distance is 269 feet, which gives an average fall of six feet six inches per mile. But as, after 'having forced its way through the rocky 'slopes at the foot of the hills of St. Simon, the main stream 'enters the plain of Suweidiyeh, through which it winds along 'the foot of Mount Casius till it passes over a difficult bar into 'the spacious bay of Antioch,' the main fall must occur in the twenty-five or thirty miles nearest to that city. General Chesney suggested that if a path were made for horses, and the rocks and fish-weirs that encumber the stream were removed, track boats might be made to ascend to that city. But such is not the description of a river which could ever have formed the Thames, or even the Tiber, of the capital of the Greek kings of Asia.

The labour devoted, under the rule of these powerful princes, to the construction of a permanent and well-defended port at Seleucia must have been considerable. The basin forms an irregular oval, 500 yards long in the major by 450 in the minor axis. A high and thick wall of stone, very little injured by time, surrounds the basin. A channel of 350 yards in length leads obliquely to the sea, in the direction N.W. by W., and an artificial mole, run out on one side of the mouth of this channel, still subsists almost entire. This passage from the sea to the basin was made by cutting through a hill and a high chain of rocks. We have here all the features of a great military port, as distinguished from a mere commercial harbour intended to subserve the navigation of the Orontes. The

large outlay thus incurred by the Seleucid monarch is a strong argument in favour of the opinion that Scanderoon was, 2,200 years ago, as it is at present, unfitted by its unhealthiness for a naval dépôt. And our recent experience in Cyprus, where the fever has by no means been confined to low-lying districts, proves that the laws which regulate the intensity of this mysterious scourge are not yet much more thoroughly understood by our best physicians than they were by Calchas and his fellows in the days of Agamemnon. The chief point which seems to offer some promise for further investigation at this moment is the statement that the troops which were supplied with distilled water from the fleet, instead of making use of the springs of the country, entirely escaped the ravages of the scourge that fell on all the other regiments. Such, we learn from a gallant admiral familiar with the Chinese waters, proved to be the case in our men-of-war when the admirable method of distilling sea-water, introduced by Sir T. Grant, was there adopted. On every occasion of a *post-mortem* examination in the fleet, whether the cause of death was fever or even accident, the presence of numerous entozoa, of a species unknown in Europe, was ascertained in the case of the men who had been supplied with water from the shore. In no case were these parasites discovered in a subject who had been constantly supplied with the distilled water.

We have intimated that the committee of 1872, in their report, have rather followed the example of a judge who sums up evidence for the guidance of a jury, than applied themselves to the delivery of a decisive verdict. The reader who desires to form an independent opinion on the subject must read the evidence, and the papers contained in the appendices, with fully as much attention as he gives to the report. Very considerable discussion of the report, paragraph by paragraph, took place, and the decisions were so equal as to call sometimes for the casting vote of the chairman. Two draft reports were proposed, one by the chairman, which was accepted as the basis for discussion, the other by Sir George Jenkinson, which possesses much more literary unity than the form ultimately adopted. It may possibly be objected to this draft that it assumes, in the first place, the advisability of that additional accommodation as to which the adopted report has left the question to the country. But as a pointed summary of evidence Sir George Jenkinson's draft is of great value, and the report might have been attended with more effect had this document been taken as the basis of discussion. The result which is most clearly discernible, amid a mass of sometimes

conflicting opinion, is that those persons who join the technical knowledge of the engineer or surveyor to long familiarity with the East in general, or with the Mesopotamian district in particular, such as General Chesney, Captain Charlewood, Captain Felix Jones, and Consul Barker, speak with remarkable unanimity. The verbal evidence of General Chesney was enough to call more serious attention than appears to have been given to the records of his expedition. The courage, skill, and perseverance which won for that gallant little band their hard-earned success are such as to entitle the officers and men to a high degree of honourable memory. It is, indeed, quite clear that for a mail route to India the navigation of the Euphrates is quite out of the question. As the Earl of Dundonald justly remarked, ‘if ‘the passengers are numerous, the boats must be large; and if ‘the boats are large, the difficulty increases in proportion to ‘their size.’ With a current varying from three to seven knots per hour the delays would be serious, as little more than two knots per hour could be attained in the teeth of the former velocity; while in descending the river prudence would forbid proceeding in the dark. The sections of the shallowest parts of the Euphrates, in the low season, do not show more than from three to four feet of water in several places, while the bends and turnings of the river through the marshes of Sem-loon are so sharp as to be considered impracticable for a vessel of the moderate length of 100 feet. Without, therefore, denying that a useful traffic may hereafter be carried on the waters of the Euphrates in light river steamers, it is certain that that river will not serve as the channel of such a communication with India as that into which we are enquiring. It is probable that a persuasion of this fact has led to the comparative disregard shown in the report of the committee of 1872 of the facts embodied in the reports of 1834 and the subsequent publications of Colonel Chesney.

From these, however, although less luminous than would have been the case had the attention of the expedition been less exclusively directed to the subject of navigation, enough information may be derived to enable us to block out roughly the course most fit to pursue in order to select the best route of communication between the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf. On the general question, the evidence brought before the committee of 1872 deserves more attention than the hesitating and uncertain conclusions of the report itself. Of the five lines which the committee suggest as possible there can be no hesitation as to the choice, if we keep in mind the real ob-

ject before us. To benefit the Turkish Government, to open up the country, or to absorb existing traffic, may be very desirable. But if all such objects are secondary, as in very truth must be the case, to the construction of the best mail route from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf, we are at once limited to the investigation of the best line to be selected on the right bank of the Euphrates.

As to this, we fully endorse the language of the draft report prepared by Sir G. Jeukinson, to the following effect. ‘The great object to be sought in selecting the route for the proposed railway, as far as the interests of England and India are concerned, are, speed, the shortest distance, the easiest and most level line of country, and especially the cheapest line as to construction, with, of course, a due regard to efficiency. The evidence laid before the committee tends to show beyond a doubt that the line of the right bank of the Euphrates combines all these points in the highest degree.’ The committee are less decided in the expression of their views, but they recommend that, if any steps are to be taken towards the construction of a line, ‘the two governments (those of her Majesty and of the Sultan) should jointly undertake a survey for the purpose of deciding upon the precise route to be adopted.’ There is something almost comic in the idea of a joint survey conducted by Englishmen and by Turks, nor is it at all probable that the association of the latter in this part of the task would have any other effect than that of causing vexatious and interminable delay. No council of practical men, or of men who know what surveying is, could propose such a scheme as a ‘joint survey.’

Sir Henry Tyler, whose acquaintance with English railways is unquestionable, was of opinion that it would be necessary to have detailed information as to all the routes which had been proposed, and that several trial lines must be run, and information obtained as to all the routes, before a satisfactory conclusion could be attained. The cost of this survey was estimated by Sir Henry Tyler at 50,000*l.*, or 40 per cent. more than the cost of the expedition under Colonel Chesney, which not only surveyed the rivers Euphrates and Tigris, but carried two steamers overland from the Bay of Antioch to the Euphrates for a distance of 140 miles as the crow flies, and put them together on the latter river.

We trust, however, that we have shown that the information which it is now required to collect lies more compactly together than to require such a formidable survey. The route on the left bank of the Tigris is, according to Captain Felix Jones,

who surveyed, between 1846 and 1855, nearly every portion of Mesopotamia from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf, 300 miles longer than that on the right bank of the Euphrates. For a line between the two rivers the engineering difficulties are of a very formidable character, including great bridges where no foundations are to be reached for a considerable depth, frequent inundations, and marshy land. Nor does there appear to be any single advantage offered by this difficult line. The distance from the Mediterranean to Koweit, which all the evidence denotes to be the proper terminus on the Persian Gulf, is 934 miles. It is out of the question to suggest that a line of 1,200 miles, the works of which would be at least twice as costly as those of the shorter one for the greater part of its length, can be seriously compared with the Euphrates right bank route.

The 934 miles thus indicated measure a line running from Seleucia, on the right bank of the Orontes, past Antioch, thence across the country to Aleppo, and on to the bank of the Euphrates at Balis or Beles, the spot where the expedition of Cyrus first struck upon the great river. The length of this portion of the line is 150 miles, and it is in this district that the most careful part of the survey would have to be effected, as the levels of the country are but partially known, and very great difference in expense would depend on the selection of the best route, as matter of detail. A line of levels was run across this country from Amelia Depot, on the Bay of Antioch, to Port William, on the Euphrates, by Lieutenant Murphy, R.E., and completed by Mr. Taylor Thompson. This line is indicated on Colonel Chesney's map as straight. It was 140 miles long, bearing in a north-easterly direction. It is not evident why a straight line was taken instead of an effort being made to seek practicable levels. On the line actually run a summit level of some 1,900 feet above the Mediterranean is attained about halfway, near Azaz, which is 24 miles north-east of Aleppo. The level of the Euphrates at Port William is 628 feet above the Mediterranean. Aleppo, according to M. Rolin, is 1,250 feet above the sea level, and situated on a table-land. The best access to this plain from that of the Amk, on the north of the Orontes, is the first problem for the solution of the surveyor. The survey of Mr. Telford Macneill, so far as indicated by the evidence, was for a line from Scanderoon to Aleppo. His data do not throw very much light on the features of a line from the mouth of the Orontes to that city, which, so far as maps go, would seem to

be both somewhat shorter, and very far more practicable, than a line through the formidable Beilan Pass.

As to the cost of the necessary surveys, we are happy to be able to show, from actual experience, that a very careful and accurate survey of an eastern country, including not only such observations as are needful for selecting a district, but ample data for the production of a map on the Ordnance scale of an inch to a mile, has been recently completed by officers of the Royal Engineers. The field work of the Ordnance Survey of Palestine was arranged and carried through by Lieutenant Conder, R.E., at the low cost of one penny an acre, or 2*l. 13s. 4d.* per square mile. At this cost the whole line from Seleucia to Koweit might be surveyed, including a sketch of the country for a mile in width on each side of the line, for 5,000*l.* It is thus pretty clear that for some 6,000*l.* to 7,000*l.* the country may be put in possession not only of the engineering details on which the determination of the exact line of route must depend, but of sufficient information to contract for the execution of the entire line, including the necessary harbour work at Seleucia, and the jetties and warehouses at Koweit.

Even while awaiting this not very costly survey, however, it is possible to approach within a very reasonable margin of the engineering cost of the line. All the competent witnesses agree that the only difficulties, worth the name, occur between Aleppo and the Mediterranean. In fact the term engineering difficulty must disappear with the abandonment—~~as~~ to which we hope that we have left no serious question possible—of Scanderoon Bay as a terminus. As to the final choice of Seleucia, or some other spot in the immediate vicinity, we may be content to wait for the exact details.

The experience attained on the construction of our Indian railways is here, to some extent, available. The construction of the Punjab line was attended by far more serious physical difficulties than appear likely to stand in the way of the Euphrates constructors. The gauge of the Indian line is 66 inches; that of the Euphrates line will be 56½ inches. The river affords means of transport for the heavy materials required to within slight distance of the greater part of the Mesopotamian line. In the Punjab line no such facilities existed, and the cost of transport of the materials was very heavy. Yet the Punjab railway complete, including telegraph, stations, and rolling stock, and a magnificent terminus at Lahore, cost only 10,000*l.* per mile.

Over work executed with the solidity and excellence for

which such a price as we have indicated would provide, there could be no engineering difficulty in carrying mails or even troops from Seleucia to Koweit in 24 hours. We might with confidence name a shorter period, but are keeping 25 per cent. under the fast passenger speed of several of our English trunk lines. Taking, then, Sir Henry Tyler's figures of 64 hours from London to Brindisi, of 108 hours (at 10 knots per hour) from Brindisi to Seleucia, of 24 hours thence to Koweit, and of 153 hours from Koweit to Bombay, we touch the latter port in 349 hours from London. If Kurrachee be taken as the Indian port, the time of transit is reduced to 307 hours, or 12 days 19 hours. This is to be compared, still making use of the Brindisi route, with a transport of 451 hours to Bombay, extended to at least 500 hours during the monsoon, or of 435 hours to Kurrachee ; showing a gain of either 4 days 9 hours, or 6 days 10 hours, to the former port, and of 5 days 11 hours to the latter. The question then is : What is it worth the while of Great Britain to expend in order to reduce the length of the journey between England and India by five days, or by 35 per cent. of the interval, measured in time, that now separates them ?

It would be little short of an affront to the good sense of our readers to enter upon any formal argument as to the national importance of a gain of time of this nature in our communications with India. No one who knows what foreign travel, especially in the East, is ; no one who knows what are the rules and the most pressing needs of war ; no one who knows what are the means by which nations become powerful or remain rich, will feel either doubtful or indifferent as to the primary importance of the Euphrates line of railway. The more fully the witnesses who gave evidence before the committee of 1872 were personally familiar with the subject of the enquiry, the more direct and weighty, with but unimportant exceptions, was their testimony.

Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe stated that he concurred in the following opinion, which is given in the language of Consul-General Herbert :—

' I was in command of a regiment of native troops during the whole time of that rebellion (of 1857), and well do I remember the intense interest with which was read the shipping list, to learn what vessels were bringing troops. Had the proposed railway through this country then existed, these troops could have been thrown into the country in a few weeks—I may almost say days. The insurrection would have been at once put down, and the vast expenditure of life and property would have been saved. The question now before the committee of

the House of Commons affords an opportunity of providing against future misfortunes of a similar nature, such as may arise from entries either within or without our Indian possessions, and it would be a mistake to suppose that we are altogether safe from both or from either of these. The Suez Canal is of great importance with reference to this contingency, but it can never supply to England and India the place of this railway.'

Lord Strathnairn, who not only held the high appointment of Commander-in-Chief in India, but had experience as Consul-General at Beirut, is not less decided in his testimony. As to the hypothesis that any future emergency in India was impossible, or that, in such case, the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief in India would have such means at their disposal that they need not seek for aid from home, he replied: 'That would be assigning a limit to human events 'which I never heard of before.' It was as judging by the past that this general expressed the opinion that a gain of six or seven days in the transit not only might be material as having reference to the maintenance of our empire, but as to the 'saving an indefinite amount of human lives and treasure.' Of the strategical advantage in allowing a more rapid concentration of troops, Lord Strathnairn spoke as to both its military and its political importance. Attack by a foreign power, European or otherwise, would be deterred by the knowledge of the existence of that strategical line. 'Every 'foreign power has a section of a department allotted to observation and to gaining information respecting all new lines of 'railway, canal, or any means of transport whatever. One 'of the first questions is to consider the means of communication.'

Sir Bartle Frere, appealed to 'as an Indian statesman,' had 'not the slightest hesitation' in saying that the construction of the Euphrates railway, connecting the Mediterranean with the Persian Gulf, would have a most important influence on our trade and on the course of policy of the East. He was of opinion that 'if we wait till Russia has developed her railway system, as she is rapidly doing, we shall be caught napping if we do nothing in the counter direction to divert the trade.' As to the commercial advantages presented by the line we shall speak by-and-by. But as to the question of the supply of grain from the exhaustless grain-producing districts which would be opened and brought under cultivation by this line, on the recurrence of any Indian famine, Sir Bartle Frere gave the outcome of his own experience. The statements of these three public men are undervalued by being

described as opinions. They are the simple utterances of that dear-bought political wisdom which is acquired by the rulers of men at the cost of wars, rebellions, and famines—utterances the neglect of which is simply the invitation to evil fortune and crushing disaster.

Assuming, as we may now rightly do, that the importance of the Euphrates Valley line, as an integral link of the military and political system of the British Empire, is a matter beyond all question or cavil, it remains to enquire at what cost it is possible to construct such a railway, and what is the commercial value and financial outcome which may be reasonably anticipated from the outlay.

As to the northern section of the line, from Seleucia to Aleppo, and from Aleppo to Beles on the Euphrates, the information already collected is ample to justify immediate action. The report of Major-General Chesney, cited at the head of the present article, recalls the fact that in 1857 a company had actually been formed, a concession obtained from the Porte, and surveys had been made of the first of the three consecutive sections between the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf. Mr. Andrew, who we believe was the chairman of the company, in a pamphlet entitled ‘European Interests in the Euphrates Valley Route,’ published in 1861, accuses the late Emperor of the French of having, ‘for reasons best known to himself, put his veto’ on a line for which the concession had been obtained, and the avowed approval of the British Government secured. The surveys of General Chesney and Sir John Macneill, who, like ourselves, ‘prefer, after survey, Seleucia, the ancient port of Antioch and Aleppo, as the Mediterranean terminus of the Euphrates railway,’ and the reports as to the elements of traffic which were drawn up for the information of the directors of the proposed line, thus afford a large amount of information neglected by the committee of 1872. What is accessible to the public is enough for our present purpose, but the fact that more exact details are attainable at this moment, if required, is one not to be kept in the dark.

Dropping, as we are now fully entitled to do, any further reference to the fever-stricken swamps and steep mountain ladder of Scanderoon and the Beilan Pass, we have the means of estimating the cost of the line from Seleucia to Koweit with a considerable degree of certitude. The estimates of Mr. Macneill, we are told, had the practical guarantee of an offer from Mr. Brassey to undertake the works of the line within their amount. Mr. Macneill estimated the line from the foot

of the Beilan Pass to Aleppo at 7,500*l.* per mile, and from Aleppo to Beles at 6,500*l.* per mile. Beyond this Mr. Macneill had no personal knowledge of the country; a fact which explains his contemplation of the left bank of the Euphrates, involving crossing that river twice, and running through a district full of marshes and intersected with old streams and canals. On the right bank of the river there are no affluents to bridge; and by selecting a level slightly above that reached by the highest inundations of the river a line might be traced, requiring but little more work than the laying of the permanent way. And if what are called the Barlow rails, which combine rail and longitudinal sleeper in one, are used, the simplicity of the work would be extreme. Using rivets instead of bolts for the connexions, a rigid bar of iron could be laid across the country which no predatory band of Arabs would have tools adequate to allow them to displace, even if they had the chance of being undisturbed. And the wires of the electric telegraph could be safely and secretly laid under one of the lines of rail.

With the exception of the range of the Balbi hills, from 300 to 500 feet in height, which causes the Euphrates to make an abrupt bend, almost at right angles to its course, at $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles above the ancient passage to Palmyra, no features in any way exceptional to the general fall of a wide river valley are to be found on the Survey of General Chesney. If any difference existed in the cost of the line from Aleppo across the country to Beles, and thence down the course of the river, it would be in favour of the latter. Thus the outlay of 7,500*l.* per mile for ninety miles, and of 6,500*l.* per mile for the remaining 844 miles, amounting to 6,151,000*l.* for the whole distance, covers what may be called the contract estimate. Looking in the face every contingency, it seems difficult to doubt that from eight to nine millions sterling would be ample to cover every legitimate outlay for the entire completion of the railway, stations, and harbour work at either terminus.

The traffic which would be commanded by a railway down the Euphrates valley would be of three kinds. There is that which, at the present moment, exists over a certain portion of the line. This it would be only necessary to accommodate. It would come on the railway as soon as opened, as certainly as water would flow down a trench. The second portion consists of such traffic as now takes a route in some degree parallel to that of the old caravan line up the Euphrates valley, which would certainly be diverted to that route by the saving in time and cost secured by a railway. The third source of income

is the traffic which would actually be created, as in every territory proves to be the case, by the facilities offered by a railway.

With regard to existing traffic, Sir John Macneill, according to General Chesney's report of February, 1857, 'met in 'one day 1,453 laden animals between Suedia and Antioch, 'and it appears from the registers that on an average 1,200 'camels and horses pass the Jisr Hadid every day with goods 'from Aleppo or Killis, and various other places.'

'The papers sent home by Mr. Kennedy,' General Chesney continues, 'which have been printed in connexion with the 'Euphrates Valley Railway, show that 181,100 tons of goods 'are annually imported through Aleppo, and 179,800 tons pass 'that city for export.' The value of the imports is returned, from figures in a report from Mr. Consul Barker to the Foreign Office on the trade of Aleppo, at 1,214,059*l.*, and the exports at 1,254,130*l.*, as an annual average from 1851 to 1855. This is exclusive of an internal trade with Turkey amounting to 1,079,556*l.* A report from Suleiman Pasha, when Governor of Aleppo, 'shows that he actually paid into the treasury, in '1853, 17,000 purses, which, being taken at 3 per cent., gives 'upwards of two millions sterling.' The present cost of carriage per ton from Aleppo to Alexandretta is from 4*l.* to 6*l.* But the mere transport of the existing tonnage of 360,000 tons, per annum between Aleppo and the coast, at the enormously reduced charge of 2*l.* per ton, would give a gross revenue of 720,000*l.* per annum, exclusive of passenger traffic. On the Scinde, Punjab, and Delhi line the passenger revenue amounts to 39 per cent., and on the East Indian main line to 41 per cent., of the receipts from general merchandise. Allowing a like proportion in the present case, the figures, which show a traffic approaching to that of the Lancashire and Yorkshire line in this country, are startling. But they are the simple outcome of official returns.

With regard to the lower and easternmost section of the line under investigation, any local traffic which can in the first instance be expected has rather to be diverted than simply to be accommodated. The connexion of Bagdad with the Euphrates line by a branch, or, as suggested by General Chesney, by steam haulage on a canal, would be an integral part of the scheme. From the confluence of the river Kuthah with the Euphrates, the length of a straight canal to the Tigris, four miles below Bagdad, is only about seventeen miles. The distance from the confluence to Koweit is about 252 miles, which makes the point of embarkation for the Persian Gulf 273½

miles from Bagdad. Allowing a speed of four miles per hour for the canal, and twenty miles an hour for the railway, six hours' margin might be taken for transference from canal to railway, and yet a consignment from Bagdad might be alongside of a vessel in Koweit harbour within twenty-four hours from leaving the former city.

The actual distance of the tortuous course of the Tigris from Bagdad to Mohamara is 472 miles; and Mohamara, besides being unfit for a port, is forty miles within the bar at the mouth of the river, which is some thirty miles further up the Persian Gulf than the entrance to Koweit. Mr. R. Paul gave evidence, before the committee of 1872, that he had been on one occasion eight days descending, in a river steamer, from Bagdad to Bassora, which is twenty-two miles above Mohamara. The ascent would occupy, at the very least, twice the time of the quickest descent; while by the railway and canal the time occupied in the up and down journey would be the same.

There can be but little doubt that the construction of a route of nearly the length, and occupying a sixth part of the time, of the river navigation, would at once command the bulk of the trade now carried on the Tigris between Bagdad and the Persian Gulf. Even if a railway were constructed along the left bank of the Tigris, it could not be made either so short or with such favourable gradients as the Euphrates line; while the expense of the numerous bridges and other works would be very heavy, involving a corresponding outlay for maintenance of line and interest of money. It could not legitimately compete with the Euphrates line for the Bagdad traffic. By the steam canal the trade of Bagdad would be transferred from the Tigris to the Euphrates, and an important centre of commerce would rapidly grow up round the junction.

As to what the trade of Bagdad is, general information is not wanting. In the first volume of 'The Expedition for the Survey of the Rivers Euphrates and Tigris,' General Chesney says :

'During the past twenty-five years the pashas have succeeded in drawing to the capital almost the entire commerce of the country. Fleets of large well-built boats descend and ascend the Tigris from the Persian Gulf; but the mass of the trade is carried on by caravans, which branch in different directions from this great emporium. From Persia and Kurdistan are brought silk, coarse woollens, shawls and carpets of Cashmere, Kirman, Yezd, &c., stuffs, gum rahabat, fur, skins, tobacco, rose water, galls, dyes, &c. From Turkey, soap, cotton, linen, silks, embroidered muslins, opium, coffee, and stuffs. From Arabia, incense, myrrh, galbanum, raisins, gums, drugs, and coffee. From Europe, Egypt, &c., grey cloths, prints, calicoes, long cloths,

sheetings, twills, hardware, and cutlery, all English. Also fine French and German cloths, cutlery, lead, tin, West India coffee, cochineal, velvet and satin stuffs, drugs, and spices.

'The exports are wheat, barley, rice, and other grains, horses, pearls, coral, honey, dates, cotton, silk, tobacco, gall nuts, wool, bitumen, naphtha, saltpetre, salt, coarse coloured cottons, fine handkerchiefs, and other manufactures of a country which will eventually make its commerce more valuable than that of Egypt.'

'The revenue is derived from a tax on transit goods. Naphtha, &c., is understood to produce $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions cf dollars. From dates, cotton, house rent, &c., $1\frac{1}{2}$. From wheat, barley, and other grains, exclusive of the lands farmed chiefly near Bagdad and Hillah, four millions. And from the proportion taken by the pasha, being one-tenth of the animals reared, $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions. Total, $12\frac{1}{2}$ millions of dollars.'

Without attempting to determine the exact amount receivable for the carriage of goods on which the Government duties alone amount to more than two millions sterling per annum, it is unquestionable that there exists a large and increasing traffic between Bagdad and the Persian Gulf. With regard to passengers, a very remarkable influx would be that of the pilgrims. At Kerbelah, about seventy miles south of Hillah, at Najaf, forty-one miles from Kerbelah, at Kufah, and other neighbouring places, are the tombs of the imams, the place where Ali died, and other sites of the most sacred character in the eyes of the Shiite sect of Mohammedans, which comprises the Persians and other Oriental Mussulmans. The pilgrims go to these sites in extraordinary numbers. They are described by one eye-witness as crowding to the shrines 'like ants.' And not only would there be a constant stream both down from Bagdad and up from Koweit to these shrines, not only would the shortening of the Mecca pilgrimage by some fortnight at least bring another category of pilgrims over the route, but accommodation for the dead would be almost as important as that demanded for the living. The Shiite Moslem shows the greatest anxiety to be buried in the neighbourhood of the tombs of the imams. The Tigris and Euphrates Company receive very large sums for the carriage of pilgrims. One Begum, Mr. E. Dawes gave in evidence, paid 2,000*l.* for herself and followers to go up from Bushire to Bagdad, and as much to return. The voyage was too much for her, and she died shortly after her return, and 400*l.* was then paid to take back her body to be buried near the sacred tombs. 'The Shiites who visit Kerbela are of the high church, and they are of the higher classes.' The exact number of pilgrims could be ascertained, Captain Selby says, by the duty they pay in Bagdad. The coffin traffic seems not much inferior to the

live traffic. ‘Every mule carries two coffins, and there is a ‘rider on every mule.’

In 1863, according to the evidence of Mr. W. Mackinnon, the British India Steam Navigation Company began to run a steamer once in six weeks from Kurrachee to Bassora. As much freight was obtained, in 1872, for a fortnightly steamer as formerly for each of those making seven trips in the year, and the trade is increasing with great rapidity. And it must here be borne in mind that a large amount of trade which formerly went by the Persian Gulf to Bagdad and Aleppo, has been diverted by the opening of the Suez Canal. A traffic yielding a gross revenue of more than 12,000*l.* per mile per annum has been positively created over a route that was not trodden by a single donkey at the time when Mesopotamia was the great channel of the intercourse between the eastern and western worlds. And although it has been mainly to the diversion of the traffic by the Cape that the framers of the estimates for the Suez Canal looked for their revenue, they have added to this, first, a considerable amount of the trade which formerly took the line of the Persian Gulf, and, secondly, the yet more considerable amount called into actual existence by the facilities offered for its conduct. With the reopening of the ancient channel of trade there can be but little doubt of the repetition of a like phenomenon along the natural line of the Euphrates Valley.

It thus appears that for two out of the three main sections of the Euphrates Valley line—namely, that from Seleucia to Aleppo and Beles, and that from Koweit to Kuthah and Bagdad—or for 525 miles out of the total length of 932, there is a reasonable certainty of a local traffic of no inconsiderable amount, independent of any through traffic, of the carriage of mails, or of any such support from the English or from the Indian Government as has hitherto been placed in the first line by the advocates of the Euphrates Valley route. The subsidy, for instance, of from 75,000*l.* to 78,000*l.* per annum, which is now paid by the Government to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, has been regarded as an actual expenditure which might be diverted to the support of a more rapid mail route with great advantage to the nation. It is in the 400 miles between Beles and the river Kuthah that the only serious difficulty, as a financial question, is to be found.

This difficulty, indeed, is double. Both contingent disadvantages, however, arise from the same cause, the sparseness of population along the line. Owing to this it is feared not only that there will be an absence of local traffic, but that

there will be a degree of positive danger from the possibility that the wild Arabs of the desert will make a swoop upon the line, in order to carry off the materials of construction.

The actual sparseness of population has, however, been somewhat exaggerated. The population of Mesopotamia is estimated at 3,500,000, but they are all grouped on the banks of either the Euphrates or the Tigris. Deir, Anah, and Hit are still cities of some magnitude in this part of the route, Deir containing 100,000 inhabitants. Passing the ferry of Hammam, the ancient Thapsacus, the Euphrates flows through a fine pasture country, having extensive Bedouin flocks feeding on its prairies, but no permanent villages. Below the Balbi range of hills the river passes between the two ancient and deserted marble-built towns of Zelebi, or Chelebi, which indicate the site of one of the great commercial passages to Pahnyra at the period of the prosperity of the latter city. Hence the river passes on through a fine country, undulating and well wooded, but only thinly peopled, to W erdi and to Anah. At Karablah the river is obstructed by a ridge of rocks, opposite to which the walled town of Rawa crowns the summit of the hills rising from the left bank, whilst a little lower the houses of Anah open to the view on the right bank, amid thick date groves. Fifty miles lower, the island of Hadisah divides the stream. The town contains 400 houses, and is built on the ruins of the ancient Hadith. Three miles further down the remains of aqueducts disappear, and the windings of the Euphrates become more and more tortuous as the river flows through the level district formed by its own gradually advancing delta.

The soil, the climate, the natural productions of this ancient cradle of mankind are such as to yield to the cultivator a return that can rarely be obtained elsewhere. All that is requisite is the protection of an orderly government. The slight amount of labour needed to derive irrigation from the river is all that would be further required. The wheat and barley, according to General Chesney, are particularly fine, nor is it very uncommon to have three successive crops of grain in some places. The gardens yield grapes in abundance, also oranges, peaches, nectarines, figs, apples, pomegranates, and other fruits. Honey, wax, manna, and gall nuts are found on the slopes of the hills. Timber of all kinds clothes them. On the less elevated soil grow cotton, hemp, and tobacco; and raw silk may be produced in abundance. Sheep, cattle, and fine horses abound, 500 high-priced horses being annually exported to India from the Persian Gulf. Wherever the soil

of Mesopotamia is supplied with water, it is rich and fertile in the extreme. Under the Persians, Babylonia, which was separated from the rest of Mesopotamia, extended westward of the Median wall as far as the latitude of Samara and Anah. This region is well adapted for the growth of cotton, indigo, sugar, and many other productions of a warm climate, especially dates, which, in the opinion of most judges, excel those of Tafilet, and are decidedly finer than any produced along the Nile. The bustard, the stork, the flamingo, the aigrette, the parrot, haunt the upper part of the river. The *Turdus Seleucus* feeds on the locust. Wild geese, ducks, teal, swans, snipe, and tern haunt the surface of the river ; barbel and carp grow to an enormous size in its waters. Hares, partridges, francolins, quails, come down to the water edge to drink. Truffles, capers, peas, spinach, and the carob, are indigenous. Some idea may be formed of the productive qualities of the soil from the fact of eight successive crops of clover having been cut in the neighbourhood of Basrah during the year.*

It is here that we pause to remark that the one cardinal point on which the formation of the railway we have proposed depends is the thorough and hearty support of the English Government. If that be accorded to the undertaking, the difficulties as to its execution can be readily surmounted. If that be wanting, we should be the last to recommend the capitalists of England to put their hands in their pockets to find the money, however promising might be the anticipated return. A guarantee by the English Government of 3 or $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on a definite amount of capital would be indispensable, and that for two reasons. First, it would show the world that England was in earnest intending to make the railway ; and secondly, it would ensure the subscription of the capital at a very low rate. Had our Government, or our own and that of France together, guaranteed a low rate of interest on the capital required for the Suez Canal, and exercised an appropriate corresponding control over the expenditure and the construction, there is no doubt that half the present rate of dues would have been amply remunerative to the proprietors. The guarantee of a substantial government would have made all the difference as to the cost of raising the capital. A traffic that would pay 10 per cent. on capital so raised, would probably not pay 5 per cent. on money as hardly scraped together as was that somewhat freely expended by M. de Lesseps.

But if, convinced of the great military and political im-

* Chesney, vol. i. p. 108.

portance of securing the best mail route to India, the Government of this country determines to give to the scheme such support as shall be requisite for its accomplishment, what is now the weak point of the line may be turned into a main recommendation.

For four hundred miles at least of the route, as we have seen, and no doubt at intervals over the whole line, are tracts of fertile country, which, for want of the toil of the husbandman and the distribution of the water which the river carries down to the sea, are now little other than desert. A concession of the line should include the right to take possession of all such unoccupied country within determined limits, and to hold it as the tenants of the State at a fixed maximum payment, accruing as soon as it is brought under cultivation, for the term of the concession. It may be said that there would not be that readiness to find the capital required for a terminable concession that is found on the English system. It may be replied that all the French railways are held for a term of years, and that the English grant of absolute property is both peculiar to this country, and far from satisfactory in a national point of view. And, with regard to the Euphrates concession, the provision should be added that the tenure of the company should continue, after the expiration of the term of the concession, until the conceding government repaid to the *concessionnaires* the outlay incurred on land improvement, or an agreed proportion of the value of all such improvements made during their tenure. If the Turkish Government be in truth anxious to see the development of a great line of traffic through this part of its territory, it can hardly refuse to adopt a mode of encouraging the enterprise which has been applied for the same purpose in the United States.

By this method an immediate influx of settlers, first in the neighbourhood of the stations, and by rapid degrees on all the most cultivable land throughout the district, would be invited, and, if we may rely on the opinions of those familiar with the country and with her people, not without success. The question of police, or of watching against any predatory Arabs over the less populated parts of the route, has been regarded by some persons with great apprehension. It will be observed that those witnesses who have lived among the Arabs, and who, like General Chesney, have depended on their labour and their fidelity to engagements, do not share this apprehension. But, be it worth much or little, it is certain that the encouragement of a settled population is the surest and most effectual method of preventing trouble from wandering hordes.

The earth is not yet so spare of population that the offer of a secure tenure and an attainable supply of water, in a district which a very little labour can convert into a luxuriant garden, can fail to attract a very exodus of settlers.

As to the value of such a line of railway as that of the Euphrates valley to Turkey, there is but little room for difference of opinion. It may be perfectly true that, regarded from a Turkish point of view, the construction of a line connecting the Mediterranean with the Persian Gulf may be thought to possess less immediate importance than a prolongation of railway communication from Pera, or even than the construction of a line on the upper part of the left bank of the Tigris, connecting Bagdad and Mosul with Aleppo and with the coast. But no direct English interest would be served by the construction of either of these railways, and no guarantee on the part of England could be for a moment anticipated in their behalf. The opinion of the committee of 1872 that no English interests were involved in the construction of any line starting from the shores of the Black Sea was so decided that they thought it not worth while to go deeply into this part of the general subject referred to them for investigation. The provision of capital for the internal railway communications of the Turkish Empire would be more surely facilitated by the construction and proper conduct of one great main trunk line than by any other method easy to suggest. Example might do much. At all events example would be essential, to encourage any local exertion or investment. If, as all the witnesses on this part of the subject appear to admit, the guarantee of the English Government be a *sine qua non* for the commencement of serious railway enterprise in Turkey, it follows that the construction of a line to which the Governments of England and of India attach enough importance to incur such a responsibility in its behalf should be one of the first objects sought by the Porte. And the statement of the committee that 'the sanction, if not the active concurrence, of 'the Turkish Government' may be expected for a line on the right bank of the Euphrates, reduces this part of the question to extreme simplicity.

For this country it is rather upon broad political and military grounds than as a commercial speculation that the question has now to be regarded. As to financial results, whether more or less immediate, we content ourselves with calling attention to the consular reports, and to the statements of General Chesney. We say the less on this score because the figures cited are high, and because the amount of

revenue which they indicate, at a large reduction on the actual cost of carriage, is more than the experience of our Indian lines would lead us to anticipate. The figures must be taken for what they are worth. We can only indicate their amounts and the authorities from which they are taken, with the remark that if they prove to be reliable so much the better in all respects.

As to the effect of such a route in encouraging the cultivation and settlement of a wide zone of some of the most fertile country in the world, the opinions of those familiar with the East have been unanimous. Whatever may be the case with the swampy ground between the two great rivers, and more especially with that lower portion of the delta which has been allowed to form without any attention being given to the training the course of the river, there is no doubt whatever of the existence of a broad belt of country, parallel with the channel of the Euphrates, and above the level of its floods, of the very highest agricultural or pastoral fertility.

To England the value of this line may be, according to the experience of her oldest generals and statesmen, no less than that of her Indian empire. A saving of one-third of the time required for the transmission of troops can thus be effected. It is doubtful whether it is as a military or as a political advantage that such a gain is most conspicuous. Few of those who have had occasion to observe the activity of the ministers and consuls of the United States abroad will doubt that if the interest of New York in the matter were the quarter of that of London, very few months would be allowed to elapse before goods were carried by rail from Aleppo to the mouth of the Orontes.

The utmost pecuniary risk which the English Government could be called upon to undergo, in order to ensure the rapid completion of this great highway, would be that of a guarantee to the extent of some quarter, or at the outside third, of a million per annum. Against this risk they would have to set off, first, the actual saving of nearly one-third that amount, now paid by way of subsidy to steam vessels; secondly, the advantage derived from the shortening of the period of transit; thirdly, the probability that the cost would be as soon repaid as in the case of our best Indian railways. A small percentage on the gross revenue now raised by the Post Office would suffice to cover the cost of this most important improvement in our postal communications with the East. It should be regarded as essentially a charge on the Post Office.

There remains the extraordinary amount of prestige which would accrue to one of the chief Mohammedan dominions of the world, or at all events to the crown which rules a greater number of Mohammedan subjects than any other, not excepting that of the Caliph himself, by the reopening of the great line of Syrian, Persian, and Arabian traffic, and by facilitating the performance of a religious obligation by uncounted troops of pilgrims. At Cabul as well as at Livadia, at Delhi as much as at Cairo, at Berlin as quickly as at Paris, the honest announcement by the English Government that it would disregard any obstacles thrown in the way of its shortest road to India, would be at once respected and understood.

We conclude with an extract from the preface to ‘India and her Neighbours,’ a work which we should be glad to find have an effect in removing that blank feeling of utter ignorance about India which is so general even among cultivated Englishmen who have no direct relations in or with that vast empire. They are the words of the Austrian War Minister, Field-Marshal Baron Kuhn von Kuhnenfeld, to whom, after the battle of Sadowa, was committed the charge of the re-organisation of the Austrian army. ‘Whatever the commercial value of the Suez Canal to Central Europe, there is no doubt that it is secondary in importance to the Euphrates Railway, which affords the only means of stemming Russian advances in Central Asia, and which directly covers the Suez Canal.’

- ART. VI.—1. *Opere di Tommaso Campanella.* Scelte, ordinate ed annotate da ALESSANDRO D’ANCONA. Torino: 1854.
2. *Le Antitesi tra il Medioevo e l’ età moderna nella Storia della Filosofia.* Da SEBASTIANO TURBIGLIO. Roma: 1877.
3. *Essai sur l’Histoire de la Philosophie en Italie au dix-neuvième siècle.* Par LOUIS FERRI. Paris: 1869.
4. *The Sonnets of Michael Angelo Buonarroti and Tommaso Campanella.* Now for the first time translated into rhymed English by JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. London: 1878.

VICTOR COUSIN has not inaptly described the philosophy of the Renaissance as ‘the education of modern by ancient thought.’ The attempt to condense an epoch into an epigram is, indeed, rarely successful. The gates of history remain obstinately closed to the ‘open sesame’ of the most felicitous

apophthegm. There is no *mot de l'éénigme* for the infinitely complex riddle of human consciousness. Nevertheless, the definition quoted above may usefully supply a preliminary notion of the phase of thought we propose to sketch. An incomplete idea, if it be not positively misleading, may frequently serve as a starting-point for enquiry, or act as a nucleus of crystallisation, round which clearer conceptions may symmetrically group themselves.

A momentous change in the currents of opinion marked the era vaguely known as that of the revival of letters in Italy. Between the three great divisions—mediaeval, renaissance, and modern—of what we may call the tertiary formation of thought, no fixed boundary can be set up in point of time. Historical truth is a foe to hard and fast lines. '*L'esprit d'un siècle ne naît pas et ne meurt pas à jour fixe.*' The method of the geologists who divide the eocene from the miocene series, and the miocene from the pliocene, according to the varying characters of their respective vital products, would seem to promise greater scientific accuracy. But here again the indefinite nature of the subject defies the most ingenious classification, and we are forced to acknowledge that, in the matter of historical research, a formula is not far removed from a falsehood. We will, then, accept results without seeking to impose laws, using dates with an ample chronological license, rather as convenient approximations than as exclusive limits.

In the fifteenth century, men's minds were occupied in the accumulation of new materials; in the sixteenth, they were intoxicated with the development of new ideals. The visionary lights of chivalry and romance had faded from the horizon. The old landmarks of Christian faith were for the moment obscured by revived Pagan teachings. The immanent sense of eternity, which had made life appear at once solemn and contemptible, was replaced by a vivid enthusiasm of immediate vitality. A strange glamour was over men's eyes. As of old, the earth seemed dædal with many-coloured delights. Sorrow and death were hardly perceived as a jar in the universal spring-song of the intellect and the senses. Man once more recognised with rapture his kinship with the living world around him; but while the ancients had aspired to humanise nature, their modern imitators were content to naturalise man. It was at this period that a few fervid and adventurous thinkers attempted to found, for the first time in Italy, a native school of philosophy. The sects of Magna Græcia were of exclusively Hellenic origin. The Roman writers clothed in the choicest rhetoric thoughts not their own. The scholastic system was

co-extensive with Christianity. But the philosophy of the sixteenth century, brilliant, seductive, short-lived, was the genuine product of the Italian soil. Like the Renaissance itself, it was a reminiscence and an anticipation. In it were contained the ashes of past, and the seeds of coming philosophies. Next year's crop was already germinating amidst the fertilising products of last year's decay. It was a tumult of confused and often contradictory thoughts, snatched in hot haste from every accessible quarter—from Alexandria and Cordova, from Elea and Athens. Not with any deliberate eclectic design, such as had moved Pico della Mirandola and afterwards moved Leibnitz to attempt the reconciliation of the Lyceum with the Academy; but rather in the insurgent zeal of revolutionaries who, in default of bayonets and revolvers, brandish pikes and explode blunderbuses. *Furor arma ministrat.*

The foundation of the Platonic Academy at Florence undoubtedly gave the first impulse to the reform of philosophy undertaken in the following century. The Plato of Careggi and the Rucellai Gardens was, indeed, as different from the broad-browed sage who made his retirement in ‘the olive grove of Academe,’ as was the master of Theophrastus from the Aristotle who, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, held the School of Padua as an entrenched camp. In the doctrines of these coryphaei of Greek thought two opposite tendencies are discernible—restrained, however, in each case within due bounds by the majestic common sense of the great teachers themselves. Their successors and commentators were less discreet or more logical. The visionaries of Alexandria were the *reductio ad absurdum* of Platonic idealism; the sceptics of Aphrodisias and Cordova were the reproach of Peripatetic materialism. It was under these extreme aspects that the Italian Renaissance became acquainted with both the great philosophers of antiquity, for the Middle Ages had adopted the method, without appropriating the substance, of Aristotle's teaching. On the banks of the Arno, the apocryphal books of Hermes were held of hardly less authority than the dialogues of the august disciple of Socrates; and the intestine wars which, under the leadership of Pomponazzo and Achillini, divided the University of Padua, were waged under the ensigns of Alexander, the Greek commentator, and of Averroes, the Moorish interpreter of the Stagirite. The opinions of all the sects were incorporated, although not harmonised, in the new philosophy. The error of the Alexandrians, by which matter was spiritualised, there finds a place beside the error of the Averroists, by

which spirit was materialised. The mysticism of Jamblichus and Proclus, the transcendental pantheism of Plotinus and Avicebron, are there not found to be incompatible with maxims as crudely sensualistic as any of those afterwards enunciated by Hobbes or Condillac. Of these and similar inconsistencies the authors of the new philosophy remained profoundly unconscious. They did not attempt to reconcile the irreconcilable, because they perceived no flaw or discrepancy. Like many other enthusiasts, they were blind to much that others saw, while seeing much to which others were blind. They in many cases professed unbounded devotion to the Church, and sincerely believed their systems to be founded on Scripture, and fortified by the authority of the Fathers; while in truth their logical outcome was on one side Spinoza, on the other Comte.

The first of these *novi homines*, as they were called, was Bernardino Telesio, of Cosenza, whose life—in the main, a tranquil and prosperous one—stretched across the greater portion of the sixteenth century, from 1509 to 1588. The work to which, with rare perseverance, he devoted no mean faculties, was the reform of philosophy in the Baconian sense. His appeal to experience failed, because it was grounded on a radical misconception of what efficacious experience meant. He himself fell headlong into the pit of which he warned others to beware. The vice of method, which he held it his vocation to expel for ever from the philosophy of nature, had never been more forcibly illustrated than by his own example. He was, as Bacon said of him, ‘apter to pull down than to ‘build up,’ and his scheme of creation—substantially a revival of the neglected system of Parmenides—has long since fled

‘O'er the backside of the world far off
Into a limbo large and broad,’

which holds, amongst other lumber of vanity, a choice array of dilapidated cosmogonies. This, then, was the *scoverta gran filosofia* which Campanella received as an inheritance, cherished in his ardent, solitary soul almost as a revelation, and which, extended, purified, and exalted by his labours and his genius, was to find, as he confidently believed, a permanent place in the ‘universal temple’ of divine and human wisdom!

Far in the mountains of Calabria, near the little town of Stilo, was born, September 5, 1568, Giovan Domenico, son of Geronimo and Catarinella Campanella. Tasso’s hackneyed verse—

‘La terra . . .
Simili a sè gli abitator produce’—

generalised, as it so often has been, into a maxim, is far more melodious than instructive. It depends upon the point of view from which we regard it, whether we look upon it as expressing a truism or as enouncing a fallacy. Nothing can be more obvious than that the character of men is moulded by external circumstances, amongst which the nature of the soil occupies a prominent place. Nothing can be more absurd than to suppose that Nature, acting as it were in metaphor, translates the physical qualities of a region into the moral peculiarities of its inhabitants. We must then deny ourselves the rhetorical flourish of describing Campanella as having, like his predecessor Giordano Bruno, derived his volcanic temperament from the volcanic soil of Southern Italy, and limit ourselves to a matter-of-fact statement of the lamentable events of a weary and persecuted life.

The natural gifts of the future philosopher began early to show themselves. At the age of five, he had already stored up in his memory all the little learning that his parents and pedagogues had seen fit to impart to him. At the age of fourteen, fired by the study of the lives of St. Thomas Aquinas and Albertus Magnus, he conceived and carried out the precocious resolution of entering the Order of St. Dominic. With the black and white robes of the 'dogs of the Lord' he donned the name of Tommaso, thus choosing as his exemplar a thinker not less intrepid than Descartes, not less candid than Locke—the champion of a philosophy sublime indeed and reasonable, but unsatisfying to the sublunary cravings of a later time. The youthful novice seems to have proved a troublesome pupil. He studied philosophy more, and theology less, than his superiors thought good for him. He asked questions of Socratic ingenuity which all the learning of the convent was taxed in vain to answer. Syllogisms, quiddities, and categories left his intellectual thirst unslaked. All the paraphernalia of traditional learning failed to inspire him with respect. He went so far in scepticism as to doubt of the existence of Charlemagne—no slight mental feat for that day, but one which has since been so often and so far surpassed as to shrink in our eyes into comparative insignificance. His extraordinary power of assimilating knowledge assumed in course of time a semi-mythical aspect, and a legend was handed down in the community, representing his whole stock of erudition as having originated in an uninterrupted conference of eight days with a mysterious stranger, versed as well in classic literature as in cabalistic and rabbinical lore. When barely eighteen, the embryo reformer was sent to Cosenza to

take part in one of those public disputationes which were then scarcely less common or less popular than musical festivals in our own day. His eloquence, his youth, his multifarious learning, the novelty of his views, and the vivacity with which he expounded them, all conspired to attract towards him universal admiration ; and the people, transported with enthusiasm, exclaimed in his hearing, ‘ Surely the spirit of Telesius speaks ‘in this young monk ! ’ It is added, with small show of probability, that the name of the veteran philosopher of Cosenza was thus first made known to him, and that, having thereupon procured his works, and divined rather than studied their contents, he found in them that all-satisfying method which a vague presentiment had already partially revealed to him, and to the propagation of which he resolved to devote the best energies of his life.

Campanella and Telesius never met. The old philosopher was, when he retired to Cosenza, broken by domestic calamity and oppressed with mortal lethargy. It seems doubtful whether these circumstances, or the commands of the young Dominican’s superiors, prevented his seeking an interview which he ardently desired. All that he has left recorded is his lasting regret at its non-accomplishment. But when the octogenarian sage lay composed into the final peace in the church of his native town, his unknown disciple at length approached, and, lifting the veil which covered his face, gazed long and reverently on the lifeless features once animated by a spirit akin to his own. Nor was the indispensable elegy wanting, to commemorate the emotions of that tragic moment, fraught, perhaps, no less with the enthusiasm of the future than with the pathos of the past.

In 1590, Campanella’s first important work, the *Philosophia sensibus demonstrata*, was printed at Naples, where he lived for some years in the house of the Marchese Lavallo del Tufo. Henceforward we find in his life little trace of strict monastic discipline. His writings, his disputationes, and his wanderings had apparently no rule save that of his own good pleasure. But although using a somewhat lax interpretation of the rules of a religious life, he nevertheless remained, through all the vicissitudes of his career, a faithful member of the Dominican Order. He now rapidly earned fame, but he still more rapidly garnered hostility. One of his most characteristic treatises, *De sensu rerum*—on the universal sensibility of what are commonly called inanimate objects—was written during the progress of a controversy with the celebrated Giambattista della Porta. Now Campanella’s mode of conducting a con-

troversy was not the most bland or conciliatory. He was keenly alive to the sophistries of others. To what was sophistical in his own doctrine he was stone-blind. He believed himself to be little less than a prophet. He believed his adversaries to be incarnations of that soul-killing ignorance which he was born to extirpate. One of his biographers* has said of him that 'his love of truth was great, but his love of praise still greater.' And, whether in quest of truth or of praise, if he disdained hypocrisy, he also neglected prudence. He was thus distrusted by some of his own Order, disliked and perhaps envied by the numerous partisans of Della Porta, hated and feared by the Aristotelians. At length, finding his personal safety compromised by a continued residence in Naples, he fled in 1592 to Rome; thence to Florence, Venice, Padua, everywhere indefatigably writing on subjects of the widest possible range and variety—on physics and metaphysics, theology and politics. At Bologna some of his unfinished treatises were treacherously stolen from him by an unknown hand, and submitted to the Inquisition, as he discovered some years later when, on his return to Rome, he was unexpectedly called to account for the views expressed in his half-forgotten manuscripts. He, however, not only defended himself successfully, but made several friends amongst the cardinals and other influential personages at the Pontifical Court. If he could only have resigned himself to prosperity and ease, he would perhaps have been more happy, and he would certainly have been less famous; but his brain was seething with schemes and visions which drove him back to the South, and eventually delivered him a helpless prey into the hands of unrelenting enemies.

Towards the end of July, 1598, after an absence of ten years, he landed in Calabria. The condition of the province was deplorable. The civil and ecclesiastical authorities were at variance. Nicastro was under an interdict. The Spanish Commissioner at Catanzaro was excommunicated. The people were harassed by fiscal impositions. The towns were convulsed by intestine feuds. Men's minds were vaguely agitated as well by the hopes of change incidental to the termination of a long reign,† as by the superstitious forebodings which have so often overshadowed the close of a century, and were ready

* Baldacchini, 'Vita e Filosofia di Tommaso Campanella.' Napoli, 1840.

† Philip II. of Spain died September 13, 1598.

enough to turn from an intolerable present towards a visionary future.

It has seldom been our fortune to meet with a more singular document than the ‘Narrative’* in which Campanella endeavours to exculpate himself from the charge of conspiring against the Spanish Government. Impressions the most opposite crowd upon the mind during its perusal, and it is hard to say which finally remains uppermost. The apologists of Spain may look to it for ample proof of the existence, if not of a formal conspiracy, at least of a highly dangerous agitation. The accusers of Spain will find there instances of perfidy, cruelty, and corruption sufficient to blacken the entire annals of viceregal government in Naples. Campanella’s admirers discover with pity and amazement a mind accustomed to revolve in the spacious orbits of philosophic thought, losing itself in vagaries of fanatical folly worthy of Jakob Horst, of Venner, or of Winchester. Campanella’s detractors are confounded by the loftiness of his spirit, by his constancy under the most cruel torments, and, unless themselves equally inhuman, can hardly suppress a cry of indignation against his persecutors, and of pity for their victim.

The province of Calabria was, in the year 1599, not only afflicted with social evils, but also ravaged by inundations, desolated by an earthquake, laid waste by Turkish pirates, and terrified by the apparition of a ‘martial and mercurial comet,’ as well as by sundry ‘aerial visions, such as had appeared in ‘Jerusalem in the days of Titus.’† The affrighted people fled for safety to the mountains; turbulent spirits were emancipated, and society seemed to be threatened with immediate dissolution. It was under these circumstances that Campanella set himself to preach a millennium as already at hand. Exalted with mystical musings, shaken by the contemplation of the misery around him, and inflamed, perhaps, with the sense of power which his irresistible eloquence conferred upon him, he undertook, as he says, ‘to philosophise upon the change of ‘the century and the death of the world,’ to be followed by the thousand years’ reign of the just. As might have been expected, he found visibly present all the signs which the prophets had predicted, and still more obviously and abundantly those which he had himself imagined.

* Published in vol. ix. of the ‘Archivio Storico Italiano,’ 1ma Serie. Although in form anonymous, the internal evidence of Campanella’s authorship is so overwhelming as to exclude all rational doubt.

† *Narrazione attribuita a T. Campanella.*

'With the aid of the best mathematical instruments' (we quote from the above-mentioned 'Narrative'), 'and guided by the observation of physical events, I found that the sun, since the beginning of the Christian era, had descended towards the earth more than one hundred and ten thousand miles; likewise the other planets; that the zodiacal circle had contracted to the extent of twenty-four minutes (!); that the apogees had shifted their positions; that the poles were shaken and the celestial signs displaced, that of Aries having entered into Taurus, Taurus into Gemini, Gemini into Cancer, *et sic de singulis*;—all which things appeared to the ancients during two thousand years, from the time of Prometheus and of Moses, to be immutable, whence Aristotle argued the immortality of the world. These disorders, misunderstood by astronomers, caused Pope Gregory XIII. to undertake the reform of the calendar; they began with the advent of Christ, and will terminate with the general judgment. I, however, discovering the wide-spread delusions of men, and exposing the fallacies of the astronomers, politicians, theologians, and physicists of the time, who, deceived by Abaddon, the angel of the abyss, all conspire to obscure the Gospel—I proved that they omitted the primal truth from their calculations, and that the heavens move *ad nutus Dei*, and not at the bidding of their theories. Thus it seemed to me that the time had come to treat of the reform and conversion of all nations as prophesied by St. Bridget, the Abate Gioacchino, Denis the Carthusian, Don Serafino of Fermo, and St. Catherine, who says, further, that the monks of St. Dominic shall bear the olive-branch to the Turks. And dis coursing scientifically of the coming renovation of the earth, and of the kingdom to be looked for, as foretold by the above-mentioned saints, and in accordance with the observations of Chaldean, Persian, Egyptian, Greek, Latin, and Arab astrologers, as well as of Cardano, Arquato, Paolo Scaligero, and others, I meditated publishing these doctrines at Rome during the jubilee. But each one took them in his own sense; perhaps Xarava' [the Spanish Commissioner] 'saw in them a prognostication of rebellion; since the words of prophets and apostles were ever calumniated as seditious and heretical, no less than those of great philosophers, as we learn from Plato and Xenophon.'

We have endeavoured to condense into the foregoing paragraph something of the spirit and tenor of this extraordinary production, in which the most solemn and authentic expectations of Christians are made to serve as the basis of wild dreams and mischievous projects. The outlaws and desperadoes with whom Calabria swarmed were but too ready to follow the dangerous counsel of 'taking arms and retiring to 'the mountains;' and we have little doubt that the hot-headed philosopher conceived it possible, in the general disorganisation of society supposed by him to be imminent, to found a 'perfect republic' on the model afterwards sketched in his 'City of the Sun.' Meanwhile, the Spanish authorities were not idle. The Count of Lemos, newly appointed viceroy of

Naples, was mysteriously warned in Genoa by a Franciscan friar to 'open his eyes to the condition of Calabria.' In August, 1599, Carlo Spinelli, lieutenant-general of the province, was despatched thither with an armed force, to exact a tremendous reckoning as well from the visionary as from the disaffected. Two thousand arrests are said to have been made, and several executions took place; if we are to believe what we read in the 'Narrative,' those only were safe who could afford to pay a good price for immunity. Campanella was seized as he was on the point of escaping to Sicily in company with his father. The boatman engaged to transport them across the strait demanded a gratuity somewhat larger than consisted with their slender resources, and the delay caused by this incident cost our philosopher a captivity of seven-and-twenty years in the dungeons of Naples. The peasant, in whose hut he sought shelter while his father went in search of a less exacting ferryman, conceived suspicions, and declared them to his master, Fabrizio Carafa, Principe della Roccella. Carafa sent the supposed conspirator bound to Carlo Spinelli. We would willingly spare our readers the remainder of this deplorable history, but the facts before us are inexorable, and require a notice, which we will strive to make as brief as possible.

Campanella and several other monks implicated with him, fearing to die '*inconsulto pontifice, jure belli*', as was at first threatened, repeatedly appealed from the civil to the ecclesiastical tribunals, and even feigned heresy, in order that their case might fall within the jurisdiction of the Holy Office. This singular device was successful as regards all save the chief offender. The Bishop of Termoli was sent down from Rome to enquire into and report upon the matter, and, finding how it stood, was prepared, in spite of the violent opposition of the civil authorities, to order the release of all the ecclesiastical prisoners. But before their liberation could be effected, he died ('Heaven knows how!' exclaims Campanella), and the Spaniards were able to procure the nomination of a successor to him somewhat more condescending to their wishes. The final decision of the Congregation of Cardinals was to the effect that all the accused should be dismissed, with one exception. Tommaso Campanella, no cause being assigned, no crime imputed, was condemned to 'perpetual imprisonment, *sine spe*, 'in the prisons of this Holy Office.' There was, however, a *dessous des cartes*. The unhappy prisoner himself, who was all this time in secret communication with the Pontifical Court, assures us that this terrible sentence was passed merely as a

blind to the Spanish officials—‘*ad ostentationem*’—and for the purpose of procuring his transference to Rome. Once there, he considered himself sure of pardon and favour, and the course of subsequent events confirmed his sanguine anticipations. But a great gulf of weary years had first to be crossed.

The Spaniards would neither relinquish their victim, nor bring him to trial. Every expedient of fiendish cruelty was tried in vain to induce him to confess to some crime less shadowy than that of having fallen a victim to an absurd and dangerous delusion. We read with horror that he was put to the torture seven times, his torments on one occasion extending over forty consecutive hours; that he was plunged in a foul subterranean dungeon without light, air, or wholesome food; and that he was dragged from one prison to another, until the very apprehension of change itself became intolerable suffering. Finally, being condemned to the galleys, his mind gave way, or seemed to give way. He assures us in the ‘Narrative’ that the delirium with which, during fifty days, his mind appeared to be clouded, was genuine madness; but this assertion, made for a purpose, fails to convince us, and we are inclined to attach greater weight to the covert allusions contained in the sonnet, ‘*Di se stesso*,’ to the expedients resorted to by the wise in all ages against the persecutions of the world. The lines—

‘Bruto e Solon furor finto copperse,
E Davide temendo il re Geteo,’

taken in connexion with the circumstances to which they avowedly refer, seem decisive in favour of simulation. The artifice (if artifice it was) produced at any rate its intended effect. He escaped the galleys, and the conditions of his imprisonment were, with the progress of time, gradually ameliorated. He was permitted to correspond and converse with some of the most eminent men of the time, whose friendship was secured by his misfortunes, his learning, and the singular and original charm of his personal intercourse. The greater part of his voluminous writings was composed during his long seclusion, the tedium of which was relieved by his growing conviction of its necessity for the successful accomplishment of his life’s work.

‘By Divine appointment,’ he writes in the prefatory epistle to the ‘*Philosophia Realis*,’ ‘I was detained in prison by the ungrateful rulers of my country so long as sufficed for the restoration of all the sciences, which, under the guidance of Heaven, I had already conceived; but in vulgar prosperity, nor save in solitude, had certainly not availed to accomplish.

‘ Thus, deprived of the material world, I gained admittance to ‘ the far more spacious world of thought, and learned at last to ‘ know the immense Archetype, which contains all things in ‘ the word of his power.’ Elsewhere he adds the less exalted, but more pathetic words: ‘ Driven to write that I may not ‘ wholly die, I had yet rather be free and happy than thus at ‘ work.’

The surviving poems of Campanella, supposed to be only a seventh part of those originally written by him, owe their preservation to a fortunate accident. A Saxon gentleman, named Tobias Adami, passing through Naples on his return from the Holy Land, visited the imprisoned philosopher, was attracted towards him as well by sympathy as by admiration, and devoted eight months to the uninterrupted enjoyment of his conversation. He is now remembered as the first editor of many of his friend’s works. Under the quaint form of ‘ Settimontano Squilla,’ Campanella’s name appeared upon the title-page of a selection from his ‘ *Cantiche*,’ rudely printed in 1622, probably at Frankfort. The punning substitution of ‘ Squilla’ for ‘ Campanella’ has its significance. This play of words is of constant recurrence in his writings, which in the earlier editions are adorned with the representation of a large bell, symbolical of the awakening effect of the treatise thus impressively presented to the public. The name ‘ Settimontano’ contains an allusion to the seven protuberances for which the philosopher’s skull—‘ *questa mia settimontana testa*,’ he calls it in one of his madrigals—was remarkable.

In these poems we have a faithful, though necessarily incomplete, transcript of the phases through which the mind of the prisoner passed during the first twenty-one years of his incarceration. We do not hesitate to say that this little volume of rough-hewn verses, many of them jotted down by stealth in the intervals of extreme suffering, far outweighs in point of real, living interest, all the ponderous tomes of his collected works, solemnly bequeathed by him to posterity as ‘ the Bible ‘ of philosophy, the criterion of science, the citadel of sacred ‘ and profane knowledge.* Campanella’s mind operated by impulse rather than by reflection. The process of thinking not only occupied his reason, but excited his passions. It was impossible for him to separate himself from his thoughts sufficiently to criticise or control them. Instead of observing the current of his ideas from a safe elevation, whence he could take measures to modify its impetuosity or direct its course, he was

* *Philosophia Universalis, Proem.*

himself carried away by the flood, and swept helplessly into a morass of speculation, without sure standing-ground or safe outlet. It is our conviction that no great work was ever done in the world without a vast amount of deliberate hard thinking. Meditation is the necessary complement of inspiration. But with the philosophers of that time, the long labour of productive thought was a radiant but sterile rapture.* Their vision was not strong or keen enough to enable them to trace outlines or measure distances amid the dazzle of the new lights by which they were bewildered and delighted. Thus Campanella had surprising intuitions, but he was incapable of imparting to a train of abstract reasoning the steady coherence of logical sequence. For this reason, his improvised utterances are of a higher value than his finished productions. In attempting to develope his thoughts, he ordinarily succeeded only in diluting them. His poetical lucubrations and his formal treatises are based on the same extravagant assumptions. But the logical responsibility of an author is widely different in a sonnet or a song struck off in the glow of pseudo-prophetical inspiration, and in an elaborate system of physics and metaphysics, designed to be the corner-stone of knowledge for future ages. A sublime absurdity, which in the cold blood of the philosopher's argument revolts our common sense, exalts our imagination in the passionate strains of the poet.

Mr. Symonds has earned the gratitude of English readers by his meritorious translation of the sonnets of Michael Angelo and of Campanella, and we are indebted to the appearance of his volume for the opportunity of addressing ourselves to our present subject. The task which he set himself was one of extraordinary difficulty, and few critics will be found so fastidious as to find fault with the manner of its accomplishment. Those best capable of estimating the obstacles which lay in his path will be least likely to complain if some of the uncouth vigour and audacious felicity of the originals have disappeared in the laborious process of reducing them to the obedience of English versification. In truth, the best part of poetry must always be incomunicable by means of a translation. The subtle essence which forms the medium of communication between the minds of the writer and of the reader, evaporates at

* A singular fragment attributed to Giordano Bruno, and published by Signor d'Ancona in the edition of Campanella's works cited at the head of this article, describes a method of attaining to a species of philosophical ecstasy, not very different from De Quincey's opium-trances.

the touch of a strange hand. There is no dealing so tenderly with this dainty flower, but that, transplanted to an alien soil, it becomes a drooping and scentless exotic. This is especially the case with Campanella's verses. They are profoundly characteristic. No other human being but himself could have written them; and he himself could have written them under no other circumstances than the singular and terrible ones under which they were actually composed. They were wrung from him by the throes of his anguish, and they were inspired to him by the ecstasies of his solitude. They reflect his illusions and his illuminations, his contrition and his confidence, his trepidations and his triumphs. They ring in our ears the

'Passionate outcry of a soul in pain;

they dilate our spirits with the

'Exultations trampling on despair'

of a mystic or a martyr. They everywhere bear the stamp of a vast and noble mind, but of a mind unballasted, unpiloted, derelict of sober sense, and bound on no profitable voyage.

The language in which Campanella wrote the '*Cantiche*' was not his native speech. The Tuscan of the Della Cruscan vocabulary was hardly more closely allied to the Calabrian dialect which formed the mother-tongue of his childhood, than is Portuguese to Spanish, or Dutch to German. In his hands, as in those of Alfieri, it was an unfamiliar and somewhat inflexible material, lending itself to strong forms more readily than to graceful decorations. Both writers were far removed from that 'fatal facility' of expression, which, by anticipating thought, enervates diction. They hewed out their phrases by the sheer force of their conceptions. Campanella's lost tragedy, '*Maria Stuarda*', was probably far inferior to that of Alfieri on the same subject. But

'Nil illi larvâ aut tragicis opus esse cothurnis.'

His lyrics are the chorus of a tragedy of which he is himself the protagonist. There is here no parade of the buskin, no display of melodramatic woe, after the manner of more modern poets; but we are thrilled by the contrast, tragic because unconscious, between the enthusiastic delusions of which he made the visionary food of his life, and the actual and poignant miseries which steeped his daily bread in bitterness.

As years went on, all the learned world of Europe became interested in his fate, nor were Popes and Kings indifferent to the sufferings of the captive of Sant' Elmo. There is reason to believe that he had established relations with a monarch so

remote as our James I.; the Fuggers of Nuremberg exerted all their powerful influence with the House of Austria on his behalf; while Paul V. sent in 1608 the learned Caspar Scioppius to Naples to treat with the viceroy for his release. To no purpose. His condition was aggravated after 1620, on a suspicion of complicity in the Duke of Ossuna's ambitious designs, and it was not until a new Pope and a new King reigned that his deliverance was finally effected. Philip IV. succeeded to the throne of Spain, March 31, 1621. Maffeo Barberini was raised to the chair of Peter, under the title of Urban VIII., August 8, 1623. On the fifteenth day of May, 1626, Campanella, at the instance of the newly elected Pope, received a full though tardy pardon, and bade adieu to his Neapolitan prison, after a durance which had lasted twenty-six years and eight months. We meet in his writings only brief and scattered notices of this event. 'A 'happier light shining upon my fortunes,' he says,* 'I obtained liberty by the favour of my excellent Mæcenas, Urban, eighth pontiff of that name, at the command of Philip IV.' And he remarks elsewhere that he 'had been delivered by an 'artifice more surprising than that by which Ulysses escaped 'from the cave of Polyphemus.' This artifice is supposed by all those who have told the story of his life to have been the revival of the old claim of the Inquisition upon his person, and we find in fact that, for three years after his removal to Rome, he was still the nominal prisoner of the Holy Office.

We are at a loss to imagine upon what authority Mr. Symonds bases the statement contained in the Introduction to the volume already referred to, that Campanella was released 'at the urgent request of the French court;' and we are still more at a loss to conjecture what useful purpose can be served by the blind rejection of facts of historical notoriety. We are far from desiring to accuse Mr. Symonds of deliberate misrepresentation. The error in question is perhaps due to an oversight or to a lapse of memory. But we cannot avoid observing that the circumstance omitted from his narrative is one which suits but ill with the general tenor of his views, and we are not unfrequently forced to remember, in turning his attractive pages, that perversion, even in the most honourable minds, commonly goes hand in hand with prejudice.

Campanella was now an old and broken man, but the animosity of his enemies was not yet exhausted. Although a member of the Pope's household, and in receipt of a pension

* *De Libris propriis, Art. V.*

from him, the pontifical authority was insufficient to protect him in Rome itself. The utmost that his well-wishers could do was to smuggle him off to a foreign country. His intimacy with the French ambassador, François de Noailles, roused the jealous alarm of the Spaniards, and, to avoid recapture by their emissaries, he was obliged to fly from Rome, disguised in the habit of a Minorite friar. He landed at Marseilles in the autumn of 1634, and spent several months in the house of Nicholas Peiresc, with whom he had long maintained epistolary relations. Here too, he had the opportunity of conversing daily with another of his eminent correspondents, Pierre Gassendi, the reviver of the Epicurean philosophy—‘*le meilleur philosophe des littérateurs, et le meilleur littérateur des philosophes*,’ as Gibbon called him*—and although their views did not always agree, and their debates at times threatened to become stormy, they had the good sense to recognise practically the complex nature of existence, and to sequestre their friendship from metaphysics. Peiresc carried his hospitality to the proverbial point of perfection. He ‘sped the parting guest,’ on his departure for Paris, with a present of fifty ducats besides his travelling expenses; and Campanella confesses that the tears he had disdained to shed during the extremest crises of his misery, were drawn from his eyes by the liberality of his friend.

In Paris, he was cordially received by Louis XIII. in person, and had assigned to him a monthly stipend of one hundred and fifty francs. He was invited by Richelieu to assist in his deliberations upon the foundation of the French Academy; he was summoned to the Council of State to advise the King on Italian affairs. He was courted by the professors of the Sorbonne as the *protégé* of the Pope; he was popular with the multitude as the victim of Spain. Nor was his reputation solely that of a philosopher; that of a seer was, not altogether gratuitously, added to his more legitimate renown. A prediction, said to have been made by him to Richelieu, got noised abroad, and, by its speedy promise of fulfilment, secured for him a larger tribute of vulgar admiration than the most profound of the vast works submitted by him to the censorship of the Sorbonne. Interrogated by the politic Cardinal as to the chances of Gaston of Orleans succeeding to the throne of France, his reply was—‘*Imperium non gustabit in eternum*;’ and he lived long enough to write an eclogue on the ‘Porten-

* *Essai sur l'Étude de la Littérature*, p. 14. Londres: 1761.

'tous Nativity of the Dauphin' (Sept. 5, 1638), afterwards Louis XIV.

We need not be surprised to find that he was a firm believer in judicial astrology. It was the general conviction of the time—a conviction shared even by Bacon—that a residue of truth was contained in the doctrine of planetary influences, and it was in Campanella's eyes not the least of his own merits that he had, as he supposed, purified the so-called 'magical 'sciences' from the 'superstitions of Jews and Arabs,' and assigned to them their true place in the hierarchy of knowledge. Thus, foreseeing that the solar eclipse predicted for June 1, 1639, would prove of sinister augury for his fortunes, he carefully prepared to take all the measures recommended in his 'City of the Sun' as effectual for neutralising malefic emanations, and averting 'sidereal destiny.' But Fate had a sneer in reserve for the last. 'Enclosed in a whitened chamber, illumined by seven aromatic torches, in an atmosphere impregnated with perfumes and essences, listening to joyous music and cheerful conversation,' Death was still not afraid to seek him out; and the monks of his Order, who had been scandalised by precautions savouring, to the uninitiated, rather of superstition than of science, were, on the other hand, edified by his pious end. He died calmly, May 21, 1639, in that Dominican convent of St. Jacques, Faubourg St. Honoré, where, a century and a half later, the tempestuous debates of the Jacobin Club ushered in the shipwrecks and the transformations of a new era.

What Scaliger said of Cardan might, without much injustice, be applied to Campanella: 'His understanding was in 'some respects more than that of a man; but in many others it 'was less than that of a child.' Nor did his weaknesses and delusions appear to himself less reasonable or less admirable than his loftiest moral aspirations or keenest intellectual insight. He was convinced that, when misfortune threatened him, he heard, between sleeping and waking, a voice crying, 'Campanella! Campanella!' and adding other words, the import of which he was unable to distinguish. 'Unless,' he writes, 'this be the work of an angel, or of a familiar demon 'such as that of Socrates, we must conclude that the air 'itself thus vociferates, troubled by my future suffering, or 'agitated by some similar sympathetic imagination.' He observed that, throughout his life, sinister events happened on Tuesdays and Fridays, good fortune appropriated to itself Sundays and Wednesdays, occurrences of less moment were

relegated to Mondays and Thursdays, while on Saturdays (*O fors Fortuna!*) what began well ended ill, and *vice versa*. He carried his belief in physiognomy so far as to assert that while mimicking the aspect and gestures of another, the imitator partook of the internal consciousness of the person imitated; for which reason he endeavoured, when writing a letter, to form his features as far as possible on the model of those of his correspondent. Gaffarelli relates that he once surprised him in the act of writing to Cardinal Magalotti with his countenance fearfully distorted—a statement which leads us, however reluctantly, to form an exceedingly unfavourable estimate of that worthy prelate's personal charms.

Of Campanella's fourscore prose works, those only which treat of political subjects have been selected for popular circulation in Italy. Two ideals of national polity, in themselves essentially inconsistent and contradictory, built themselves up in his mind. He dreamed of an universal empire, and he dreamed of a perfect republic. The first conception is embodied in his 'Spanish Monarchy,' the second in his 'City of the Sun.' It is characteristic of him that his hopes of the realisation of both one and the other were founded on his peculiar astrological and prophetic interpretations. He warned the princes of Italy that they strove in vain against the 'fated monarchy of Spain,' prefigured by the conquests of Cyrus, and announced as triumphant by the planetary conjunctions in the 'Spanish sign' of Sagittarius. The 'solar republic' was a millennial vision, whose accomplishment he looked for with passionate anticipation and mystical longing, when, with the overthrow of Antichrist, good should definitively vanquish evil, and a new era of terrestrial felicity begin. The first treatise develops his views as to the best mode of governing the world in the iron age of reality, upon which he found his lot to be actually cast. The second discloses a state of society adapted only to the golden age of possibility towards which he conceived himself to be advancing. It is curious to discover in this turbid and enthusiastic philosophy of the seventeenth century, and in the midst of the great revolution which was then beginning in the laws of thought, a similar outburst of revolutionary politics, which would in our time be called socialism, and which even then was shared by the fanatical sectarians of that age. We venture, not without diffidence, to offer the following version of a sonnet in which this persuasion is expressed with a vehemence difficult, if not impossible, to be conveyed in a translation:—

A SONNET OF PROPHECY.

' If once to earth a golden era came,
 It may return to glad her as of old,
 Each buried life awakes beneath the mould,
 Time circles back, each round of years the same.
 But this, fox, wolf, and crow * with loud acclaim
 Perfidiously deny, and baseless hold
 What God who reigns, the starry signs unrolled,
 The world's desire, the Prophet's voice proclaim.
 And were this earth from narrow laws but freed,
 That bar with "mine" and "thine" the common right,
 To use and joy—'twere Paradise indeed,
 Where to blind passion temperate delight,
 Pure wisdom to dull cunning, should succeed,
 And equal brotherhood to tyrant might.'

The work on the 'Spanish Monarchy' attracted considerable attention at the time of its publication, and received the honour of an English translation. It appeared in London in 1659, decorated with the subjoined noteworthy title, which describes in full detail the alarming aspect under which the essay presented itself to our forefathers:—' Thomas Campanella, an Italian Friar and second Machiavel, his Advice to the King of Spain for attaining the universal Monarchy of the World. Particularly concerning England, Scotland, and Ireland, how to raise Division between King and Parliament, to alter the Government from a Kingdome to a Commonwealth, thereby embroiling England in civil War to divert the English from disturbing the Spaniard in bringing the Indian Treasure into Spain. Also for reducing Holland by procuring War between England, Holland, and other sea-faring Countries, affirming as most certain that if the King of Spain become Master of England and the Low Countries, he will quickly be Monarch of all Europe, and the greatest Part of the New World. Translated into English by Ed. Chilmead, and published for awakening the English to prevent the approaching Ruine of their Nation. With an admonitory Preface by William Prynne, of Lincolnes-Inne, Esquire' (of crop-eared celebrity), who, it may be added, draws the moral that the surest remedy against 'Campanella's Jesuitical, Popish, Spanish counsels, plots, innovations, dividings,' was to be found in the restoration of 'our lawful King.' We cannot refrain from quoting the translator's quaint apology for some unceremonious phrases which his fidelity to the original forbade him

* Symbolical, in his fanciful phraseology, of tyranny, hypocrisy, and sophistry.

to reduce to the dead level of politeness. ‘Neither,’ he says, ‘have we stopt his foul mouth where he hath either used ill language toward any of the Protestant Princes, or cast dirt into the faces of the first Reformers, Luther, Calvin, etc. For to what end should we falsifie our original by making our author more civil than he has a mind to be? seeing we are never a whit the worse for being so miscalled by him; nor is he himself a jot the wiser for using us so. And to say the truth, we ourselves take the same liberty towards them: and therefore, for ought I see,

‘Hanc veniam petimusque, damusque, vicissim.’

‘We must even be content to allow each other this liberty on both sides.’

The ‘City of the Sun’ belongs to a class of compositions which may be fairly characterised by applying to them the remark of the Duke of Athens on the ‘lamentable comedy’ of Peter Quince: ‘The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.’ The modes of life described in the ‘Republic,’ ‘Utopia,’ ‘City of the Sun,’ ‘New Atlantis,’ ‘Oceana,’ *et il genus omne*, flatter the fancy less, and satisfy the reason no more, than the conditions of existence discovered by Lemuel Gulliver as prevailing in the empire of Lilliput and the kingdom of Laputa. Campanella avowedly imitated Sir Thomas More, as Sir Thomas More had imitated Plato—the prototype of socialist reformers—nor can we say that the ideal of the Italian philosopher was an advance upon that of the English Chancellor. The more repulsive features of communism, which had disappeared from the Utopian commonwealth, were revived in the island of Taprobana; and the sober rule of the *Ademus*, or Prince of Utopia, which, equally impracticable, seems less intolerable than the metaphysical sway of *Hoh*, the Pontifex Maximus of the Solar City. Campanella, in his turn, had a host of imitators and successors. Harrington’s ‘Oceana’ was, in Hume’s opinion, the only model republic worth attention. He wrote during the Protectorate of Cromwell—a circumstance which gave occasion to Montesquieu’s witty comment, ‘*qu'il n'a cherché cette liberté qu'après l'avoir méconnue, et qu'il a bâti Chalcédoine avant le rivage de Byzance devant les yeux.*’* Fénelon followed with his ‘Salente,’ and Rétif de la Bretonne with the ‘Découverte australe d’un homme volant;’ while Morelly in his ‘Basiliade’ and ‘Code de la

* *Esprit des Lois*, livre xi. chap. vi.

'Nature,' laid down the principles from which sprang Proudhon's famous paradox, and prepared the way for the modern attempts of Robert Owen, St. Simon, and Fourier.

In Campanella may be said to have closed the transition period of philosophy, with its dazzling aspirations, its errors, its inconsequence, its headlong audacity. Modern science was already provided with its *vade mecum* in the 'Novum Organum,' and modern thought had already assumed a consistent shape in the 'Discours de la Méthode.' Descartes' momentous little treatise was printed at Leyden almost simultaneously with the appearance at Paris of the new and elaborate edition of Campanella's writings, to the preparation of which he devoted the last years of his life. It would have been difficult for him to believe that his labours, represented by so many stately folios, were annulled by the publication of one insignificant quarto. But a voluminous code may be repealed in a single sentence. And Campanella's works were well-nigh obsolete before they saw the light. It would be an unprofitable expenditure of time to attempt anything like a complete analysis of his philosophical opinions. They form a chaos, in the 'loud misrule' of which anticipation wrestles with reminiscence, credulity with doubt, mysticism with axioms of experimental science. The initial principle of more than one future system revealed itself to him; but his conclusions were vitiated by extravagance, or interrupted by discontinuity. He was a brilliant and impetuous, but not a profound or consistent thinker. He was capable of explicitly denying in one sentence that which he implicitly admitted in the next. His Christian convictions saved him from many errors and absurdities; but they did not, and they could not, mend his logic. A second-rate French encyclopædist honoured him with the flippant remark '*qu'il n'avait pas assez d'esprit pour être athée;*' it would be nearer the truth to say, in the words used by a German writer * towards his master Telesius: '*Um der Wahrheit willen wird er inconsequent.*' The conception of an all-wise and omnipotent Creator, speaking to mankind through the twofold channel of Revelation and of Nature, was the one fundamental idea underlying all his thinking, which lent a certain lofty grandeur to his speculations—which corrected his aberrations, and redeemed his self-love. It is true that his theory of cognition led him unawares to the very brink of materialism, and, if he escaped the plunge, it was not

* 'Moriz Carrière, 'Die philosophische Weltanschauung der Reformationszeit,' p. 762.

without paying a price for his safety. Human individuality was virtually sacrificed by his admission of a perceptive, thinking soul, or 'nerve-spirit'—literally a 'sensitive, warm 'motion'—perishing with the extinction of animal life, as an adjunct of the immortal, immaterial principle, infused by Divine power from on high. This doctrine of the duality of the soul was held by the Manichæans, refuted by St. Augustine, rejected on his authority by the schoolmen, revived by Telesius, and borrowed from him by our great English reformer.* Pantheistic echoes, too, of Alexandrian and Moorish teachings not unfrequently mingled with the strains of Campanella's philosophy, although he was himself profoundly unconscious of holding views tending in that direction. But, as we have seen, his internal logic was of a very peculiar order. It permitted him to be at once a transcendentalist and an experimentalist; it permitted him to anticipate Descartes' theory of self-consciousness and Locke's theory of sensation; it permitted him to begin at both ends at the same time—to argue downwards from the 'primalities of being,' and upwards from the evidence of the senses along paths losing themselves equally in trackless metaphysical wildernesses.

His physical notions were those of Telesius, developed in the forcing-house of his imagination, from an extravagant hypothesis into a fantastic mythology.

'The opinions of Telesius,' Bacon wrote,† 'might indeed have some appearance of probability, if man were taken out of nature together with the mechanical arts which try matter, and if we simply looked to the fabric of the world. For it is a kind of pastoral philosophy which placidly, and as it were at ease, contemplates the world.'

A very few words will suffice to sketch broadly the ideas entertained by Campanella as to the fundamental constitution of the universe. An unformed mass of matter was, he held, created in the beginning, and delivered over to the antagonistic operations of two rival forces—heat and cold—which, obedient to the primeval mandate of the Creator, evolved out of chaos, in the process of their contention, all the existing variety of visible objects. The sun, the focus of heat and love, continually draws nearer to the earth, the central seat of cold and hatred, and will eventually vanquish and consume it. The

* *De Augmentis*, iv. 3. See also Mr. Ellis's General Preface to Bacon's 'Philosophical Works,' pp. 49–56, vol. i. of Spedding's edition.

† *De Principiis atque Originibus secundum Fabulas Cupidinis et Cœli.*

planets, too, seek by various strategical evolutions to circumvent and destroy their common Tellurian enemy—now approaching, now receding, now advancing, now retrograding. Bacon complains that Telesius (whom he nevertheless qualifies as the ‘best of the innovators’) ‘instituted a fanciful and evidently unequal contest between his elements in action, whether as regards their forces or their kind of war. For, as to their forces, the earth is alone, but the heaven has a great army; the earth is as a little speck, the heaven hath its immense and unlimited regions.’

Not the least singular of Campanella’s literary adventures was that he, to whom the physical universe thus presented itself under the aspect of a vast pantomime, should have composed an ‘Apology for Galileo.’ The treatise in question, written, at the request of Cardinal Gaetani, during his imprisonment, defends the new opinions against theological objections in a very methodical and convincing style. ‘*Veritas*,’ he says, ‘*veritati non contradicet*.’ Nevertheless, he himself remained unconvinced. After a considerable period of hesitation, he recurred, on Galileo’s retractation, with evident satisfaction, to his original views. He was, however, no blind contemner of new lights. In his old age he sought an interview with Descartes at the cost of a journey to Holland, where the Breton philosopher looked for a life in harmony with his favourite maxim, ‘*Qui bene lutuit, bene vixit*.’ Gilbert’s treatise, ‘*De Magnete*,’ was the object of his careful study, and he qualified its author as ‘*sagax explorator*;’ while his fifth rule ‘for rightly philosophising’ runs as follows:—‘Should any proposition appear to you impossible, such as that the sun remains fixed in the centre, while the earth rotates, do not instantly qualify and hold it as inadmissible; but rather reserve your assent until you shall have extracted the truth from evidence gathered in every direction.’ (*De Libris propriis.*)

But his glimpses of a sound method were rendered nugatory by his fundamental inability to form a right conception of physical cause. Sympathy and antipathy were for him the governing powers of the universe. Without the mutual love and hate of its component parts, the world would, he maintained, revert to its original chaos. From the maxim, ‘*Nihil in effectibus, quod non in causis*,’ he drew a conclusion diametrically opposite to that reached by Descartes. The French thinker supposed the animal creation to be as inanimate as the elements from which it seemed to be derived. The Italian, on the contrary, argued that all matter must to some extent par-

take of the sensibility evident in the living creatures formed from it. Nor can we see that this great problem of life is much nearer to a solution now than when men's thoughts first began to be busy with it. Campanella's theory of universal animation was, on different grounds, held by a philosopher of some eminence in the present century, the Abate Rosmini; while a well-known German biologist, Dr. Ernst Haeckel, does not shrink from proclaiming that 'the opposition formerly established between the vital and non-vital worlds can,' in the light of the philosophy of evolution, 'no longer be maintained; ' that the flash of an idea and the thrill of imagination are processes equally mechanical with the fall of a stone; and that all natural substances are, as we may please to view it, similarly living or similarly dead.* Such views are best left to refute themselves.

The unreasoning credulity which formed, so to speak, the wrong side of Campanella's mental fabric, becomes strikingly apparent as he dwells upon and exemplifies his favourite thesis of elemental vitality. Not even space itself, he argues ('*De Sensu rerum*', cap. xii.), can be considered inanimate, since we see it draw to itself substances, and abhor a vacuum; and the whole universe formed in his eyes an organic whole—a 'great and perfect animal'—sensitive in all its parts, rejoicing in the life of its various members, and shunning their separation. This vast organism he provided with a soul—the Platonic 'world-soul'—the 'active intelligence' of Plotinus—and he conceived every human being to be endowed with a power of natural prophecy or divination, due to participation in this cosmical essence. This singular opinion, it may be added, by no means hindered his belief in a higher source of revelation.

We cannot better illustrate the value of experience in his hands than by detailing a few of the facts or fables by which he sought to confirm his views as to the mutual attractions and repulsions of natural objects. A drum covered with sheep's skin resounds, he informs us, when one composed of a wolf's hide is struck in its neighbourhood. It was on this principle that a dying Hussite commanded that his skin should be formed into a drum, in order that what remained of him after death might still serve to intimidate his enemies. The old adage (which, however, had not then, so far as we know, attained its proverbial status), 'Hair of the dog good for the 'bite,' was found by Campanella to be not only literally true,

but scientifically explicable. He had heard, and evidently believed, that a wound might be healed by applying a salve to the sword which inflicted it; but this remarkable fact not having been the subject of his personal observation, he refrains, with praiseworthy caution, from vouching for it. It is also worth notice that horses are scared by the beat of a drum covered with a wolf's hide; but, to terrify elephants, a dragon's skin must be substituted. Hens fly in confusion at the sound of a lute strung with the integuments of a fox; if those of a wolf be used, sheep are equally dismayed; while to confound the most audacious woman (a hint not to be neglected), it is sufficient to let her hear the vibration of a viper's nerves! Among these instances of mysterious sympathy, we find the story on which M. About has founded his ingenious extravaganza, '*Le Nez d'un Notaire.*' A Neapolitan gentleman having lost his nose, one of his slaves consented, on condition of receiving his manumission, to allow the missing feature to be replaced out of the living flesh of his arm. This was accomplished in forty days by the process known as *magia Tarpiensis*, from the name of a Calabrian family skilled in the art. But at the end of three years the freedman died, and the nose, languishing *pari passu* with its original proprietor, ceased simultaneously to exist. Campanella devotes a couple of pages of elaborate reasoning to the resolution of the difficult question raised by one of his friends: 'By whose soul was the 'nose animated? If by that of the master, why did its mortal 'career terminate with the life of the servant? If by that of the 'servant, why did it subsist apart from him?' The answer, as may readily be supposed, is obscure. The unlucky feature depended, we are told, *radically* upon the servant, but *nutritively* upon the master, and its existence, thus doubly insecure, was contingent upon that of its owner *de jure*, as well as of its owner *de facto*.

We would not, however, leave our readers under the impression that we have sought to caricature the modes of thinking of this wayward but brilliant genius. It is indeed difficult to bring into equal prominence the many opposite qualities which his strong individuality united and dominated. Maxims of profound and perennial value find a place in his writings beside puerilities such as those just quoted, and the spacious chambers of his mind afforded accommodation for stately Olympian goddesses as well as for sprites and pygmies. But, as Descartes says: '*Ce n'est pas assez d'avoir l'esprit 'bon, mais le principal est de l'appliquer bien.*' And, notwithstanding the splendid profusion of his conceptions, the

Calabrian philosopher left it to others to grind and mould them into the daily bread of common thought. Not an essay, but a volume, might be written on the previous history of the ideas which he inherited, and on the subsequent developments of the ideas which he originated. He was, if we may be pardoned a somewhat technical phrase, a syncretist, but in no sense an eclectic. The antagonistic elements of his reasoning were brought into mechanical proximity, not compelled into chemical combination. His philosophy was a 'fortuitous' (or arbitrary) 'concourse of atoms,' not an organic system. Thus he founded no school, and left no disciples. The fame which he enjoyed during his lifetime was quickly obscured after his death by the struggles of rival philosophical sects, and by the rapid advances of physical science. He looked to posterity for recognition; but posterity had no leisure to count up its obligations or balance its accounts, and the opinion of two centuries was substantially expressed (the esteem of Leibnitz and of Schelling notwithstanding) in the contemptuous phrase of Hugo Grotius, when, impatiently pushing aside the ponderous volumes of the Dominican speculator, he wrote to his friend, Gerard Voss, '*Legi et Campanellæ somnia.*'

But with the revival of national sentiment in Italy a desire has arisen to readjust the broken links of tradition, and to vindicate the claim of the peninsula to the possession of an exclusively Italian school of thought. A renewed importance has thus of late been attributed to the teachings of the Renaissance philosophers, and a fresh emphasis laid upon their anticipation or foreshadowing of the fundamental principles of modern Ultramontane systems. The attempt is pardonable, though childish. With Campanella, philosophy crossed the Alps; we have yet to learn that it has retraced its steps, unless in the form of echoes from adjacent countries, variously modified by the temperament and genius of a sensitive and impassioned people. Vico was, it is true, a thinker of undoubted originality, but his speculations were confined within a comparatively limited sphere. In the present century, we can trace with unerring accuracy the transitions of Italian thought from the school of Condillac to that of Kant, from Kant to Hegel, and from Hegel to Comte. The first stirrings of Italian independence were guided by men trained in the lofty idealism of Rosmini—the Christian interpreter of the philosopher of Königsberg—the inspiring genius of Silvio Pellico and Manzoni. Gioberti, in his later development, formed the connecting link between the Rosminian system and the Hegelianism of Spaventa and Vera, while the extreme positivist and social

istic views advocated of late years by Ferrari and Franchi threaten, unless counteracted by the substantial good sense of the Italian people, to absorb, and in absorbing to annihilate, the political life and scientific culture of the rising generation. This group of thinkers not only reject metaphysical reasoning equally with religious dogma, but refuse to pure reason any degree of certitude, wish to bar the road to all knowledge of substance and cause, and limit science to the observation of phenomena. Not less revolutionary in politics than in philosophy, they seek no conciliation of the old order with the new, but regard the entire past of humanity as a prodigious and unaccountable blunder. The actual march of events during the last twenty years has been profoundly modified by the exertions of this school, who throw into the propaganda of their opinions a zeal worthy of a better cause; and we cannot suppose their importance to be declining, when we find them officially represented in the University of Rome.

Signor Turbiglio, whose latest work we have quoted at the head of this article, occupies the distinguished post of professor of the history of philosophy in the chief educational establishment of united Italy. With his political opinions (which seem to be of a sufficiently levelling character) we have no concern; but his philosophical position (if such it deserves to be called) is perhaps worthy of some brief consideration. It forms probably, in his own eyes, his chief glory, as it constitutes in ours his chief importance, that he is a characteristic product of the time. We trust that he will not object to undergoing at our hands, in abridged form, the same analytical operation to which he has himself subjected Locke, Spinoza, and Malebranche—an operation which we apprehend to consist in the indication and classification of the contradictions produced in their several systems by the interference of opposing currents of thought, or by the discrepancies between thought and experience. Following the method of which he has given us the example, we are thus enabled to distinguish between the Turbiglio who, in the name of science, renounces the use of reason, and the Turbiglio who is still to some extent in the bondage of common sense. The enormous assumptions of the first are tacitly ignored by the second; his irresistible logic controverted, his conclusions set aside. Moreover, since he assures us that in every system of thought there are two elements—the conscious or apparent, and the unconscious or real—we are driven to conclude that the substantial Turbiglio is he who furtively peeps from behind the scenes, while the figure who, in full philosophical panoply, occupies the stage and deliberately claims

our attention, is but an empty and phenomenal appearance. Thus we might safely leave one to answer the other, were it not that our duty towards our readers obliges us to be somewhat more explicit.

Signor Turbiglio believes himself to be in possession of an infallible recipe for the discovery of all truth. This valuable secret, like all truly great inventions, proves to be extremely simple. We have but to separate the 'subjective from the 'objective element' in our perception of phenomena, whether of internal consciousness or of external sensation, and lo! the 'scientific fact' immediately dawns upon us in all its lucid splendour. But we are informed on the same authority that 'the *I* is perfectly empty; it is filled by the surrounding 'medium.' (We would ask, in passing, of what the surrounding medium is composed if not of individualities all by supposition equally empty?) What then is the 'subjective 'element' which is to be eliminated? A portion of the 'surrounding medium'? And what constitutes the agent in the process unless an identical portion of the same medium? The absurdity here is patent. Moreover, if, as we are told, the truly valuable side of our thinking be that of which we are unconscious, we would fain learn how the mind (supposing it to exist) can operate upon that of which it takes no cognisance. It is, however, abundantly evident that Signor Turbiglio has no faith in his own protest against 'individualism.' He speaks freely of the 'synthetic power' of the mind—of its 'absorptive 'and reactive energies,' nay, of its autonomy and personality. We suspect, indeed, that our author, using terms of which he has but imperfectly penetrated the meaning, frequently makes short excursions along tracks already laid down, without troubling himself to investigate the wildernesses from which they spring, and in which they terminate. He thus affords one more illustration of the Baconian aphorism that 'words 'offer violence to the intellect.'

The antithesis of mediæval with modern thought is found by Signor Turbiglio to consist in the contrast of duality with unity. Positive science (of which he pronounces unawares a tremendous condemnation, when he writes that it has 'forgotten God') is eminently democratic in its tendencies, and aims at levelling all distinction between mind and matter, between man and nature, between life and death. This result he admits to be inconsistent both with reason and experience; it can be verified only by the promising discriminatory method already adverted to, according to which the progress of knowledge is made to depend upon the sequestration of the

cognitive principle. The unification of the great Cosmos is doubtless a sublime ideal, but even Signor Turbiglio has hardly yet attained to it. Perhaps he has not dived sufficiently deep into the mysteries of his own consciousness to have ascertained that sensible things exist for us only by their contrast, and that the ‘mechanical theory of the universe’ involves a metaphysical inconceivability. For the present he is compelled to accept as the ultimate fact of science the noble conception of an atom animated by molecular force, and we thus leave him still confronted by one of that formidable army of ‘dualities,’ of which, he tells us, a single survivor is potent enough to reproduce the whole of its extirpated family.

The heterogeneous constituents of Campanella’s metaphysical doctrine reappear, not reconciled, but separated, in the opposing systems of his modern representatives. But in the vast synthesis of knowledge, which we call philosophy, a partial or exclusive scheme is more profoundly false than an inconsistent or contradictory one. The most unassailable logic cannot supply for the neglect of one vital principle, while the substantial possession of truth is compatible with flagrant defects of reasoning. Nature is in her own way an eclectic, and the whole universe darkens before the rigid deductions of an inexorable syllogist. The large common sense of mankind—the annual parallax, so to speak, of thought—has, however, its own summary mode of dealing with aberrant speculations, and supreme power to enforce its sentence of forgetfulness.

‘Cancelled from heaven and sacred memory,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.’

Meantime, their place cannot remain empty, and how is it to be filled? Every human being instinctively constructs for himself some species of philosophical shell, which his thoughts may inhabit at their ease, from which he may make his private observations on the perplexing scene without, and which may serve him as a shelter (indifferent it may be) against the ‘slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.’ It is vital to the progress of mankind, not only that error should, as far as possible, be excluded from their thoughts, but that the widest attainable range of truth should be embraced by them. But when the leaders of speculation are distinguished only as the champions of rival extravagances, the multitude can but despair of attaining to any criterion of certitude (outside the sphere of their religious convictions, if they are fortunate enough to possess any), and shut themselves within the narrow precincts of their self-constructed opinions. What then becomes of that

magnificent unity of the human race which is the sublime ideal of Christianity? Where is that serene atmosphere of common aspiration within which art lives and breathes, and excluded from which it perishes? It may be that a philosophy shall yet arise to minister to the imperious wants of the time, in which the restless searchings and strivings of modern thought shall be lulled into a repose far removed from apathy, which, admitting the Divine authority of revelation no less frankly than it accepts the ascertained facts of science, shall recognise in the universe a transcendent harmony equally remote from blank unity as from harsh duality, and which, seeking to learn while claiming to teach, the advance of knowledge shall modify, not destroy. But the conditions which would render possible such a renovation of intellectual life are, to all appearance, still far from realisation.

ART. VII.—*A History of England from the Conclusion of the Great War in 1815.* By SPENCER WALPOLE. In two volumes. London: 1878.

MR. SPENCER WALPOLE is doing for the nineteenth century what Mr. Lecky has undertaken to do for the eighteenth. Both are marshalling political and social forces which are still in operation. Modern England, the England of these two centuries, scarcely yet perceives to what goal it is bound. It is of some use to analyse meanwhile the agencies which are propelling the nation. The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries cannot be dissected like the sixteenth and seventeenth. They are still living and breathing. If, however, we must watch and wait to surprise their secret, we have one supreme advantage for the search, that we are ourselves part of the organism. The history of such a period is like a drama on which the curtain has fallen, leaving the actors on the stage still engaged in rehearsing the catastrophe. But we too are among the players, though our part may not have been called yet. A century hence the seventeen years between the battle of Waterloo and the Reform Bill may be described with scientific precision. The kind of history which registers conclusions and not premisses is neither possible nor desirable in a generation which is not itself sure about the former and has not finished making the latter. No bird's-eye view can be taken of a period which existing lives more than cover. On the other hand, the historian of the nineteenth century is able to examine events almost *in situ*, and to cross-question his witnesses. Statesmen of the last

century could lament that no speech of Bolingbroke survived for the admiration of his contemporaries. We of this century know not only what Canning, and Peel, and Wellington, and Brougham, and Grey said, but how they said it, and how rival politicians listened to it. The partisan testimony of State papers must be scrutinised to reconstruct public life under the Stuarts. Even then we are never absolutely certain that the dry bones which have been articulated into a bird may not have been the framework of a mammal. In narrating the course of English politics since Waterloo, Mr. Walpole has by his side photographs of everything which was said, done, or even designed. The 'Times,' the 'Chronicle,' the 'Courier,' and the 'Post' were stereotyping acts and words; the makers of history were anticipating in the 'Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly' Reviews the campaigns of the House of Commons; Speaker Abbott was recording, night by night, how the rulers of men spoke of each other; day by day Mr. Greville was recording how they thought. To the historical value and accuracy of Mr. Greville's 'Journals' every page of these volumes bears a strong and independent testimony.

The end of the long struggle with Napoleon is a convenient epoch for the commencement of an historical narrative. The final triumph of Great Britain is more than an incident in the national fortunes. Its effects, however, were more negative than positive. It set the people free for the consideration of their own social and political condition. It relieved the finances from an intolerable burden. But the forces which revolutionised the country in the years which form the subject of Mr. Walpole's volumes began to work in the preceding century. The financial reforms which Huskisson, and Cobden, and Peel accomplished, were foreshadowed by Sir Robert Walpole, and might have been brought to pass by the younger Pitt. Pitt desired to emancipate the Catholics, and to extend the franchise. The war with France blurred the brighter prospect; it did not obliterate it. The writer of the history of England since the battle of Waterloo has to show how the mist gradually drew away, and the old landmarks of English liberties were revealed. It is always difficult to cut history into lengths. Lord Macaulay himself felt unable to set his readers fairly on the road along which he intended to guide them without reminding them of its starting-point. The nearer an historian approaches his own time the more impossible it becomes to assume a new departure where there was none. Mr. Walpole has found nearly four hundred pages only enough to introduce the seventeen years which are the theme of his two volumes.

Mr. Walpole begins with a survey of the state in which the downfall of Napoleon left Europe. George III. had succeeded to a magnificent throne. But a series of administrative blunders, and the young king's views of personal government, tarnished its splendours. Pitt, by his accession to power, converted a reign which threatened to make royalty odious into one of the most fortunate in our history. He abated the unconstitutional claims of a sovereign whose nominee he himself was; he projected large schemes of parliamentary and fiscal reform. Except for the dynastic league against France in which, 'in an evil hour for his country,' Pitt joined, he would have executed these noble plans. The Reign of Terror, and the applause bestowed by English zealots on the odious features in the French idea of popular liberty, scared the Minister from the side of political and commercial freedom. The first result was an enormous increase of debt and taxation. In 1791-2, which was the last complete year of peace, the revenue was rather more than 17,000,000*l.*, and of this sum 9,310,000*l.* represented the charge of the National Debt. In 1800 a revenue had to be collected of 31,500,000*l.* in Great Britain, and of 3,000,000*l.* in Ireland. In 1815 taxation produced 78,600,000*l.* in Great Britain, and in Ireland 6,600,000*l.* But if the war imposed new burdens, its advocates might argue that it also gave new power to bear them. The plea may be admitted, though to a certain extent only. The war was of real advantage to landlords in raising rents. It was of use to farmers in securing them monopoly prices for their corn. Manufacturers and merchants gained by it also. In 1798, the first year in which an attempt was made to ascertain the value of the exports, the declared value of British and Irish exports exceeded 33,000,000*l.*; in 1815 it exceeded 49,000,000*l.* The English navy had cleared the seas of plunderers and competitors; and Manchester was beginning to clothe the world. For the true cause, however, of this commercial prosperity, we must look further back than the war. A marvellous series of inventions had already, before the war began, armed British manufacturers with means for using their monopoly to the utmost. All these inventions, of which each 'gave fresh importance to the others,' were enabling England to undersell the manufacturers of the rest of the world. Wellington's and Nelson's victories opened new markets to us; but men to whom, Mr. Walpole complains, 'custom and precedent only allowed inferior rewards,' had already afforded us the means of supplying them. The industrial movement which left Great Britain far the wealthiest of the nations at the close of the

contest with France was stimulated, but not produced, by the war. It had set in before the war, and was in some very important directions checked by the fiscal burdens which the war made necessary. If the war did not apparently retard the agencies which were heaping the land with riches, it was, as Mr. Walpole boasts, that 'a free people can triumph over the 'greatest difficulties, and prosper in a state of war which 'apparently made all prosperity hopeless.'

An anti-revolutionary war did not deaden the English impulse towards material advancement. But it chilled the national aspirations after civil and moral progress. Subordinate sections of the population, or individual members of the governing classes in advance of their order, remonstrated against oppression and stolid resistance to change. But they exposed themselves to be taunted with a secret fondness for Jacobinism. This was the bugbear invoked by persons interested in supporting the existing system. The game laws were preserved in the interest of the landowners. In their interest the corn laws were maintained. They did not initiate that policy. This must be attributed to the economists of the seventeenth century, who taught that the land should be protected. But the landed interest proved an apt scholar. It insisted on a bounty upon exportation of home-grown corn, and prohibitory duties upon foreign corn, when prices fell below a certain rate. The prospects of peace consequent on the victories of 1813 lowered the value of gold, and the price of corn fell with it. Lord Liverpool was compelled to prohibit importation of all foreign corn when the price was below eighty shillings a quarter, and of all colonial corn when it was below sixty-seven shillings. The price of bread continually rose; in 1804 wheat averaged sixty shillings a quarter; in 1812 it was a hundred and twenty-six; yet agricultural wages stood at nine or ten shillings a week. Lord Byron declared in the House of Lords, in 1812, that 'in the most oppressed provinces of Turkey he 'had never beheld such squalid wretchedness as he had seen 'since his return in a Christian country.' The maintenance of a family at the current rate of wages was impossible, and wages had to be assisted out of the poor rate. In 1775 a million and a half was expended for the relief of the poor; in the three years from 1812-13 to 1814-15 the average sum was 6,123,177. In 1811 1,040,000 persons received relief out of a population under ten millions. The law of settlement, which originated like most selfish measures, according to Mr. Walpole, in the reign of Charles II., chained the poor man to a particular locality. Paupers multiplied, and parishes resorted

to every imaginable shift to ease the burden. Sir Samuel Romilly wrote, in 1811, that the London parishes sent wagon-loads of children at a time to Lancashire and Yorkshire cotton mills. The children began work at the age of seven, their hours of labour were fifteen, and sometimes seventeen.

With pauperism crime multiplied. The Legislature believed that society could be protected only by Draconian penalties. Sir James Mackintosh stated, in 1819, that two hundred felonies were punishable with death. He was once told by Burke that, 'although from his political career he was not entitled to ask 'any favour of the ministry, he was persuaded he had interest 'enough at any time to obtain their assent to a felony without 'benefit of clergy.' Hazlitt wrote: 'There are more people 'hanged in England than in all Europe besides.' A majority of those sentenced were reprieved; but it all depended on the temper of the judge. Lord Eldon defended the severity of the laws because it enabled judges to rid the world of hardened offenders. A natural consequence of the uncertainty of the punishment was that penalties lost much of their utility as deterrents. Transportation, the alternative of death, was inflicted more frequently, but operated as unequally. Male convicts welcomed transportation, and were accustomed to go off 'shouting and rejoicing, as though some great achievement 'had been performed.' To a woman transportation had all the terrors of the unknown. It commonly meant ruin and degradation. 'During the voyage the female convicts notoriously 'lived in shameless intercourse with the sailors.' The law plunged multitudes of women into ruin and depravation for some offence against the revenue. Smuggling was the crime of which, as we learn incidentally from Lord Teignmouth's interesting 'Reminiscences,' the majority of the women who suffered transportation had been convicted. When a woman faced undaunted the terrors of a journey to the Antipodes, the law, in its beautiful uncertainty, did not always allow her the option. 'One wretched woman, who suffered death 'in 1815, was induced,' deposed Mrs. Fry before the Police Committee of 1818, 'to commit the offence for which she 'died from her great yearning to follow her husband, who 'had been transported for the same felony. But the judge 'thought it proper to make an example of the unhappy crea- 'ture; and she atoned by her death on the gallows for 'her exceeding love.' Yet this judicial murderer was no Jeffreys, but probably a kindly gentleman who believed in a future state, and would have declaimed against the 'Bloody 'Assizes.'

With laws like these, and with every tenth or eleventh person a pauper, it was not unnatural that the rich should look with suspicion on designs for educating the humbler classes. A Select Committee, appointed in 1818, collected very melancholy statistics on the educational condition of the country. 4,170 endowed schools, enjoying an income of 275,375*l.*, educated 157,783 children. 14,288 unendowed schools educated, Mr. Walpole significantly adds, 'in some sort or other,' 415,711 others. There can scarcely have been fewer than 2,000,000 children in need of education; so for one child at school there must have been three left in ignorance. As apparently about a third of the unendowed schools were kept by 'dames,' many of those at school can have been hardly in better plight than those left to run wild about the alleys and country lanes. The Lancaster schools founded by the Dissenters on the monitorial system, and the Bell schools established by Churchmen, had begun to shed a ray of light amidst all this darkness. But political enlightenment in the higher classes had to precede the intellectual enlightenment of the lower.

Mr. Walpole holds that literature gradually declined in lustre during the first seventy years of the eighteenth century. During the latter portion, however, of this period, the decadence of imaginative literature was balanced by 'a remarkable development of reasoning, investigation, and research.' Black, Priestley, Cavendish, and Hunter advanced physical science; Adam Smith 'changed the whole theory of government, and in this way contributed more than any other person to the great revolutions of the nineteenth century.' Adam Smith uprooted the delusion that the precious metals are the sole sources of wealth, and thus paved the way for free trade. Pitt became a convert. Jeremy Bentham, belonging to a younger generation than Adam Smith, carried by his 'Fragment on Government' the same emancipated intelligence into the regions of jurisprudence and legislation. Malthus, towards the close of the century, published his essay on the 'Principles of Population.' Except for the French Revolution, the economical revolution preached by Cobden and worked out by Peel might have been the glory of Pitt and Canning. The horrors of the 'Terror' frightened Englishmen into retrograde doctrines. Poets like Wordsworth and Southey, who had been ardent social reformers, and statesmen like Burke, who had denounced political jobbery, led the crusade against administrative honesty and freedom of thought. 'The literary men of England participated in the reaction against revolution which

' distinguished the closing years of the eighteenth century.' On the other hand, ' they were among the first to recover from the effects of reaction at the commencement of the nineteenth.' Poetry in the hands of Byron and Shelley, history in those of Hallam, recalled the tradition of liberal development which had been half forgotten in the panic at revolutionary excesses. Mr. Walpole adds to these agencies in reversing the reactionary policy of the quarter of a century preceding Waterloo the competition of women with men in literature, and the rise of the periodical press. As a sign of the growing emancipation of ideas, the extension of the wave of literary aspirations to women is of importance. Mr. Walpole must, however, have taken too seriously to heart the historical lessons of a *Punch* and *Judy* show, when he believes that till the end of last century 'the husband kept a stick in readiness for the personal correction of his spouse.' The literary eminence of Miss Burney, Miss Edgeworth, and, as we must maintain against Mr. Walpole, the greatest of the three, Miss Austen, has no especial historical significance. Society did not cease to think that there was nothing 'either unseemly or unmanly in a man administering a good beating to his wife,' because it revelled in the humours of '*Castle Rackrent*', and could repeat by heart conversations from '*Emma*.' But the fact that a great novelist should be a woman without the world regarding it as a portent indicated a gradual improvement in the relations between women and men. The periodical press, in the intermittent form of the '*Edinburgh*' and the '*Quarterly*' Reviews, and in the daily issues of the '*Times*', the '*Courier*', the '*Morning Chronicle*', and the '*Post*', was, on the contrary, an actual and most powerful factor in the social and political revolution of which Mr. Walpole has undertaken the history. Newspapers had not been unknown in earlier times; and there were literary reviews. But the reviews had little influence, and newspapers were regarded for the most part as disseminators of libels. The institution of the '*Edinburgh Review*' was at once a literary and a political revolution. Not merely was its verdict on a book or a bill of weight and authority in itself; it borrowed new weight and authority from the hand which penned it. Statesmen and leaders of party were not ashamed to enrol themselves among its contributors. Its articles carried the weight of the great review; their authorship, which was often an open secret, lent them personal and individual significance. The same tendency which made the '*Edinburgh Review*' and its younger rival the '*Quarterly*' powers in the State, gradually gave credit and dignity to the newspaper press.

So late as 1808 the benchers of Lincoln's Inn passed a by-law excluding all writers in the daily papers from being called to the bar. In these days such a rule would have deprived the bar of its most distinguished members. Even in 1808 it would have disbarred Sir James Mackintosh and the future Lord Chancellor Campbell. The mind of the nation had begun to be stirred. It craved means to express itself, and the anonymous character of the periodical press was best suited for the utterance of a collective judgment.

Mr. Walpole's reproduction of the various aspects of English life in 1815 will be studied with interest and pleasure. But the survey is open to the criticism that it is a picture more than a sketch. The same minuteness of detail is employed in what is a mere introduction to the history as in the body of the narrative. The author treats his readers as if they had now for the first time to learn the existence of England. We are actually informed that 'the country comprises a group of 'islands situated on the north-western flank of Continental 'Europe,' and that 'the two largest of these islands are popu- 'larly known as Great Britain and Ireland.' British history, Mr. Walpole might have remembered, did not begin with the battle of Waterloo. Other writers besides himself have been engaged in recording English achievements. His readers might have been credited with not having waited for his good pleasure to learn the elements of their national annals. Some of the prolixity of which we complain may be due to the principle Mr. Walpole has adopted of 'dealing with each subject 'in a separate episode.' He tells us in his preface that he hesitated between this and the chronological order, and, on the whole, thought this preferable. By it a history is broken up into a number of essays, and the literary effect produced is more agreeable. But, on the other hand, the chronological arrangement has the advantage of being more natural. Events do not, in fact, arrange themselves in groups; to take them out of their proper sequence in time is to consult the reader's convenience at the expense of his real information. A special difficulty incidental to Mr. Walpole's method is that events and men cannot, in history, be confined to a single group. Each commonly has several sides and phases, and requires to be described independently under more than one relation. Facts which we thought we had entirely done with are perpetually confronting us from new chapters of Mr. Walpole's work. Personages whose good and bad qualities had been neatly labelled and laid upon the shelf in the first volume insist upon having their characters drawn over again when they

come to transact the actual business of living or dying in the course of the second volume.

A hundred and sixty pages of the Introduction are devoted to a political and literary portrait gallery. A series is compiled of short biographies of men who, so far as they have any place at all in a history, would have been described sufficiently by their acts. We are bid halt on the threshold of the narrative, to watch a procession of the infinitely little, the Prince Regent and his brothers, and the Vansittarts, and the Bragge Bathursts, defile by. History is forced to chronicle the sayings and doings of many small and some contemptible beings. But it is amply sufficient to let their words and their deeds speak for them. The historian need not trouble his readers prematurely with their existence. Perhaps, however, from one point of view Mr. Walpole is justified in laying this especial stress on the vicious selfishness or the almost criminal incapacity of the men who occupied the foremost places at the time this history opens. Their incompetence or perversity played a greater part in affairs than the most comprehensive sagacity and the purest patriotism. Other periods in history have been dishonoured by mental darkness and semi-barbarous laws. A distinguishing feature of the first quarter of the nineteenth century is that the governors of the land were less enlightened than a large body of the community. If a proposal were made to humanise a savage enactment, or to remove a hindrance to trade, the first and the most obstinate resistance came from Chief Justices, and Lord Chancellors, and Chancellors of the Exchequer. No one could have demonstrated this with more zeal and fervour than Mr. Spencer Walpole, nurtured though he must have been in the principles which inspired the ministers he condemns. Never was there a more uncompromising indictment drawn against the theory of administration maintained by Sidmouth, and Castlereagh, and Liverpool, and Wellington. Never in past days did we ourselves find cause to say more bitter things of the blind alleys into which the statesmen who burlesqued the Toryism of Pitt had conducted British law, diplomacy, and finance. Mr. Walpole states the thesis of his first volume in his preface :—

' During the first few years which succeeded Waterloo, Englishmen enjoyed less real liberty than at any time since the Revolution of 1688. The great majority of the people had no voice in the Legislature. Political power was in the hands of a few fortunate individuals, who were bent on retaining the monopoly which they had secured. The taxpayers were laden with fiscal burdens which were both unequal and

ill-devised. Death was the punishment which the law awarded to the gravest and most trivial crimes. The pauper was treated as a criminal, and the administration of the Poor Laws made almost every labourer a pauper. Harsh and oppressive as the laws already were, the oligarchy, by which England was governed, was continually demanding harsher and more oppressive legislation. During the five years which succeeded Waterloo the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, the liberty of the press was restricted, the right of public meeting was denied, domiciliary visits in search of arms were allowed. The first volume of this work is an attempt to relate the history of the unhappy period during which these laws were made.' (Pp. v-vi.)

The principles of administration in favour with the men who governed England at this period were illustrated by the notorious Six Acts in which the *régime* culminated. The end of the great war with France was marked by the advent not of increased prosperity, but of manifold domestic calamities. 'The "nation," writes Mr. Walpole (vol. i. p. 398), 'had undoubtedly increased in wealth during the continuance of the war; it seemed impossible to exaggerate the development which might be expected to occur in its resources when the burdens of the war were removed.' Exactly the contrary effects followed at first. The Continent no longer depended solely on English goods; and these 'were selling for much less in Holland and in the north of Europe than in London or Manchester.' The disbandment of the militia, and diminution of the regular military and naval services, threw into the labour market, already too full, many scores of thousands of fresh hands. In 1816 a failure of the harvest intensified the distress. Dear bread was supposed to be due to a plot of the farmers, and incendiarism raged. The state of the manufacturing districts was as bad. Furnaces were blown out, and in Birmingham 27,500 persons, out of a population of 84,000, were in receipt of relief. The factory hands avenged themselves for their privations by breaking frames, in revival of the 'Ludditism' which had manifested itself five years before.

In these disturbances the Government saw the hand of the so-called 'Radicals.' As Mr. Walpole explains, the word 'Radical' has changed its application. 'Few men,' he writes, 'would doubt now that Brougham began life as a 'Radical.' Yet Brougham considered Radicals 'odious,' and his party would have been 'well enough pleased to see them and their vile press put down at all hazards.' The Radicals in 1816, as for several years before and after, were an obscure knot of men headed by Orator Hunt, 'a most unprincipled demagogue,' as the Liberal reformer Romilly calls him. A still more violent section of hangers-on of the Radical party

made a riot in London in November, 1816. The Government foolishly charged Thistlewood and the other ringleaders with high treason, instead of a mere riot; and a jury could not be persuaded to subject them to the awful penalties conviction for such an offence involved. In the meantime, the more cautious and politic Hunt had been forming secret societies up and down the country for the demand of annual Parliaments, universal suffrage, vote by ballot, the abolition of the property qualification for the House of Commons, and payment of members. They demanded that these articles should be embodied in a charter; and hence the name of Chartists. The secrecy of the movement produced a panic among the ministers. The Opposition in vain urged the advantages of a lenient policy. Secret committees of both Houses were nominated to enquire into the combinations against the established order. They reported that a general insurrection was being concerted for the subversion of the Constitution and the plunder of property. Lord Castlereagh could think of no more convincing retort upon Chartism than the Seditious Meetings Bill, which made the Union Society at Cambridge and a lecture on chemistry illegal. Yet more disproportionate to the danger to be met was Lord Sidmouth's bill for the temporary suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. The mis-carriage of the prosecutions of William Hone, the bookseller, and Wooler, the publisher of the 'Black Dwarf,' in 1817, only confirmed ministers in their belief in the absolute need of yet more stringent proceedings. Parliament, which met in January, 1818, was induced to appoint new secret committees to consider the state of the country; and the committees fancied they had discovered traces of new plots, which had been frustrated only by the vigilance of the Government.

A new depression of trade set in during the summer of 1819, and combinations among workmen were used for political purposes. The Radical Reformers improved the opportunity to demand a reform of the representation. Sir Francis Burdett moved, in the House of Commons, that the House should pledge itself to consider the subject at the commencement of the next session. He grounded his motion on the necessity for reduced taxation. The existing corruptness of the representation, he argued, barred either Tories or Whigs from effecting the economies without which taxation could not be reduced. The motion was rejected by 153 to 58; but its rejection was the signal for monster meetings in many places. Birmingham, which was unrepresented, elected Sir Charles Wolseley its legislatorial attorney. Manchester determined to

take a similar course, and a meeting was arranged for at St. Peter's Field, or Peterloo, on August 16. Hunt consented to preside, and from fifty to sixty thousand persons assembled. Everyone knows how a charge of cavalry, ordered by the magistrates, caused a destructive panic among a crowd which was peaceable, except that it hustled and hissed some scattered yeomanry. By the time the troops had arrived at the end of the field, it is said that 'the fugitives were literally piled to a considerable elevation above the level of the ground.' The Cabinet justified the magistrates on the ground that the meeting was clearly illegal. Lord Chancellor Eldon at first pronounced it to be an overt act of treason. At any rate, he urged in the House of Lords, as 'numbers constituted force, force terror, and terror illegality,' 'he felt that no man could deny the Manchester meeting to have been an illegal one.' The logic was extraordinary; but it prevailed with the law officers, and they gave an opinion in favour of the magistrates. Finally, Hunt and his associates were not prosecuted for treason, but for 'a conspiracy to alter the law by force and by threats.' They were convicted a year after Peterloo; but in the meantime indignation meetings at the conduct of the Manchester magistrates and military were held throughout the country. The London Common Council presented an address reprobating it, and Lord Fitzwilliam, as Lord-Lieutenant of Yorkshire, signed a requisition to the High Sheriff to call a county meeting. The Whig party, which had hitherto held aloof from countenancing what had originated with the Radicals, now began to convene indignation meetings itself. The Ministry fell into a deadly terror. Lord Eldon wrote: 'The country must make new laws to meet this new state of things.' Lord Sidmouth was of opinion that 'the laws were not strong enough for the times; but they must be made so, if it were meant to afford the country a reasonable hope of permanent tranquillity.' The result was the series of despotic measures known as 'the Six Acts.' The explosion of the Cato Street conspiracy a couple of months after the Six Acts had passed appeared to the startled country to confirm every argument of panic. Mr. Walpole himself, though he reprobates the cruel severity of the measures, and denies the necessity of most of them, allows that they had the justification of success. 'The firmness of the authorities checked the disorders which were everywhere menacing, and convinced the leaders of the Radicals, or those of them who were still at large, that it was impossible to pursue their designs against the Government.'

Mr. Walpole recounts with animation and vigour the failure of these agitations which marked the five years after the peace. Yet there is something we miss in his narrative. An historian is often prudent in declining to draw conclusions from the events he describes. But, unless he be a mere annalist, he should so arrange them that his readers may be able to draw conclusions for themselves. Mr. Walpole is far from a mere annalist; but his choice of the method of grouping incidents had given us a right to anticipate that we should find massed together all which have a natural interdependence as cause and effect, or effects of one same cause. This end is not attained in these volumes with any completeness. A better plan would have been to pursue the chronological system, and at each stage in a series of circumstances to trace the sequence throughout. The troubles, agricultural and industrial, which followed the battle of Waterloo had their several exciting causes; but they gathered the importance which alarmed the Government from a solid background of general hostility to the principles on which the kingdom was being administered. Weavers in the Midland Counties might be indignant at the slackened demand for Derbyshire hosiery, and the movement might abate with the revival of the trade. Farm labourers might burn ricks to lower the price of bread, and the combined persuasions of the armed yeomanry and a good harvest might put out the flames. But every isolated episode of discontent had a moral and a connexion tacked on to it in the minds of men who neither wove nor dug. ‘Orator’ Hunt was as empty-headed and ‘unprincipled a demagogue’ as Sir Samuel Romilly pronounced him; even Cobbett displayed a violence which terrified the sincerest Liberals as much as it did Tories; Wooler published in the ‘Black Dwarf’ ‘miserable libels’ and ‘scurrilous nonsense;’ Hone, as a politician, may have deserved ‘to be scouted by every honest man, and reprobated by every decent person.’ Yet the juries which dealt lightly with Hunt, and acquitted Wooler and Hone, represented the average middle-class Englishman who loved neither revolution nor profanity nor calumnies. A Tory Government, by the increased authority any administration derives from a lengthened war, and by the infection of intimate relations with military despotsms of the Continent during and after it, had become imbued with un-English doctrines of paternal rule. A large section of the people, even in the most triumphant days of the Peninsular war, writhed under a system by which the nation was treated as a child. The neutral majority, which interposes only occasionally in politics, acquiesced on condition that they

who assumed the responsibility proved themselves equal to it. But with authority so strained every difficulty, however accidental, became a difficulty of the rulers. Bad harvests and bad trade were made reproaches to their policy, as if wet summers and commercial stagnation had been a succession of Walcheren expeditions. The Six Acts, which Lord Castlereagh and Lord Sidmouth carried by majorities which implied that the whole nation was with them, marked the culmination of executive power and the eve of its decline. Public opinion was not yet ripe for representative reform. That was still left to Burdett, and Hunt, and their Radicals. Yet the power of Tory ministers to resist legal, and financial, and diplomatic changes was suddenly found not so much to have been broken as to have broken. Some among them might even be themselves converts to the cause of reform, and might lead instead of being dragged behind it. Faith, however, in the right divine of a government to declare this to be right in affairs and that to be wrong was gone.

Henceforth, before they could initiate a change or resist it, ministers were forced to enter the lists of public opinion. This was no revolution in British administration. A quarter of a century of mortal danger from without had habituated the country to range itself instinctively on the side of authority. But that quarter of a century had itself been a lamentable episode, however illuminated by naval and military triumphs, in English political history. Government had a dictatorship conceded to it for the sake of escape from worse evils. When the danger had been averted by tremendous public sacrifices, the country desired to resume the conduct of its own affairs. A class which had come to regard itself as naturally the governing class held fast to its delegated autocracy. Authority, which was no longer freely allowed, it attempted to secure by extorting new statutory powers of coercion. Mr. Walpole quotes a letter in which Brougham writes to Lord Grey of rumoured ministerial plans: 'I have little doubt that 'they seriously and desperately intend to change the govern- 'ment into one less free.' The Six Acts were passed, and Mr. Walpole, as we have already seen, is of opinion that, 'however reprehensible in other respects, they were suc- 'cessful.' In one respect they were successful. The Six Acts repressed Hunt and Cobbett; they did not repress Brougham, and Mackintosh, and Althorp, and Grey. They therefore led the way to changes more moderate in their form, but more substantial in their results.

Financial embarrassments were, as at other periods of Eng-

lish history, stumbling-blocks in the way of Tory despotism. Mr. Walpole very properly devotes much space to the financial history of the period. He traces the extraordinary succession of mistakes perpetrated by Nicholas Vansittart, afterwards Lord Bexley. Vansittart was meant by nature for ‘an industrious and plodding Secretary of the Treasury,’ but Tory supremacy condemned the country to endure him for eleven critical years as Chancellor of the Exchequer. In 1816 Brougham’s obstinate fighting, and his artillery of incessant petitions, obtained the rejection of the war ten per cent. Property Tax, which produced 7,500,000*l.* a year. A Parliament of landlords in its turn, and for its own benefit, refused a renewal of the war Malt Tax, which yielded another 2,700,000*l.* The result was a deficit on the estimates of 10,000,000*l.*; but, on the other hand, nearly 15,000,000*l.* of the expenditure was due, directly or indirectly, to the existence of a sinking fund. The deficit would have been wiped out by the suspension of this. Yet Vansittart preferred to borrow 11,500,000*l.* from the Bank and by Exchequer bills. In the next year, 1817, the deficit was calculated at 15,850,000*l.* A suspension of the arrangements for repaying debt, which absorbed 16,124,443*l.*, would again have restored equilibrium; but the Chancellor of the Exchequer, after raising 3,500,000*l.* in other ways, sagely preferred to borrow a new 12,600,000*l.* with one hand, while he repaid 16,000,000*l.* of debt with the other. In 1818, notwithstanding a revival of prosperity, there was again an estimated deficit of 15,500,000*l.*, which again would have been covered by a suspension of the Sinking Fund. Again the Chancellor of the Exchequer did good by stealth, borrowing with one hand and paying with another.

The inexcusable weakness of the Government in entrusting the Exchequer to a man like Vansittart incapable of a new idea is made the more glaring by the fact that the House of Commons at the very time contained one who was acknowledged to be the greatest financier of that generation; another who was soon to be acknowledged the greatest of all financiers since Sir Robert Walpole; and a third who, if not a financial genius, possessed financial common sense. To take the youngest of the three first, Peel had already indicated his eminent abilities. Mr. Walpole forgets the evidence of capacity Peel had given in the five or six years of his Irish Secretaryship, when he speaks of him as in 1819 ‘a comparatively young and inexperienced statesman.’ Mr. Walpole himself quotes a contemporary saying that Canning, whose claims to represent Oxford had two years before been postponed, however un-

justly, to Peel's, was 'out of heart' at Peel's growing powers. Peel, in 1819, was chairman of the Resumption of Cash Payments Committee, and his influence induced the committee to recommend to the House of Commons, and successfully, a bill for resumption. Its author in Vansittart's place might have anticipated his own future financial reforms by a quarter of a century. But Peel, it may be objected, was both young and out of office. The Ministry, however, actually contained among its senior members Huskisson, 'who alone among the 'Tory Ministry had accepted the truths of Adam Smith's "gospel.' He would in Vansittart's place have restored common sense to English finance by cancelling the Sinking Fund. Vansittart's actual successor, Robinson, who was already a Minister, did cancel it.

Robinson, known subsequently as Lord Goderich and Lord Ripon, and more familiarly by the nicknames of 'Prosperity' Robinson and 'Goody' Goderich, was unsuited for his ultimate post of Prime Minister. Mr. Walpole's condemnation of his statesmanlike capacity is more general. It is that although he 'must have had some qualifications, besides his birth, to "win for him his rapid promotions, it is almost impossible for the historian to detect where these qualifications lay.' This was the judgment of his contemporaries. His official success as Chancellor of the Exchequer could not be denied; but no one would believe that the merit was his. One great financier the Ministry already contained, and accordingly 'everybody knew,' writes Greville in 1826, when Robinson had been already three years at the Exchequer, 'that Huskisson was the real author of the finance measure of Government.' The complaint was that one minister should be obliged, as titular Chancellor of the Exchequer, to 'propose and defend measures of which another minister was the real though not the apparent author.' The next year Greville notes that it was Mr. Herries, Secretary to the Treasury, upon whose assistance Robinson had 'relied to carry on the business of his office, and who in fact did it all for him.' The wirepuller might be an eminent statesman like Huskisson, or an obscure subordinate like Herries; but Greville registers the universal conclusion that a compound, like Robinson, of 'candour, facility, and want of firmness,' and who seemed to have 'no distinct ideas' upon the subject of finance, could not be the author of a financial revolution. If he was not its author, he had at any rate the statesman's highest faculty of knowing where to look for good counsels. A budget must always be more or less the work of a council of war at which the Chancellor of the

Exchequer presides over a meeting of departmental chiefs. At any such gathering the friends of sinking funds were sure to muster in force. Robinson had to arbitrate between them and those who perceived the absurdity of preserving an unreal sinking fund at the price of a chronic deficit. The suicide of Castlereagh caused a reconstruction of the Ministry in 1822. Vansittart retired to the House of Peers and the Duchy of Lancaster, and Robinson succeeded him at the Exchequer. At once he threw his weight into the scale of reason and plain dealing. In his first budget, in 1823, he converted a deficit into a surplus 'by the simple process of ignoring the Sinking Fund.' He created a new sinking fund, it is true, out of his surplus. But a sinking fund with a surplus was at all events not a monstrosity and a delusion, as was a sinking fund where there was no surplus. The new sinking fund had destroyed one of the most cherished traditions of the Tory party. In his subsequent budgets Robinson dealt a deadly blow to smuggling and illicit distillation by reducing the duties on wine, cider, Irish and Scotch whisky, Dutch gin, and French brandy.

While Robinson was making budgets conform to the rules of arithmetic, Huskisson, who had been appointed President of the Board of Trade, was introducing into our international commerce the principle of reciprocity, then the forerunner, as it is now the rival, of free trade. A reform had been already effected in the currency. In 1819 the House of Commons committee, over which Peel presided, had recommended that cash payments should be resumed by the Bank. A similar recommendation had been made in 1811 by Horner's Bullion Committee. It had then been met and neutralised by a resolution moved by Vansittart, who was at the time a private member, 'that the promissory notes of the Bank of England have hitherto been, and are at this time held to be, equivalent to the legal coin of the realm.' This was a statement distinctly contrary to fact. But that did not prevent the House from affirming it. Vansittart's prejudices were probably in 1819 as in 1811 opposed to definite resumption. The calm reasoning, however, of Peel convinced the committee and the House of the necessity for a step which Mr. Walpole considers 'perhaps the most important incident in the financial history of the present century.' If we add this return to a metallic standard to the improvements in the tariff accomplished by Robinson and Huskisson, we observe a revolution in financial policy which makes the endurance of the eleven years' rule of Vansittart all but incomprehensible. Mr. Walpole thus summarises a very extraordinary list of commercial and fiscal reforms:—

'The Budget of 1825 was the natural corollary of the Budgets of 1823 and 1824; but the financial history of the three years was very remarkable. For the first time since the conclusion of the great war the finances of the country had been conducted on an intelligible system. The old Sinking Fund had been abolished, and a new Sinking Fund, which the country had proved able to maintain, had been substituted for it. The funded debt had been reduced from 796,000,000*l.* to 778,000,000*l.*, the unfunded debt from 38,000,000*l.* to 31,000,000*l.* In 1823 the window tax had been reduced by one half; in 1825 the poorer householders had been relieved from the pressure both of house and window tax. The manufacturing classes had been encouraged by the reduction of duties on silk, wool, and iron. The consuming classes had been benefited by the reduction of duties on spirits, wines, coffee, and sugar. The useless bounties on the whale and herring fisheries had been abolished; the bounties on the linen manufacture had been repealed; and the selfish policy which vainly endeavoured to concentrate the carrying trade of the world in British bottoms had been abandoned. During the same period the labour laws had been repealed; and the working classes had, for the first time, been legally permitted to combine for the purpose of raising the rate of wages. Such great alterations in the commercial and industrial legislation of the kingdom had never previously been attempted by any minister. Changes of such importance were not again suggested for another twenty years. The free-trader looks back at the legislation of 1823, 1824, and 1825, as the first admission of the principle which it is his especial object to enforce.' (Vol. ii. pp. 119-120.)

During the same period as great a reform was commenced in the criminal law. Sir Samuel Romilly, during his whole parliamentary life, had been endeavouring to humanise that branch of jurisprudence. In 1808 he had obtained a diminution of the penalty for picking pockets from death to transportation for life. In 1810 he endeavoured to take away the capital penalty for the theft of goods worth five shillings in a shop. The bill passed the Commons; but Lord Ellenborough and Lord Eldon opposed it on the pretext that the bill of 1808 had multiplied pickpockets. Seven bishops voted with the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice, thinking it 'consistent with the principles of their religion to hang "a man for shoplifting." Romilly died, and Mackintosh took up the task. Mr. Walpole considers Mackintosh the bolder and abler champion of reform:—'Romilly,' he says, 'had wasted his life in attempting to destroy a cruel system in detail; Mackintosh at once decided to attack it as a whole.' In 1819 Mackintosh obtained the appointment of a select committee to consider so much of the criminal law as related to capital punishment. In the two following years he secured one or two amendments of the law; in June, 1822, he car-

ried by 117 votes to 101 a resolution pledging the House at 'an early period of the next session to take into its serious consideration the means of increasing the efficacy of the criminal law by abating its undue rigour.' Mr. Walpole thinks the peers and ministers, if the Cabinet had continued unchanged, would probably have remained as deaf to the arguments of Mackintosh in 1823 as in former years to his pleadings and those of Romilly before him. But Peel had in the meantime been installed at the Home Office. Peel would not accept Mackintosh's resolutions, but he embodied their principle in statutes. Five statutes exempting from capital punishment a hundred felonies passed through the House of Lords, where Eldon still presided, without even a debate.

'Such,' says Mr. Walpole, 'was one of the earliest consequences of the death of Castlereagh and the reconstruction of the Liverpool Administration.' Mr. Walpole adds that 'it was the first time in its history in which the Tory party had the courage to pass over to the popular cause.' We confess we fail to discover the courage or the liberality. What we do perceive is that the new leaders of the party had the prudence to see that it was dangerous to persist in flaunting their affection for barbarous punishments. Their followers did not understand their tardy conversion to humanity; they were merely drilled too well to mutiny. 'The stupid old 'Tory party'—as Palmerston, anticipating Mill's sponsorship for the phrase by nearly half a century, called it—suppressed all progress as long as it could, partly because it did not care to learn what was right, and partly because it had a mother's affection for the sickliest of its offspring. We cannot allow that, as a 'party,' it had 'the courage to pass over to the popular cause.' Statesmen of noble natures had, by the accident of early associations, grown up in it. But in all the better instincts of their political character Huskisson and Canning were Liberals. At bottom Peel was a Liberal, though he ripened late, and branch by branch. Yet, fettered by the dead weight of colleagues who were Tories by conviction, they had opposed themselves, session after session, to the truths demonstrated by Horner and Ricardo, by Brougham, by Romilly, and by Mackintosh. Our pages had for a score of years denounced absurdities in finance before commonsense budgets were produced. This Review was inculcating principles which are only now about to be embodied in a criminal code, while a Tory Cabinet was still proclaiming that the foundations of society could not be maintained except by

threatening to hang a man for ‘injuring Westminster Bridge,’ or ‘breaking down the head of a fishpond.’

It would be almost as correct to say of the subsequent grant of Catholic emancipation that in its final sullen acceptance the Tory party had shown the courage to pass over to the popular cause, as it is in respect of criminal law reform. Canning, like his master Pitt, saw both the justice and the expediency of concessions to Catholic subjects. But Canning was from the first suspected and misunderstood by the party whose glory he now is. He ‘was obliged,’ exclaims Mr. Greville, contrasting his position with the pious faith in Wellington, ‘to carry men’s approbation by storm.’ Credit was never given him for good intentions. Mr. Walpole explains only too fully the commencement of the agitation for Catholic relief which it took twenty-nine years to consummate. He leads us step by step through the reigns of Elizabeth and the Stuarts to the Treaty of Limerick, and thence through the Georgian era. It is an interesting sketch, but out of place in a history of England from the peace of 1815. Attention is distracted to the scaffolding the author had to erect for himself while at work upon the fabric. Mr. Walpole apologises by declaring that ‘it is impossible to understand ‘the history of 1828 and 1829 without an accurate knowledge ‘of the penal laws.’ It is impossible to understand the history of any period without knowledge of those which preceded it. But we do not expect to find English history since the Conquest retold by way of introduction to the history of every half-century. Mr. Walpole’s excuse for his forty pages of preface abundantly justifies him for the pains he has evidently taken in mastering the course of the movement; it scarcely justifies him in turning the contents of his commonplace book loose into his second volume.

On emerging from the mass of introductory matter we find a very striking picture of the losing battle fought against the claims of manifest justice by the king, who, Wellington told Greville, did ‘not care a farthing about the Catholic question,’ and by the king’s pseudo-Protestant advisers. The contest had one especially beneficial effect in splitting up the Tory phalanx. Castlereagh himself voted with Canning in the Commons for consideration of the Catholic claims. The Premier, Lord Liverpool, opposed himself in the Lords in their favour to his own Chancellor, Lord Eldon. But the true Tory party, the rank and file, never wavered. No chapter in English history has ever shown more clearly than the contest over Catholic emancipation at once the incapacity of a Con-

servative majority to resist political development, and a great cause's independence of the most enlightened individuals. Mr. Walpole, in referring to the death of Grattan in 1820, and the cloud it spread over the prospects of emancipation, remarks :—

‘ Happily great causes do not depend on the single lives of isolated politicians. The statesman who devotes his life to resisting the stream of popular progress may be certain that when he is gone the flood will flow on. The statesman who aims at directing the current may fail during his own lifetime, but may confidently anticipate that the force of the tide will ultimately win its way.’ (Vol. ii. pp. 197–8.)

His illustration of the moral is that the deaths alike of Grattan and Lord Liverpool were succeeded by the Catholic Relief Act. It is unfair to Lord Liverpool, who has enough discredit to bear for the apathy with which he tolerated incapable or bigoted colleagues, to represent him as personally an obstacle to Catholic relief. On the contrary, he himself supported the Emancipation Bill. But Mr. Walpole's moral is itself sound. As bad harvests in England and a slack demand in the Netherlands for Lancashire cottons worked for the reform of the representation, so every fact in the national history tended to the one conclusion of Catholic emancipation. Orange lodges and Brunswick clubs had as much to do with the final defeat of bigotry as Catholic Associations or the election for Clare itself.

Pitt, in making war with revolutionary France, had no desire to repudiate the ancient principles of English foreign policy. But the result was that the peace found Great Britain ranged on the side of the continental military despotisms. Lord Londonderry, better known under his earlier title of Castlereagh, who inspired the foreign policy of Lord Liverpool's Cabinet, was willing to make common cause with ministers whose one secret of administration was coercion by armed force. Not a step was taken in the European Foreign Offices without communication with him. The Metternichs and Nesselrodes felt that, whatever the English Cabinet might say, its sympathies were with them in all their difficulties. Naturally an extraordinary hatred was felt for Castlereagh by his Liberal and Radical contemporaries. Mr. Greville records in the first few pages of his journal that Castlereagh's mere vote for the Tory candidate at Westminster did his friend ‘a great deal of harm, ‘and turned many men against him.’ On the news of the statesman's tragical death, he notes that men put on an air of melancholy, but ‘it was certain they did not care;’ as a minister he was ‘a great loss to his party, and greater to his friends ‘and dependents; to his country, none.’ The feeling of general

aversion is not surprising. Foreign policy only at intervals excites very close attention among Englishmen. Castlereagh's confidences shared with Metternich might have passed comparatively unnoticed had he been Foreign Minister and nothing else. He, however, as leader of the House of Commons in 1819, bore the heavy responsibility for the repressive measures of that year; and they were popularly known as 'Lord Castlereagh's Six Acts.' The spirit which breathed in them was traced to the views he had borrowed from his confederates abroad. Men looked jealously to the Foreign Office as the furnace in which were forged the chains for British liberties at home. Castlereagh refused to concur in the arrogant declaration of the Congress of Laybach, that 'useful or necessary changes in legislation, and in the administration of States, ought to emanate only from the free will and the intelligent and well-weighed conviction of those whom God had rendered responsible for power.' But his answer to the Congress, if it expressed a general protest, implied a particular assent. The British public was indignant that the right of foreign princes to interfere in the domestic affairs of other States had not been repudiated peremptorily. Worse still, it suspected what Mr. Greville has recorded on the authority of Lord George Bentinck, that Castlereagh 'in fact, while obliged to pretend to disapprove of the continental system of the Holy Alliance, secretly gave Metternich assurances of his private concurrence.' Some of his letters to British envoys were, he told his brother, who was minister at Vienna, written expressly 'to throw dust in the eyes of Parliament.' But his new course was judged by his old, and the dust did not always have the effect he hoped of blinding his countrymen.

The Laybach Congress was to re-assemble at Vienna in the summer of 1822; but Castlereagh, who was to have represented England at it, died. The Duke of Wellington was his successor at the Congress; and Castlereagh's sympathies would have had in the duke, had he been left to his own guidance, a yet warmer, though less skilful, mouthpiece. At the Foreign Office, however, Canning, much to the king's displeasure, had replaced Castlereagh, and the whole complexion of British diplomacy changed in a moment. Canning protested resolutely, through Wellington, against the march of a French army, as executor of the will of the Powers, for the restoration of Bourbon absolutism at Madrid. When the protest proved vain, he made a counter manifesto in favour of the right of peoples to decide their own destiny by recognising the revolted colonies of Spain. He had a hard struggle before he could win the con-

sent of the king, who had a royal hatred of rebellion, or of his colleagues, of whom Sidmouth resigned, and Wellington desired to resign. His boast of two years afterwards provoked by its egotism the jealousy of his colleagues. ‘I,’ said he, ‘re-solved that if France had Spain, it should not be Spain with the Indies. I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old.’ He had a right to claim the glory; for he had done it, and no one else. Portugal was the next scene for the display of the new temper of the British Foreign Office. In 1826 the absolutist Government of Spain threatened the Portuguese Constitution. ‘On Saturday,’ said Canning in the House of Commons, ‘the Cabinet came to a decision. On Sunday that decision received the sanction of his Majesty. On Monday it was communicated to both Houses of Parliament—a superfluous formality this would now be considered—and on this Tuesday the troops are on their march for embarkation.’ The promptitude intimidated Spain into milder counsels, and Portugal was saved. Thus England broke with the Holy Alliance, and resumed its old traditions of sympathy with the claims of nations to fashion their own fortunes.

A still greater enterprise Canning was only able to commence. The Greeks began their war of independence in 1821. Canning sympathised; but he had no ground for interference. Turkish barbarities and the interposition of Russia made an occasion, and Canning was prompt to avail himself of it. Too soon he was, writes Mr. Greville, ‘hunted to death by the Tories with their besotted and ignorant hostility.’ Wellington succeeded to his post, but, unlike him, to an universal goodwill, which, as Mr. Greville puts it, ‘gave him unlimited credit for good intentions.’ Within three years he had made British foreign policy contemptible. It is permissible to believe that, had Canning lived, the Eastern question might not have survived for Lord Beaconsfield to experiment on. Certainly Navarino would have been made to serve some better purpose than to be branded as ‘an untoward event’—the one great victory in British naval annals for which the conqueror ‘incurred the cold disregard of his superiors.’

Mr. Walpole shows how first one benumbed cause, and then another, escaped beyond the deadening influence of Tory lethargy. The English people commenced by slowly growing out of the leading-strings of police coercion and suspensions of the Habeas Corpus Act. Peel had been trained in the principles of Sidmouth and Castlereagh; but Peel, as Home Secretary, would have been as reluctant as Grey to deny the right

of public meeting. Tory ministers, like Radical agitators, descended into the arena of discussion, and fought their opponents with articles instead of warrants. Canning and Croker wrote, or inspired, anonymous answers to anonymous attacks by Jeffrey, and Sydney Smith, and Brougham. Next, Tory financiers began to condescend to explain why they took five shillings off one side rather than another of the taxpayer's means. Plunging deeper and deeper every year of the war into debt, they had conceived such a contempt for the popular understanding as to think a piece of arithmetical jugglery the only way of persuading their own generation to take upon its shoulders an equitable proportion of the burden. The nation was to be deluded with conceits that one shilling raised beyond ten shillings might be kept in a napkin, and would in due course have multiplied sufficiently to repay the whole eleven. The rise of the periodical press opened a way to exposing a deception which had long ceased to deceive. 'So great 'and absorbing,' notes Greville in 1826, 'is the interest 'which the present discussions excite, that all men are be- 'come political economists and financiers, and everybody is 'obliged to have an opinion.' Tory Chancellors of the Exchequer had to abandon a device which insulted the reason of the people. Criminal law reform was a third step in the same direction, and was taken under the impulse of the same motives. A hundred offences were threatened with death, yet death was never inflicted for them. The excuse for forging the mock thunder was that its label in the arsenal intimidated crime without shocking humanity. Romilly and Mackintosh had demonstrated for years that certainty is essential to the moral efficacy of penalties before a Tory Home Secretary learned and applied the lesson. Foreign policy was the next stage of Tory education by Tory ministers who had sat unconsciously at the feet of Whig Gamaliels. Foreign policy had been treated by Castlereagh as a mystery through which only experts could find their way. Principles which, till the great war commenced, had been truisms in English constitutional law, and which were, at any rate theoretically, still acknowledged, were held to have no application to the relations of England abroad. Castlereagh, and Metternich, and Nesselrode, discussing Spanish, and French, and Neapolitan yearnings after liberty, met on common ground. Englishmen at length rebelled against the superstition that what would be odious in this country could be the only wise course elsewhere; and Canning, without disavowal by his sulky Tory colleagues, took the nation into his confidence. Religious prejudices

proved more obstinate than the traditions of law and diplomacy. Even the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and the concession of Catholic emancipation, were, however, won at last. Wellington led his followers into a *cul de sac*, whence extrication was only possible by breaking down the wall of religious partition.

The conclusions of outside opinion were registered by Tory ministers and by stereotyped Tory majorities. The great victories, of which Mr. Walpole's volumes are a record, were won in Parliaments which fretted and started at almost every one of them. Changes were accepted, not because constituencies approved them, but because Parliament was intimidated, it might be by an election for Clare, it might be by a riot of ploughmen or of weavers. It was vaguely recognised that the House of Commons ought to represent the nation; but only Radicals believed that the several sections of the nation had any title to be represented in proportion to numbers, wealth, or any other definite standard. Mr. Walpole, in one of his preliminary chapters, quotes a statement made in 1793 that the majority of the House of Commons was elected by less than 15,000 electors. Even of these 15,000 the electoral privilege was almost nominal. The House of Commons declared at the commencement of every session that it was a breach of its privileges for a Lord of Parliament to interfere in the election of members. Yet 245 members were notoriously returned by the influence of 128 Peers. Boroughs, mere names, like Gatton and Sarum, or overshadowed by the neighbouring great houses, like Lostwithiel, were not the only share of great landowners in the representation. 'Up to 1780 the members for Yorkshire 'had always been elected in Lord Rockingham's dining-room.' There had been no contest for a century in Cheshire, Nottinghamshire, and Cardiganshire. At an election for Bute only one person attended besides the sheriff and the returning officer. 'He,' said the Lord Advocate in a speech in 1831, 'took the chair, constituted the meeting, called over the roll of free-holders, answered to his own name, took the vote as to the preses, and elected himself. He then moved and seconded his own nomination, put the question to the vote, and was unanimously returned.' In Ireland, as in England, the county electors were the forty-shilling freeholders. Of these gavel-kind and cottier tenancy had multiplied the numbers greatly. But the extension of the suffrage did anything rather than popularise the spirit of the representation. The election was thrown into the hands of the landlords, who could give or refuse the extra plot of ground without which the voter could

not subsist. Only the priestly influence in Ireland balanced that of the landowner.

Alike in Ireland, England, and Scotland, county representation was either the appanage of one family, or the battle-ground of rival houses. The Downshire election cost Lord Castlereagh's father, in 1790, 60,000*l.* to wrest one seat from Lord Downshire. The families of Wentworth and Lascelles spent 200,000*l.* on the Yorkshire election in 1807. Boroughs were commonly in private patronage, and as regular a branch of the patron's income as his farms. If he did not sell them to a stranger, he sold them to a minister, sometimes for a pension, sometimes for a place, sometimes for a peerage. Lord Darlington, Mr. Greville bitterly says, 'got his boroughs to be made a marquis; he got rid of them,' by voting for the Reform Bill, 'to be made a duke.' The few boroughs which were not private property were open to the courtship of the ambitious lawyer or returned East or West Indian. They accepted the suitor who would bribe highest. Voters in a town like Honiton had their market price, but they did not disdain a more liberal bid. Mr. Walpole does not tell the story of Lord Cochrane's election for that town as Lord Dundonald has himself related it in his autobiography. His antagonist had paid five guineas a head, and beaten his opponent, who had trusted to his naval exploits. It was after his defeat, and not 'after his return,' as Mr. Walpole puts it, that Cochrane gave notice by the town crier that each of his comparatively few supporters might apply at the bank for ten guineas. The fame of such generosity after a lost battle so excited the hopes of the electors, that at the next vacancy Lord Cochrane polled almost every vote. Secure in his seat, he obeyed the law, and disappointed his admirers by not paying for a single one.

The meaning of the representative system had been falsified with contemptuous effrontery. Yet it was long before this great question excited general statesmanlike attention. Few phenomena are stranger to a student of constitutional history than the indifference of Liberal politicians to parliamentary corruption at the fountain-head. Canning and Huskisson, open-minded Tories as they were, could not be expected to turn with disgust from the muddy waters which seemed not unpalatable to Romilly and Brougham. The Whig leaders, excepting always Lord Grey, confessed their reluctance to implicate themselves in a movement of which Hunt and Burdett had taken the lead. But they did not, in fact, thoroughly understand that there was any injustice in leaving

Manchester, and Birmingham, and Leeds unenfranchised for the benefit of minute neighbouring townships. It is an old story how Romilly boasted that he had bought his way into Parliament. Ricardo, the intellectual heir of Adam Smith, owed his seat for Portarlington, according to O'Connell, to his ability to accommodate Lord Portarlington with a loan of 40,000*l.* Almost all the Liberal chiefs were sitting or had sat for nomination boroughs. Although Fox and Romilly had both been elected by Westminster, and Tierney by Southwark, a Burdett was a more usual choice for such constituencies.

The universal depression of 1816 had a greater effect than the contrast of what Macaulay has described as 'all the re-presented ruins and all the unrepresented cities.' A Parliament of nominee and rotten borough members guaranteed the well-being of the country. So long, as we have already said, as the pledge appeared to be kept, the people were tolerant of representative anomalies. In seasons when, as in 1816, 'the landlord had no rent, the manufacturer no profit, the capitalist no interest, the labourer no wages,' men began to think they might manage their own affairs better than their pseudo-representatives did it for them. 'For the first time in twenty years,' says Mr. Walpole, 'Parliament in 1817 found itself face to face with a real and popular demand for Reform. Night after night, at the commencement of the session, petitions for Reform were presented to the House of Commons. Burdett moved, and Lord Cochrane seconded, a motion for a select committee on the state of the representation. But politicians who had refused to listen to the advice of Pitt were not likely to be intimidated into submission by Hunt and Watson.' The cause was further damaged, Mr. Walpole proceeds to say, by the advocacy of 'an intemperate politician' like Burdett, and of one like Cochrane, who 'had been convicted of transactions on the Stock Exchange of the most reprehensible description.' There was a majority against the motion of 265 votes to 77.

Mr. Walpole considers that the conviction of the rich Jew, Sir Manasseh Masseh Lopes, in 1819, was more important than the petitions for Reform of which the Spa Fields meeting set the example in 1817. 'The imprisonment of a member of the House of Commons for proceedings not one jot worse than those which a hundred other members had notoriously committed,' marked, he thinks, 'the commencement of a new period in the history of Reform.' It marks, doubtless, the commencement of a graver and less cynical fashion of regarding bribery. Traffic and barter in the right to discharge public

duties had been hitherto considered a crime only if it were found out. An offence could not, in the popular judgment, be very atrocious when the penalty was simply loss of the prize which had been the temptation. Electors, not so much, perhaps, in enfranchised Grampound as in unenfranchised Manchester, became more convinced than ever that the franchise was a trust, and not merely a piece of property, when the great man who bought a vote suffered as heavy a punishment as a malicious libeller. But Sir Manasseh's conviction was merely a symptom of a new temper in the nation which found a much more direct and definite exponent in Lord John Russell in the House of Commons than in Mr. Justice Holroyd at the assizes. In the same year in which Sir Manasseh was punished, Lord John opened his campaign against the rotten boroughs, which closed only in 1832. That the Duke of Bedford's son had taken the conduct of the cause out of the hands of so ill-regarded a member as Sir Francis Burdett was itself highly significant. When, as the sequel to the movement Lord John had begun, the two seats for Grampound were in 1821 given to Yorkshire, the doom of rotten boroughs was sealed.

The Conservative majority in Parliament resisted religious toleration and Parliamentary Reform long after a majority of the nation had accepted both. In 1828 Peel manœuvred the Tory party into assenting to Lord John Russell's measure for the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. In 1829 Peel and Wellington coerced it into relieving Catholics from their disabilities. But it clung fast still to rotten boroughs. In 1830 the agitation outside, which had intermittently for some time, was revived by industrial and agricultural distress. The Tory Lord Blandford, seized by an ingenuous alarm that wealthy Catholics might purchase themselves into the House of Commons through nomination boroughs, moved resolutions for their abolition. But the Whig party refused its support to a crotchet, and he was beaten. The crisis, however, was at hand. Stagnant trade or wet summers had commonly fostered the cry for Reform: 1830 was a year of starving labourers, who avenged themselves by obeying 'Captain Swing' and burning ricks. The tide was swelled by a general feeling of humiliation and contempt for the shifting and illiberal foreign policy—'a signal failure' throughout, as Mr. Greville terms it—which Wellington had substituted for that of Canning. The fall of Polignac and the Belgian Revolution were heavy blows at Wellington's Cabinet. In vain might the duke disclaim any 'more knowledge of Prince

' Polignac's proceedings than Mr. Brougham, or, most probably, still less.' The duke did not encourage Polignac's retrograde measures; but, unfortunately both for the Wellington Cabinet and for Charles X., Polignac chose to find encouragement for himself in the duke's retention of office. Inside Parliament many Tories who owned or sat for rotten boroughs were as unwilling as the Birmingham Political Union to aid the authors of the Catholic Relief Act in defending them. Peel, as Lord Brougham has recorded, was ' hated with a hatred which almost exceeds belief.' According to Mr. Walpole, the institution in 1829 of the new police force had made him as unpopular among the lower orders as his part in the Relief Act had made him among Protestant Tories. According to Mr. Greville, his ' coldness and incommunicativeness,' his ' phlegmatic and calculating ' temperament, rendered it impossible for anybody to ' feel any dependence upon him.' He was a man who would ' always have political, but never personal influence.'

The nation remembered with gratitude Wellington's great military deeds; but few even of his most enthusiastic admirers had any faith in his capacity for administration. He felt his inability to control either friends or adversaries, and would have gladly resigned. ' I believe,' he wrote so far back as 1829, ' there never was a man suffered so much and for so little purpose.' Mr. Greville, who learned to reverence the man after this political crisis had long terminated, intimates by notes to contemporary entries in his journal that he thought he had judged Wellington harshly. But we fear we must accept the view formed at the time as the more accurate. No more vivid picture of ministerial incompetence has ever been painted than Greville's view of the duke's mode of dealing with foreign policy, and with the questions of Emancipation and Reform. His one idea in his conduct of foreign affairs was to resist all change, and wait till the tide had breached the dykes. In home affairs he pursued the same course. Mr. Greville has recorded the bewildered tone in which he complained that people expected the Government ' at once to settle the question ' of Emancipation when ' no two people were agreed upon what ought to be done.' Mr. Greville exclaims: ' As if, after thirty years' discussion in every shape, it was not time to settle the question ! ' He adds that this pleading for delay, ' I think, evinces a degree of anility quite pitiable.' Now a new crisis had come upon the duke; and he was as miserably perplexed by the demand for Reform as by that for Emancipation. ' Ex-

' exceedingly quick of apprehension, but deceived by his own quickness into thinking he knows more than he does,' gifted with ' amazing confidence in himself,' but without the power of ' weighing opposite interests and probabilities,' he was always only too sure that he was right until he suddenly discovered that he was wrong. The period wanted a Canning, ' the only statesman,' declares Greville, ' who had sagacity to enter into and comprehend the spirit of the times, and to put himself at the head of that movement which was no longer to be arrested.' Instead of a Canning England was ruled by a great soldier, who felt the country was being stirred by a movement he could not understand, of which he could conjecture the force and direction only by its effects. Lord Grey, in November, warned the Peers to prepare against the spreading to these shores of the revolutionary hurricane which was raging in Europe, ' by securing the affections of their fellow-subjects—by reforming Parliament.' Wellington's defiant retort was that he believed the state of the representation could not be improved.

' He would go still further and say that if at the present moment he had imposed upon him the duty of forming a legislature for any country, and particularly for a country like this, in possession of great property of various descriptions, he did not mean to assert that he could form such a legislature as they possessed now, for the nature of man was incapable of reaching such excellence at once, but his great endeavour would be to form some description of legislature which would produce the same results.' (Vol. ii. p. 612.)

Mr. Walpole refers to Lord Russell's ' Recollections ' for the manner in which this extraordinary proof of narrow political insight was received. The duke, we are told, sat down; but the buzz of criticism around him was so loud that, whispering to a colleague, probably Lord Lyndhurst, he asked the cause of it. ' You have announced the fall of your Government, that is all,' was the reply.

Mr. Walpole tells skilfully the story of the conflict over the Bill, or rather the three Bills, successively introduced by Lord Grey's Government. It is no reproach to him if we turn from his narrative to the pages of the ' Greville Memoirs,' where we become spectators, and not hearers only. There we see the intrigues preparing, the new combinations, in which Greville himself played no mean part, designed to prevent something like a *coup d'état*, the terrors of revolution, the incapacity of those who believed it was at hand, and who did nothing to ward it off. Mr. Greville did not love Reform. He would have liked, if possible, to keep ' present institutions.'

But he felt the pulse of the nation as Wellington and even Peel seemed utterly unable to feel it. His absolute conclusion was: ‘Reform the people will have; and no human power, moral or physical, can now arrest its career.’ Greville was right; Reform the people would have, and the people had it. On June 4, 1832, the third and final Bill passed both Houses, and on the 7th the Royal assent was given. With this Mr. Walpole terminates the first instalment of his undertaking.

‘The people and the House of Commons had triumphed over the scruples of the king and the opposition of the peerage. The old electoral system, founded on monopoly and corruption, had been destroyed; and a new system, erected on the broad foundations of popular support, had been substituted for it. Though, however, the abuses of the old rule had been terminated, the expediency of the new rule was still unproved. The men who had demanded Parliamentary Reform had desired it as a means to an end. The means had been obtained; the end had still to be secured. The harvest was ripe for the sickle. But the thick clouds which still obscured the political horizon, at home and abroad, dismayed the boldest politicians.’ (Vol. ii. p. 680.)

How far Reform has succeeded, and how far it has failed, in fulfilling the hopes of its advocates, and in justifying the tempered apprehensions of critics like Greville, who feared not it, but the appetite for change it might whet, and the alarm of bigots, like Wetherell, who saw in it the deluge itself, to what extent it conjured away existing dangers, and has lived down imaginary ones, Mr. Walpole promises to set forth in later volumes.

Mr. Walpole has faith in national tendencies. He periodically declares that individual will and individual events had no permanent power to roll back the current which was bearing the nation away from a *régime* of Castlereaghs, and Sidmouths, and Vansittarts, and Eldons. But he lingers willingly, meanwhile, over the points of personal character and detail which float on the surface of the flood. The reader will not be inclined to complain of a habit which infuses the interest of a biography into history. Every leading agent in the literary and political development of the country during the first third of the present century has his character drawn impartially but sharply. Mr. Walpole’s verdict on George III. is that his vice as a king of England was that he thought a king should rule; he ‘never deserved unmixed applause, and he certainly ‘never ought to have met with unmixed censure.’ The Prince Regent, curtly characterised by Mr. Greville as ‘a spoilt,

'selfish, odious beast,' is described by Mr. Walpole as 'a bad son, a bad father, a bad subject, a bad monarch, and a bad friend.' But he was a consummate actor. He won the hearts of the Dublin mob by his farewell to the shouting crowd: 'Go and do by me as I shall do by you—drink my health in a bumper. I shall drink all yours in a bumper of good Irish whisky.' He could captivate, when he chose, genius like that of Scott, or piety like that of Wilberforce. One solitary gleam of constancy he showed amid all his perfidies to statesmen, to causes, to the innumerable mistresses whose love-tokens he kept as his trophies; 'he died with Mrs. Fitzherbert's locket round his neck.'

Princess Charlotte, 'wilful and headstrong,' but who dying 'thought of her husband's sorrow, and sought to mitigate it by declaring herself the happiest wife in England,' appears only to disappear. Her royal uncles show themselves intermittently throughout the volumes, and for the most part discreditably. There is the Duke of York, whom Mr. Greville distinguished by a favourable criticism suggested by feelings of personal gratitude, but whom Mr. Walpole less favourably describes as degraded by a year of London society from a warm-hearted, unaffected youth into 'a stupid sot,' drinking and playing night after night at Brookes's, and ridiculing his father, who, for the first time, had been stricken with mental malady; a bad general, though an admirable commander-in-chief; an heir-presumptive who gloried in announcing his determination, if king, to range himself with the bigots against the declared will of the nation. There is the successor of George IV., needy, officious, and despised as Duke of Clarence, as King William making the virtues of a constitutional sovereign ridiculous. There, though we can view him still more vividly in Greville, is the Duke of Cumberland, intriguing, and always for the worse rather than the better cause, who hated Liberals because they were Liberals; who hated Tories when, like Wellington, they were illustrious and honest; whose accession to the throne in the event of the death of the heiress presumptive would, says Greville, 'be a good moment for dispensing with the regal office;' whom the enemies of Catholic emancipation implored 'not to threaten to quit the country never to return to it,' if the Bill should become law, lest 'such a declaration should produce a general cheer.' George IV. and his brothers put loyalty in England to a cruel ordeal. 'The very courtiers,' says Mr. Walpole, 'despised the princes, to whom they paid the customary marks of deference.' It was fortunate for the British

Constitution that, with a sovereign like George IV., and princes like the Dukes of York and Cumberland, the national hatred for profligacy, despotic obstinacy, and prodigality, was balanced by the terrors of a social revolution like that of France.

Merits and demerits are more evenly matched in Mr. Walpole's notices of statesmen. Lord Wellesley had been ‘an absolute monarch in India.’ Of his ‘wars, victories, conquests, and treaties, neither the king's Government nor the Company received any direct accounts till more than a year after they had taken place.’ In England he sank into the background. ‘He could not act patiently as the subordinate of any minister; and those who would have welcomed him as a colleague would not tolerate him as a chief.’ Egotistical to a vice, he overwhelmed his government with ridicule by exaggerating a riot at a Dublin theatre into an Orange plot against the Lord-Lieutenant's life. ‘Old Lady Rossmore, who had survived to her ninetieth year, was brought forward at the trial of the rioters to say that “it must have been an older woman than herself to be frightened.”’ Mr. Walpole brings into fair relief the well-balanced character by which Lord Liverpool held office for thirty-four years, and was Prime Minister for fifteen of them. His art was that he knew how to ‘oil the wheels to make it possible for the machinery of government to work.’ He was content to make himself felt in the smoothness of the public administration. ‘With great knowledge of finance, he never attempted to guide the financial policy of his Government. He probably despised Vansittart's measures; but he supported them. He certainly approved Robinson's proceedings, and he supported them. He supported Sidmouth in his defence of the Criminal Code; he supported Peel in his reform of it. He supported Castlereagh in maintaining the Holy Alliance; he supported Canning in resisting it.’ The secret of his fifteen years' supremacy was that ‘he lived and died without a policy’ (vol. ii. pp. 157-8). Nothing could be more complete than this summary of an important career which has left no mark. Mr. Walpole's account of the stronger character of Lord Eldon is less successful. All the stress is laid on the unfortunate negative side of his great intellect, and none on the positive. We are told, indeed, that he promised to have made a most distinguished Common Law judge. But, on the other hand, it is laid down broadly of the greatest Equity lawyer next to Lord Hardwicke, that ‘he did not maintain in the Court of Chancery the high judicial reputation which he had acquired at the Common Pleas.’ Of Lord Grenville

we have from Mr. Walpole rather a *silhouette* than a picture. Mr. Walpole introduces him as 'the acknowledged head of the 'Whig party.' But his chief appearances in the history of the period are in the character of an ally of Tory despotism. Lord Grey Mr. Walpole contrasts with Lord Grenville as 'one of the most successful statesmen of the nineteenth century.' Most successful he considers Grey, because, unlike Peel, whose most illustrious achievements are recantations, and unlike Lord Russell, who lived to advise younger statesmen to rest and be thankful, Grey never had occasion to abjure the faith he from the first professed. He lived to witness the triumph of 'all the great causes which he had advocated.' Very different from the Greys, but not so unlike the Liverpools of the period, are such lay figures as Ponsonby, whom 'a process of exhaustion' had compelled the Whigs to choose for their *ad interim* chief in the Commons; and Bathurst, the 'brother Bragge' whose cheers, according to Canning's epigram, eked out the hobbling periods of his brother-in-law, Addington. Yet to Bragge-Bathurst Mr. Walpole is tender. We are told he 'must have had higher qualities which his incapacity in debate has partially obscured;' but he is chiefly distinguished in these pages by the fact that he was the grandson of a man blessed with thirty-six children born in wedlock.

Different from Liverpool in the uninterrupted constancy of his good fortune, and from Grey in the simplicity of his political career, and the unanimity of the popular judgment upon it, are Castlereagh, Canning, and Brougham, whose figures almost fill the stage of Mr. Walpole's history. Mr. Walpole describes the strange contrast between the grace of Castlereagh's lofty presence and his clumsy and illogical diction. 'He is said to have once achieved the extraordinary feat of concluding a speech with the monosyllable "its."' Acting Irish Secretary during the rebellion of 1798, which, on his own authority, cost 30,000 lives, and, on that of Moore, 20,000 Royalist and 50,000 rebel lives, he early learned to trust to the persuasiveness of martial law. Actual Irish Secretary during the Parliamentary campaign which ended in the union with Great Britain, he had 'served the very worst apprenticeship which a young statesman could have gone through. He had spent his time, not in attempting to gain a logical victory over his opponents, but in computing the exact sum at which the support of each of them might be secured.' Elevated to the conduct of foreign affairs, he had been since the battle of Waterloo 'the arbiter of Europe.' 'His head,' writes Mr.

Greville, 'was turned by emperors, kings, and congresses.' It is to the lasting dishonour of the Tory party that it preferred a statesman who acted, as Mr. Walpole says, on the principle that 'people only exist for their kings' to Canning, the end and object of whose policy was to 'break the fetters' 'with which the people had been bound by their rulers.' Perhaps Tory politicians were right in their generation. Canning's principles of foreign policy were as incompatible with a paternal despotism at home as were Castlereagh's with constitutional liberties. His colleagues and fellow Tories did not recognise his title to supremacy, and they thought he had more talents but less 'character' than his rivals. Tory chiefs had not yet begun to 'educate their party.' Mr. Walpole himself believes that his grandfather Mr. Perceval had a right to Canning's allegiance. We may admit that Canning's objection to be a subordinate proved disastrous to his political prospects. But one who was not only the most brilliant orator, but also the most farseeing statesman of his age, may be pardoned for refusing to serve under a respectable official like Perceval. The real cause of Canning's seven years' ostracism from office was not his want of 'character,' but, as was discovered by Mr. Greville, who admired but did not like him, his party's want of perception. In later times his reputation has advanced precisely in the same proportion as that of Castlereagh has receded.

In considering the career of Brougham, Mr. Walpole has been puzzled, like other critics of that extraordinary intellect, to explain how a man, 'at one period undoubtedly the 'most powerful political personage of his day,' should have 'lived to see the time when his influence was smaller than that 'of many minor politicians.' Greville, who knew him intimately, and followed his career with eager curiosity, doubted the extent of his real influence when he was at his prime. Greville writes in 1830: 'Nobody ever possessed such enormous means, and displayed a mind so versatile, fertile, and 'comprehensive, and yet had so little efficacy and influence.' We think Greville underrated Brougham's power before he accepted office. Mr. Walpole's view of his subsequent loss of personal authority cannot be disputed; but we must question his theory that the decadence is traceable to the multiplicity of Brougham's gifts. Speaking of Brougham's departure from a house where they had been fellow-guests, Rogers, who had been out-talked, remarked to Greville: 'This morning Solon, 'Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord 'Chesterfield, and a great many more, went away in one post-

'chaise.' All readers of Greville must remember the delightful scene in which the Lord Chancellor dines at Fowell Buxton's brewery, and teaches the brewers how to brew. There was certainly vanity in the ambition to be accounted master of every department of human knowledge. But variety was the essence of Brougham's genius. While he was planning Liberal campaigns in the House, he was liberalising the intelligence of the nation. Restriction to one or two beaten tracks would have clipped his wings and not strengthened his flight.

'Lord Brougham,' says Mr. Walpole, 'might have attained the eminence of Fox as a politician, of Erskine as an advocate, of Playfair as a mathematician, of Herschel as an astronomer, of Hallam as an historian. He tried to rival all these characters in their various stations, and in consequence, though he ran a good second to them all, he did not win quite the first place in any race.' (Vol. i. pp. 311-12.)

We dispute neither of the last two propositions; but we deny the connexion. We think Mr. Walpole has drawn another unfair inference in regard to Lord Brougham's autobiography. The reminiscences and correspondence were compiled and arranged when their author's memory was already grown treacherous. He desired his brother to see that the contents of the work were arranged chronologically, and mistakes in dates corrected. Mr. Walpole criticises severely the publication of a letter from Lord Grey, purporting to be written on July 9, 1815, and mentioning Lord Grey's intention to attend the funeral of Ponsonby. Mr. Walpole assumes that the Ponsonby about to be buried was the leader of the House of Commons, who did not die till two years later. If he had himself been a little more careful, he might have discovered that Major-General Sir William Ponsonby, a Waterloo hero, was buried on July 10, 1815, and that Lord Grey was among the mourners. Thus, it is not the octogenarian statesman, but the young historian, who has committed a blunder. Others of Mr. Walpole's charges are well-founded; but they are somewhat trivial. For instance, the autobiography contains a reference by Brougham, under the date 1815, to the Duchess of Kent when there was at that time no such personage. The letter in which the allusion occurs ought doubtless to have been placed under a later year, and such errors, we quite agree, detract from the authority of a work. But it is not necessary to accuse the writer of having 'wilfully altered' or rewritten the correspondence of his youth.' A more just as well as generous alternative is to suppose that in arranging his materials he, or some one for him, affixed wrong dates to undated letters.

The fourteen years after Waterloo afford little scope for what has been called word-painting. Its tragedies are bad harvests and silent shuttles, rick-burning by 'Captain Swing,' the destruction of mills and lace-frames by 'General Ludd.' Its triumphs are the gradual emerging of a people out of the dictatorship of a long war, a nation's vindication of the right to guide its own fortunes. But to contemporaries the trial of Queen Caroline appeared more important than all Huskisson's and Romilly's crusades on behalf of Free Trade and just laws; the apotheosis of upholstery at the coronation of George IV. appeared as interesting as the election for Clare; the king's and Sir William Curtis's masquerading in the kilt at Edinburgh appeared as great an event as the suicide of Castlereagh. Perhaps Mr. Walpole has erred in adopting somewhat too obsequiously the contemporary estimate of the proportion of things. An historian is not a diarist, and should take a cursory view of many incidents which may have seemed at the time to be epochs. An enquiry into viciousness which is at least as sordid and mean in a palace as in a cottage need hardly have been narrated with the solemnity of diction which befitted Lord Macaulay's mighty theme of the trial of the Seven Bishops. We can find not a single redeeming trait in what was, after all, a mere divorce-suit, except that it shed a new lustre on the giant powers of Brougham, and testified to the generous spirit of Canning.

Mr. Walpole has, however, drawn a vivid sketch of one of the least creditable incidents in English history. Dead and gone now are the controversies which fifty-eight years ago raised a social war in England. Yet the tale had to be told, and Mr. Walpole has told it eloquently, though somewhat lengthily. All who care can read the story of the omission of Caroline's name from the prayer for the Royal Family; her letter of expostulation to Lord Liverpool on the 'great 'omittance towards the King of this Relams that his Consort, 'Queen of this Relams, should be obliged to soummit to such 'great neglect, or rather araisin from a perfect ignorance of 'the Archbishops of the real existence of the Queen Caroline of 'England;' her triumphant progress from Dover to London, with Alderman Wood, 'Absolute Wisdom,' as Brougham nicknamed him, seated beside her; the joybells which acclaimed her approach; the addresses from corporations and thanksgivings by clergy that welcomed her arrival; the presentation of arms by the sentries at her husband's palace; the introduction of the bill of divorce in the Lords; her indignant horror at the appearance of her traitor valet Majocchi, the hero of '*Non mi ricordo;*' the withdrawal of the bill after the second reading

had been carried by 123 votes to 95; her and the nation's extraordinary belief that this was a victory of innocence; her lament, in the 'only affecting letter ever composed by her,' that 'her who would have rejoiced with me at her moder's triumph is losset to me'; her claim to be crowned with the king; her repulse from the Abbey, whether by an ordinary doorkeeper, as Mr. Walpole says, or by Sir Robert Inglis, as 'Gold Stick,' as Lord Teignmouth declares in his 'Reminiscences'; her death of fever and vexation; and her final progress in her coffin through the city, in spite of Lord Sidmouth and his soldiery.

No fouler page sullies British annals. The king had given his wife 'a letter of license,' and the Peers thought, and Mr. Walpole himself thinks, that his wife had construed it as such. 'No peer who was not satisfied that the queen was guilty voted for the second reading; but a great many peers who firmly believed in her guilt thought the measure inexpedient, and therefore voted against it.' Her counsel Brougham, whose speech in her defence Greville declares to have been 'the most magnificent display of argument and oratory that had been heard for years,' believed her guilty. Her counsel Denman would not allow his wife to call upon her, dreading that such scenes of vice and debauchery would be proved as would overwhelm with shame any woman who had formed an acquaintance with the criminal. His famous peroration, 'Go and sin no more,' expressed only too clearly his private opinion. Wilberforce, while he admired her 'spirit,' feared she had been 'very profligate.' The mob, which took the horses out of her carriage, called for 'three cheers for Mr. Austin, the queen's son.' It is true that Greville, who was a contemporary of the war with Napoleon, 'never remembered any question which so exclusively occupied everybody's attention.' Yet the whole frenzy of popular enthusiasm was as tawdry and superficial as the mildewed trappings of the unhappy woman's coffin in the ducal vaults at Brunswick, to which virtuous English-women once paid pious pilgrimage. Dublin and Edinburgh were illuminated for three successive nights in joy at what was treated as the queen's acquittal by the Lords. Within little more than eight months she was lying dead, and the Irish people ran wild in welcoming the crowned and tipsy profligate who had driven her to shame and then branded her as an adulteress. Another year, and Scotch Calvinists were outdoing the extravagances of Irish loyalty to a sovereign false to every principle of their religion.

Mr. Walpole's work has its blemishes; what work has not? We have already indicated some general grounds of disagreement between ourselves and him in relation to his method and his inferences. We will refer as shortly as we can to points of detail on which we differ. In his sketch of the literature of the period he laments (vol. i. p. 324) that this country has failed to produce 'a second Dryden,' or any genius who could rank with the luminaries of the reign of Anne. It is a paradox to refuse equality with the literary glories of Anne's reign to Scott and Byron. When he speaks (vol. i. p. 349) of Crabbe's simple stories, which 'there was nothing but the metre to distinguish from prose,' he at any rate differs from Byron, who, as Tom Moore told Mr. Greville, 'thought Crabbe and Coleridge had the most genius and feeling of any living poets.' A history of England seems scarcely the place for poor sarcasms upon Wordsworth's 'puerile fancies' and 'many obscure and involved passages,' and upon Coleridge's violation of good sense in 'dooming the Ancient Mariner to perpetual misery for having shot an albatross,' and in afflicting the Lady Christabel 'for the performance of an act of Christian charity.' It is interesting, but not of historical importance, to learn that Mr. Walpole credits Moore with 'greater talents' than Wordsworth and Coleridge. Against the charge that the outspoken rather than unjust notice of 'Hours of Idleness,' published by this Journal, made 'Byron declare war against society,' it is scarcely necessary to defend ourselves. Every one knows that Byron was the spoiled idol of society from the morning that 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' appeared. He might have remained so had he not chosen to set the world at defiance by quarrelling with his wife.

Sometimes there is a certain inconsistency in Mr. Walpole's statements. He declares (vol. i. p. 36) that, though 'the king indeed enjoyed an enormous property, the United Kingdom, a little more than one hundred years before the French Revolution commenced, could hardly be said to have had a revenue.' Yet at p. 40 he remarks that 'at the date of the English Revolution of 1688 the income derivable from the lands and hereditaments of the Crown was inconsiderable in comparison with that which was drawn from the Customs and Excise.' Some of Mr. Walpole's explanations of problems in political economy are wanting in definiteness. He takes much trouble to account for the tendency of the suspension of cash payments to depreciate the paper currency. He discovers (vol. i. p. 494) the solution in an extensive foreign trade.

'When the operations of its customers are confined to transactions with people intimately acquainted with the solvency of the Bank, the Bank paper circulates at about par. When they have occasion to deal with distant countries, inspired possibly with a distrust of paper, with which they have only a slight acquaintance, the Bank paper falls in value, and the relative price of gold rises. The value of the paper does not necessarily depend on its contraction, or on its expansion, but on the purposes to which it is applied. A large foreign expenditure reduces the price of paper, because foreigners regard paper with distrust.'

We need scarcely observe that an inconvertible paper currency might be indefinitely depreciated in value in a country which had no foreign trade, if it were multiplied beyond the natural requirements of the currency for that State. The distrust foreigners have of paper is of small concern. Even with a convertible paper currency, like that of England now, comparatively little paper money passes abroad. The evil of an inconvertible paper currency does not consist in the mistrust of foreigners, or even of natives, but in the actual fact that there is no restriction on the issue of a larger quantity of currency than the business of the locality demands. A State, even were it unimpeachably honest, would find it hard to discover a standard, apart from convertibility into gold, which should show that an excessive amount of paper money was in circulation. Occasionally Mr. Walpole reasons *post hoc propter hoc*. In 1827 Parliament passed a law forbidding the use of spring-guns. Mr. Walpole attributes (vol. ii. p. 616) to this statute Peel's establishment of the new police force : 'On his return to power 'in 1828 his attention was at once directed to the state of crime 'in the metropolis. If people were prevented from protecting 'their own property by the use of murderous instruments, it 'became the obvious duty of the State to protect it for them.' We may hope the State would have felt the obligation to guard London plate-chests, even though Norfolk squires had been left at liberty to sow their preserves with mantraps. There is, perhaps, a little exaggeration in speaking of the abandonment of Huskisson's proposal to suppress Scotch one-pound notes, after the 'Malachi Malagrowther' letters, as (vol. ii. p. 131) 'Scott's great political triumph.' There certainly is exaggeration in the statement that Canning 'sank' under 'the calm 'and telling eloquence of Lord Grey.' It would have been true to say that it lashed him into fury. There is exaggeration again in the praise lavished upon Cobbett's genius. Cobbett was a man of powerful intellect; but when he is described (vol. i. p. 391) as 'the comet of the literary hemisphere' (why

only a hemisphere ?), ‘ dazzling the world with his brilliancy, ‘ perplexing it with his eccentricity, and alarming it with his ‘ apparent inflammability,’ we can only think a sentence has got misplaced from Mr. Walpole’s remarks upon Byron. We may observe by the way that there is a misprint in the statement that ‘ in 1817 ’ Cobbett entered an attorney’s office. He would then have been of the mature age, for an articled clerk, of fifty-five. 1817 was the year when Cobbett, alarmed by the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, banished himself to the United States. We do not think Mr. Walpole, in mentioning how Peel, rejected by Oxford, accepted the seat vacated by Sir Manasseh Lopes at Westbury, should have appeared (vol. ii. p. 502) to endorse ‘ the rumour that the minister gave Sir Ma- ‘ nasseh a very large sum of money for the accommodation,’ by adding: ‘ The constituents liked the bargain very much less ‘ than their patron.’

In recounting (vol. ii. p. 431) the triumph of Navarino, Mr. Walpole laments that ‘ British, Russians, and French had ‘ paid dearly for the victory they had won. The British ‘ fleet alone had a loss of 70 killed and 189 wounded.’ He proceeds to say, ‘ the loss, heavy as it was, was not dispro- ‘ portionate to the magnitude of the victory.’ On the contrary, we should have supposed it was very disproportionate. Never was a mighty fleet annihilated at such cheap cost to the conquerors. Mr. Walpole shares the common liking for an antithesis, but now and again he misses his aim. King George IV., on Castlereagh’s suicide, commissioned Peel to convey to Lord Liverpool his Majesty’s royal decision not to entrust the Foreign Office to Canning. The king, narrating the circumstance subsequently, said (vol. ii. p. 55, note) that Peel ‘ went up to town with Mrs. P., his eyes being bad, ‘ and he wearing a low green shade.’ ‘ Dickens,’ says Mr. Walpole, ‘ might have envied such a combination of pathos ‘ and bathos.’ We see the bathos, but we fail to perceive the pathos. The Duke of Kent dying at Sidmouth is lamented in vol. i. p. 545, ‘ not merely as the son of an afflicted king, ‘ but as the father of a future queen.’ What poor King George’s afflictions had to do with the popular grief for the duke, we are unable to perceive. The same fascination of antithesis may explain a curious contrast drawn between Roman Catholic rights in Ireland and in England at the time of the Union. ‘ The Irish Roman Catholic might,’ we are told (vol. ii. p. 186), ‘ graduate in any university except Trinity ‘ College, Dublin; the English Roman Catholic was excluded ‘ from every English university.’ As there was no Irish

university besides that of Trinity, an Irish Catholic might be pardoned for not apprehending the distinction between a rule and an exception. Mr. Walpole at times is tempted into the flowery paths of moral reflections which break the thread of his facts. Lord Exmouth's and Admiral Capellan's exploit, for instance, in punishing the Dey of Algiers, was a very gallant one. But the circumstances were hardly sufficient basis for a first paragraph of congratulation (vol. i. p. 238) that 'the cause of Christianity had again united the British and Dutch,' and for a second paragraph on the waning of the Mussulman moon 'beneath the rays of European progress.' A writer sometimes warms with his theme into rhetoric without carrying his reader along with him. The grant of a sum of money to put Windsor Castle into repair suggests (vol. ii. p. 91) a florid description of the view to be enjoyed from the battlements in company, we presume, with the stone-mason who was employed to mend them. On the morning of George IV.'s coronation, the sun is good enough (vol. i. p. 611) to rise 'in its full summer glory about four in the morning,' as though it had a discretion in the matter, and woke earlier than usual on July 17, 1821, to get a good place at the pageant. The undoubted blunder of Wellington in proposing to confine free Hellas to the Morea and a few islands is emphasised by an appeal (vol. ii. p. 561) to Scotch patriotism: 'Greece without Marathon would be Scotland without Bannockburn.' Wellington might have retorted that, at any rate from this point of view, Greece would have been no worse off than England without Trafalgar, Talavera, and Waterloo. A worse defect than these mere faults of manner and diction is Mr. Walpole's habit of thinking any authority good enough for a footnote. He has obviously studied his subject at first hand; yet he discredits his knowledge by vouching in confirmation pleasant bookmakers like Mr. Smiles and Mr. Heneage Jesse. For the influence the great powers of Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Brougham, and Horner gave this Review in politics and in literature, an American dictionary of biography is quoted. Miss Berry's Journal is, we believe, not referred to once. For the judicial character of Sir Vicary Gibbs, the very competent evidence of Mr. Townshend's 'Eminent Judges' is cited; but Mr. Townshend's well-known work is quoted second-hand from Sir E. Creasy's 'Eminent Etonians.'

We have acquitted ourselves of a critic's task in indicating faults in Mr. Walpole's work. In discharge of the critic's equal and pleasanter duty, we can testify that the merits very greatly outweigh the demerits. We know no history which

reflects in every page a more ardent and single desire to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Mr. Walpole may, like all writers, draw wrong conclusions, but whatever makes on the other side is arrayed with the most loyal fidelity. Generally his inferences are those which alone the facts support. The facts are narrated always fully, and sometimes with admirable force. The author invites the reader to bear him company as he makes his researches. An historian may be judicious and candid, and yet the result be a work which students must refer to, but which is not read. Mr. Walpole's '*History of England from 1815*' is, over and above its truthfulness and accuracy, eminently readable. His success suggests a new method of fashioning historians of England. Take the grandson of a Conservative Prime Minister, the son of a Conservative Secretary of State. 'Nurse him amidst Conservative 'traditions, and train him amidst the Conservative surroundings of a great English public school.' Then, 'before his 'convictions are confirmed,' lay open before him the 'Wealth 'of Nations.' Mr. Walpole tells us what will follow: 'The 'great truths which will then dawn upon him for the first 'time may possibly lead to no immediate change in his habits, 'so in his professed opinions; but they will slowly and surely 'induce a train of thought which will gradually undermine the 'faith of his boyhood, and replace it with a broader and more 'generous creed.' Add to all the circumstances we have mentioned the ambition and the faculty of tracing the causes which left Mr. Walpole's grandfather a Tory and have turned himself into a Liberal; the result is an historian who has already laid his countrymen under an obligation for the best narrative we possess of the epic of the Catholic Relief and Reform Acts, and who will lay them under a greater obligation still if he succeed in evolving order out of the chaos of the years which followed 1832, with their dissolved party lines, and echoes of political cries which had lost their meaning.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Die Ausgrabungen zu Olympia.* I. (2nd edition) and II. Herausgegeben von E. CURTIUS, F. ADLER u. G. HIRSCHFELD. Berlin: 1876-7.
2. *Hermes mit dem Dionysosknaben.* Von GEORG TREU. Berlin: 1878.
3. *Die Sculpturen von Olympia.* Von H. BRUNN. I. and II. München: 1877-8.
4. *Die Gyps-abgüsse der in Olympia ausgegrabenen Bildwerke.* Berlin: 1878.
5. *Olympia.* Ein Vortrag von E. CURTIUS. Berlin: 1852.

ON the west coast of the Morea the river Alpheios, emerging from the defiles of Arcadia into the rich alluvial valleys of Elis, discharges its swift and turbid waters into the sea a little south of the island of Zante. That river, so famous in ancient song, whose fabled pursuit of Arthusa under the western sea is one of the most beautiful of Greek myths, receives, about ten miles inland from its mouth, a small tributary called the Kladeos. The little plain enclosed between these two rivers at their confluence, though never the site of a populous city, was one of the most famous spots in the ancient world, for within this narrow area, surrounded by low wooded hills, was the playground of the Hellenic race, the scene of the great Olympic festival. The origin of this festival was referred by the Greeks to a period long antecedent to history. If we are to believe the tale told to Pausanias by the priests of Elis, we must go back for the origin of these games to that Golden Age before the flood of Deukalion, when Zeus was still an infant, and Kronos his father reigned. According to another legend, which relates to a later phase of mythology, these games were founded by the Tantalid Pelops, while Pindar prefers to ascribe to Herakles himself the merit of their institution. Passing from these rival and conflicting legends to historical times, we come to Iphitos, who is said to have revived the Olympic games with the assistance of the Spartan legislator Lycurgus, and whose date, according to Clinton, would be early in the eighth century.

Half a century after Iphitos the Olympic victory of Corœbus, b.c. 777, marks the starting-point from which the historical record of recurring Olympic festivals begins. From the first Olympiad onwards that register was maintained with hardly an interruption for upwards of eleven centuries, and forms now as in antiquity the basis and backbone of Greek chronology.

All through the eventful centuries of Hellenic development the Olympic festival grew with the growth of civilisation, expanding from a local to a Panhellenic, and from a Panhellenic to an oecumenical gathering. Already at the close of the Persian war the contests on the banks of the Alpheios had obtained a celebrity which threw into the shade the glories of the three other great agonistic gatherings, the fame of which would hardly have survived to our times, had it not been associated with the immortal verse of Pindar. To have conquered at the Pythian, Isthmian, or Nemean games was much, but such triumphs bore the same kind of proportion to an Olympic victory that the subordinate honours of the Cambridge Tripos do to a Senior Wranglership. It was at Olympia that Alexander, the first king of that name who reigned in Macedonia, having made good his claim to pure Hellenic descent, was allowed to contend in the foot race. Here, too, the rulers of Western Hellas, Gelon and Hiero of Syracuse, Theron of Agrigentum, Anaxilaos of Rhegium, and the kings of the more remote Cyrene, gained victories in the chariot-race or horse-race. Neither the difficulties of navigation, nor the perils of land journeys, nor even so imminent a danger as the Persian war, checked or disturbed the ardour of the Greek race in celebrating their great national *panegyris* with becoming splendour; and at the very time when Leonidas was holding the pass of Thermopylæ, Olympia rang with the shouts which greeted the charioteer foremost in the race, or the victor in the severe and protracted contests of the *pentathlon*.

To the Greek mind these agonistic exercises were something very different from what our modern notions about national sports and games would lead us to suppose. The long course of gymnastic training, without which the final agonistic triumph could not have been attained, was regarded in antiquity as an essential part of the education of every free man, a duty which he owed his country. Schools for this physical training were maintained in every Greek city. Olympia and the other great agonistic festivals were, as it were, the universities where this elaborate training was tested by competitive examinations of the severest kind. But there was another essential difference between these ancient contests and our modern agonistic sports. The public games of the ancients were held at festivals of which the original and primary object was the celebration of some religious worship. The local deity presided over the festival. What the Poseidon of the Corinthian Isthmus was to the Isthmian, and the Delphic Apollo to the Pythian games, the King of Gods and

men was to the great *panegyris* of Olympia. All that passed at that splendid pageant was done under the immediate sanction and protection of the Olympian Zeus. From his vast altar ascended the smoke of countless hecatombs offered by grateful victors, or by the states and personages who took part in the festival. In his temple, the most imposing edifice in the Olympian plain, was the colossal statue in gold and ivory, executed by Pheidias, which to successive generations of worshippers served as a symbol of the perpetual presence at Olympia of the tutelary deity.

The more we study the conditions and circumstances of the Olympic festival, the more we see how much religion contributed not only to its outward splendour, but to its permanent and wide-spread influence. It is this deep-rooted religious sentiment that inspires the verse of Pindar, and raises his Epikian Odes above the dead level of commonplace panegyric composed by one mortal for the glorification of another. The Olympic victors whom he celebrates were famous in their generation, but how much should we have known of them now, had not their memories been embalmed in the immortal verse of a *vates sacer*?

The art of the sculptor, not less than the lyric song of the poet, was employed to embody in votive offerings the gratitude of the victor for successes obtained by favour of the gods. A special and much-prized privilege permitted Olympic victors to commemorate their own prowess or that of the horses who won for them the races in the hippodrome by the erection of bronze statues or groups within the sacred precinct called the Altis. Thus the successive generations who gazed on these monuments were reminded of the exploits and physical perfection of former champions; the descendant of some famous family of athletes, such as the Rhodian Diagoridæ, might look with just pride on the effigies of his ancestors in bronze; and, as there were few Hellenic states which had not at some time or other contributed a name to the long roll of Olympic victors, the contemplation of these monuments was a constant stimulus to patriotism and to generous rivalry between city and city. Moreover, the inscriptions on the bases of these statues had, apart from their value as an agonistic record, a special interest, because they recorded the names not only of the victors commemorated, but also of the sculptors by whom these works were executed.

But it was not only through gratitude for agonistic victories that Olympia was enriched with votive monuments. Through the long course of centuries during which time was reckoned

in Olympiads, the triumphs of war, the redundant wealth of commerce, pious gratitude for past prosperity, and a vague apprehension of divine wrath in the future, often on account of unatoned crime, were for ever supplying the motive and the material for new dedications at Olympia, most of which were in the form of statues of Zeus and other deities. Thus by degrees the Olympian Altis became one great museum of art in which each Hellenic state had a common interest and took a pride in common. Even after Greece had become a Roman province, when the Olympic contests, degraded by the patronage of a Nero, had lost nearly all their political significance and much of their ennobling influence, the works of art which had accumulated through so many centuries still survived to charm the eye and excite the marvel of the visitors who flocked to the famous games from every part of the Roman world, and of the inquisitive tourists who explored Olympia at other seasons.

It is to one of these pilgrims that we owe a description of the monuments of Olympia, the value and accuracy of which are now more than ever appreciated, since it has been tested by recent excavations on the site. In the latter half of the second century of our era, Pausanias, after visiting many parts of Greece, notebook in hand, wrote that curious work which to the tourists and explorers of all later ages has proved an invaluable guide. Of the ten books into which his 'Periegesis' is divided, two are devoted to the history of the festival at Olympia and the description of its monuments. The temple of Zeus, with its chryselephantine statue and other sculptures, occupies, as might be expected, the foremost place in the notice of Olympian *admiranda*. After describing these at great length, Pausanias passes on to the temple which ranked next to that of Zeus, the Heraion dedicated to his consort, Hera. In this temple was preserved that celebrated relic, the chest in which, according to tradition, Cypselos, the future tyrant of Corinth, was concealed when an infant by his mother, to hide him from the ruling family of Bacchiadæ. This chest was made of cedar wood, ornamented with parallel friezes in gold and ivory, in which were wrought in relief scenes from many early myths, accompanied by explanatory legends. Here, too, were very ancient statues of the goddess Hera, the Seasons, *Horœ*, and their mother Themis, and other deities, some, if not all, of which were of ivory and gold: indeed, the temple, from the variety of relics it contained, must have been a perfect museum of art. Other edifices noticed by Pausanias were the Metroon, a Doric temple dedicated to the mother of the gods; the Philippeion, a circular edifice erected by Philip

of Macedon after his victory at Chæronea, and which contained the chryselephantine statues of the Macedonian kings, Amyntas, Philip, and Alexander; and a row of ten Treasuries, dedicated by the Sicyonians and other Hellenic cities, mostly in western colonies. These Treasuries contained many spoils of war and trophies of agonistic victories, with which were intermixed relics of legendary personages. Here Pausanias saw the sword of Pelops with a golden handle; in another Treasury were a colossal statue of Zeus and three breastplates of linen, all presented by Gelon and the Syracusans to commemorate a victory over the Carthaginians, b.c. 480. In the Sicyonian Treasury was a bronze chamber which, according to an inscription, had been dedicated by the Sicyonians to their tyrant Myron, victor in the chariot-race, b.c. 648. Two of these Treasuries had in the time of Pausanias been totally robbed of their contents, and in others the statues of Roman emperors had been substituted for the original dedications.

After having described the temples and other edifices at Olympia, Pausanias next notices the altars. One of these, dedicated to Zeus, was on a colossal scale. It consisted of a lower platform, of which the circumference at the base was 125 feet, and which was called the Prothysis. The upper platform was composed entirely of the ashes of the victims offered on the lower platform. The total height of the altar was 22 feet. Altars of many other gods and local heroes are enumerated by Pausanias; one of these, like that noticed by St. Paul at Athens, was dedicated ‘to the unknown gods.’

The description of the works of art at Olympia extends over many pages of Pausanias. He gives us, first, a list of statues of gods and heroes, and distinguishes from these those of victorious athletes. As might have been expected, the statues of Zeus himself occupy a large space in this catalogue. One of these had been dedicated by the Greeks who fought at Plataea, and bore the names of their several cities on the base. Another, 27 feet high, and the greatest of all the bronze statues of Zeus, was dedicated by the Eleians to commemorate their victory over the Arcadians. Most of these statues were due to the piety and gratitude of states and individuals; but there was another source which enriched the Altis with many dedications. In the *bouleuterion*, or council-house, stood the Zeus Horkios, with a thunderbolt in each hand, before whose august figure the athletes who engaged in the games, their kinsmen, the trainers, and the judges who presided, took an oath to perform their several parts justly. At the feet of this statue was a bronze tablet on which was inscribed, in elegiac verse, a

solemn denunciation against all who violated their oath. Notwithstanding these terrible warnings, bribery and corruption were not unknown, and these crimes when detected were punished by heavy fines, out of the produce of which bronze statues, called Zanes, were dedicated to propitiate the offended deity. On the bases of these statues were inscribed the names of the transgressors and of the cities to which they belonged, so as to preserve to all time the record of their crime. After enumerating the statues of gods and heroes and other sculptures dedicated in the Altis, Pausanias notices those of victors in the different contests which stood in the same sacred precinct. The multitude of these iconic figures was so great that he does not attempt to describe them all, but only gives those which he thought most worthy of notice. In most cases he states not only the name and country of the victor commemorated, but also that of the sculptor by whom the work was executed, and the school to which he belonged—information which must have been mainly derived from the inscription on the base of the statue. Valuable as such notices are for the reconstruction of the history of art, it makes us feel the more how utterly incapable of aesthetic utterance Pausanias was. In his dry unfeeling inventory no word of praise or blame, no hint as to the relative merits of these masterpieces or their distinction of style, escapes him. If his contemporary Lucian had accompanied him in this visit to Olympia, perhaps we should have had descriptions of statues as graphic as that of the Cnidian Aphrodite in the ‘*Amores*.’ But we must be content with the list, meagre as it is, which this conscientious topographer prepared from personal observation; and we know from this catalogue that in the second century of the Christian era there were still to be seen at Olympia upwards of three hundred statues in bronze or marble, many of which were from the hand of celebrated Greek masters. What was the total number of statues extant at Olympia in the time of Pausanias we have no means of ascertaining. If we are to believe Pliny’s statement, there were not less than 3,000; but he probably, in this and other cases, used round numbers in a vague and random way.

To complete the picture of Olympia in the time of Pausanias, we must imagine the Hippodrome, the *Stadion*, the *Gymnasion* and training schools, stables, and other appanages of the games in perfect repair and working order; for the Olympic *panegyris*, though no longer the central point of attraction of a free Hellas, was still a reality, and its celebration continued for another two centuries.

The Olympic festival, though shorn of its ancient splendour, was still maintained with a certain dignity during the reign of the Emperor Julian. In the year A.D. 394 the games were finally suppressed by Theodosius. Whatever remnant of pagan worship had been preserved at Olympia up to that date must have been then abolished, and such sacred lands and treasures of the temples as had not been previously appropriated by Constantine the Great must have been confiscated. Christian iconoclasm, while destroying the statues of the gods, may have spared those which commemorated agonistic victors; but we may be sure that nearly all the works in metal which the Christians spared were melted down by the barbarous hordes of Gothic invaders who, under Alaric, occupied the Morea about A.D. 395.

From this date onwards we lose all trace of Olympia in Byzantine history, but the recent excavations on its site tell us something of what passed in this obscure and dreary time. We know that one of the buildings recently laid bare by the Germans was a large church of that ancient form which was borrowed from the Roman basilicas. The date of this church is thought to be not later than the middle of the fifth century A.D. When it was erected many of the buildings at Olympia must have been already in ruins, as in its walls are many architectural fragments. The size of this church and the excellence of its masonry show that at the time of its erection a considerable monastery or other Christian community must have been established at Olympia, and this is further proved by the discoveries made by the Germans on the east side of the temple. Here has been traced a massive wall, the late date of which is proved by the character of its masonry, in which, as in the so-called wall of Valerian at Athens, many blocks and fragments of ancient buildings and sculpture are inserted pell-mell. This wall traverses the Altis in the midst of the pedestals and other remains *in situ*, and was evidently built for the defence of settlers at an early period in Byzantine history. At that time part at least of the temple of Zeus must have been still standing, as we find that its north-east angle was included in the line of this fortification. Two hoards of Byzantine copper coins have been found within these lines, and the latest of these coins do not go below the reigns of Justinian and his immediate successors. Intermixed with these remains of Byzantine occupation, but in an upper stratum, were huts and rude pottery, evidently the remains of some barbarous race. It seems probable that in the course of the invasion of the Morea by the Slavs about the close of the fifth century A.D., Olympia was

for a time occupied by them. The upper strata of soil showed no sign of subsequent occupation, and it is evident that at some time in the Middle Ages Olympia became so unhealthy that the site was altogether deserted. It seems probable, too, that the same physical changes produced malaria here as at Ephesus. The bed of the Alpheios, like the bed of the Cayster, gradually rose, till, finding no free outfall at its mouth, it flooded the lands on each side of its course, and formed marshes between Olympia and the seashore. At last the deadly malaria from these marshes made the lower valleys of the Alpheios intolerable in the summer months. Man having abandoned the site, its desolation was gradually consummated by the silent persevering action of nature. The Alpheios, no longer restrained within its ancient channel by the walls and embankment with which the Greeks controlled their rivers, worked fresh channels through the plain 'at his own sweet 'will.' While the river was thus at work with wild and fitful energy, another aqueous force was gradually transforming the desolate site into a rich plain, covered with alluvial deposit brought down from the surrounding hills. Any-one who has seen the excavations round the temple of Diana at Ephesus will, on visiting Olympia, be at once struck with the similarity in the stratification of the soil. In both cases we have a depth of earth varying from twelve to fifteen feet above the ruins, and formed of deep layers of thick alluvial clay and gravel, representing probably ten centuries of deposit.

The exploration of the site of Olympia was an idea which Winckelmann earnestly cherished more than a century ago. It does not, however, appear that any traveller examined this site till it was visited by Chandler in 1766 in the course of the mission to Greece on which he was sent by the Society of Dilettanti. Almost the only remains then visible were the massive remains of the temple of Zeus, cropping out of the soil. We find from Chandler that at that time several courses of the cella wall were still standing. When Leake visited Olympia in 1805, the Agas of the neighbouring villages were engaged in carrying off the ruins as building materials. In 1813, Colonel Spencer Stanhope, at the request of the French Institute, made a plan of Olympia, which shows that the course of the Alpheios then was very different from what it is now. In 1829, an expedition sent to Olympia by the French Government made a partial exploration of the temple of Zeus, clearing away enough of the ruins to ascertain its dimensions and general plan. They also found some of the remains of the

metopes, which are now in the Louvre. The results of this expedition are given in the splendid work of Blouet.*

Another generation passed away before the idea of exploring Olympia in a comprehensive and thorough manner was seriously taken up in Germany. It is to Professor Ernst Curtius that we owe the first promulgation of this idea in a remarkable lecture which he published in 1852. A mature scheme of operations was afterwards developed under the auspices of the Imperial Crown Prince of Germany, whose earnest and enlightened support has greatly contributed to the success of this enterprise. After many tedious delays a convention was ultimately concluded between the German and Hellenic Governments, by which the right of making excavations at Olympia for five years was conceded on the condition that all the antiquities found there were to belong to Greece, while on the other hand the exclusive right of taking casts, photographs, and drawings of these antiquities was reserved to the German Government for a limited period. This convention was signed in 1875, and a grant of 8,550*l.* from the German Reichstag enabled the Government to equip an expedition on an adequate scale the same year. Operations commenced at Olympia on October 4, 1875, under the direction of Dr. Gustav Hirschfeld and the architect, Herr Adolf Bötticher. The complete exploration of the temple of Zeus, which the French had only partially examined, was the first object undertaken. Trenches were dug all round its site which were gradually expanded till the ruins of the temple and the margin of ancient surface immediately environing it were laid bare. The first incidents in this excavation are thus graphically told by Dr. Hirschfeld : †

' It was long before the silent plain spoke. For many long weeks our handbarrows carried away nothing but sand, which lay in compact masses under the thin layer of top-soil. At length, however, we were rewarded. Slowly and gradually the remains of *three* extinct races, piled one upon another like geological strata, were rescued from their death-sleep, and we could once more realise the varied and beautiful picture which the plain had presented before it was choked up with sand. At first the eye could distinguish nothing but a confused mass of fragments of columns and capitals, architraves and blocks of stone, inscriptions and remains of statues, terra-cottas and tiles; but it soon became evident that these fragments were not in the positions in which they had originally fallen or been thrown down, but that they had been used in constructing huts of a barbarous kind, which had spread like cobwebs over much earlier remains. This was the uppermost or latest

* *Expédition Scientifique de la Morée.*

† *Macmillan's Magazine, November 1877, p. 59.*

stratum. Under the network of huts we arrived at the second stratum, which consists of strong, well-built walls, also of a date subsequent to the fall of the old world, since they are formed entirely of ancient materials, and are carried so close up to the temple of Zeus that it forms the corner and *point d'appui* of a square fortress covering an area of about 10,900 square yards.'

As the upper strata of soil were cleared away, the colossal ruins of the temple of Zeus were gradually disclosed, much of which had evidently never been disturbed since the earthquake by which the temple was thrown down. It will be seen by reference to the photographs* that on the north side of the temple the columns are lying as they fell, each in front of its own position; the drums of which each shaft was composed, though disunited by the shock of the fall, still remain in their original order, and might, it is said, by the aid of proper appliances, be set up again on their bases. The other architectural members, such as architraves, cornice, frieze, and the marble tiles of the roof, were all there, and afforded ample materials for a restoration of the whole edifice. Intermixed with these architectural remains were the sculptures of the temple, those very pedimental sculptures and metopes of which Pausanias has given us a brief but infinitely precious description.

We shall return to the temple of Zeus and its sculptures after giving a sketch of the whole work of the expedition from October, 1875, to May, 1878. Immediately to the east of the eastern front of the temple were rows of bases of statues, which formed narrow streets leading from the south. Nearly all these bases are inscribed with dedications, and on some almost the very words which Pausanias has recorded are still extant in the marble. One of these bases was of peculiar interest. It belonged to that statue of Victory dedicated by the Messenians and Naupaktians which Pausanias saw in position, and which he states to have been the work of the same Pæonios who made the sculptures of the eastern pediment. The dedicatory inscription on this base confirms this statement, and close to it was lying the very statue of Nike which Pausanias saw, and which is a work of extraordinary merit, which we shall have to notice more fully. As the area of operations was enlarged, experimental trenches were dug, radiating in various directions from the temple of Zeus. The primary object of these tentative diggings was to ascertain, if possible, the main points in the topography, which up to this date had been matter of dispute. These main points are: The positions of the Heraion, Pelo-

* Ausgrab. ii., pll. I.-III.

pion, Metroon, and other temples, and also of the Treasuries and Zanes; the limits of the Altis itself; the sites of the Stadion and Hippodrome. Though the indications of Pausanias were not without their value in looking for these points in the topography, his hints, as the result has proved, were too vague to guide the explorers in their search for particular buildings. The exhaustive method of digging trenches, however, soon solved some vexed questions. A trench dug northward disclosed the site of the Heraion, the temple next in size and consequence to that of Zeus. As the excavations were continued on the same line, the site of another of the temples mentioned by Pausanias, the Metroon, was laid bare, and east of this the foundations of the Treasuries which he describes as built at the foot of the small hill which bounded the Altis on the north, and which the ancients called Kronion, or the hill of Kronos. These foundations were on a terrace raised on steps below which were the bases of the Zanes. A trench dug west of the Heraion disclosed the site of the Philippeion.

Between the temple of Zeus and the Kladeos, the Byzantine church to which we have already alluded, and of which the upper walls were partially explored by the French, has been completely cleared; and it was discovered that the church is built on the foundations of an ancient Greek building, which has not yet been identified with any of the edifices mentioned by Pausanias. As the trenches radiating from the temple of Zeus advanced, the limits of the Altis have been approximately ascertained. This sacred precinct, which originally must have been a grove round the temple of Zeus, was bounded by massive walls, and the whole area thus enclosed may be reckoned as about 218 yards in length, with a breadth of about 153 yards. West of the Philippeion was a large *Peribolos*, within which there were remains of a building corresponding in character and position with the smaller *Gymnasion* which Pausanias places near the northern entrance to the Altis. This building forms an abutment at the north-west angle of the Altis, corresponding to another abutment at the north-east angle, which was discovered by following the line of Zanes eastward in search of the entrance from the Altis into the *Stadion*. This entrance, which in antiquity was reserved for the judges and agonists, was found exactly where the statement of Pausanias would lead us to expect it. The discovery of this doorway fixes two points, the north-east angle of the Altis, and the position of the *Stadion*, which must have run north and south outside the east wall of the Altis. Its southern

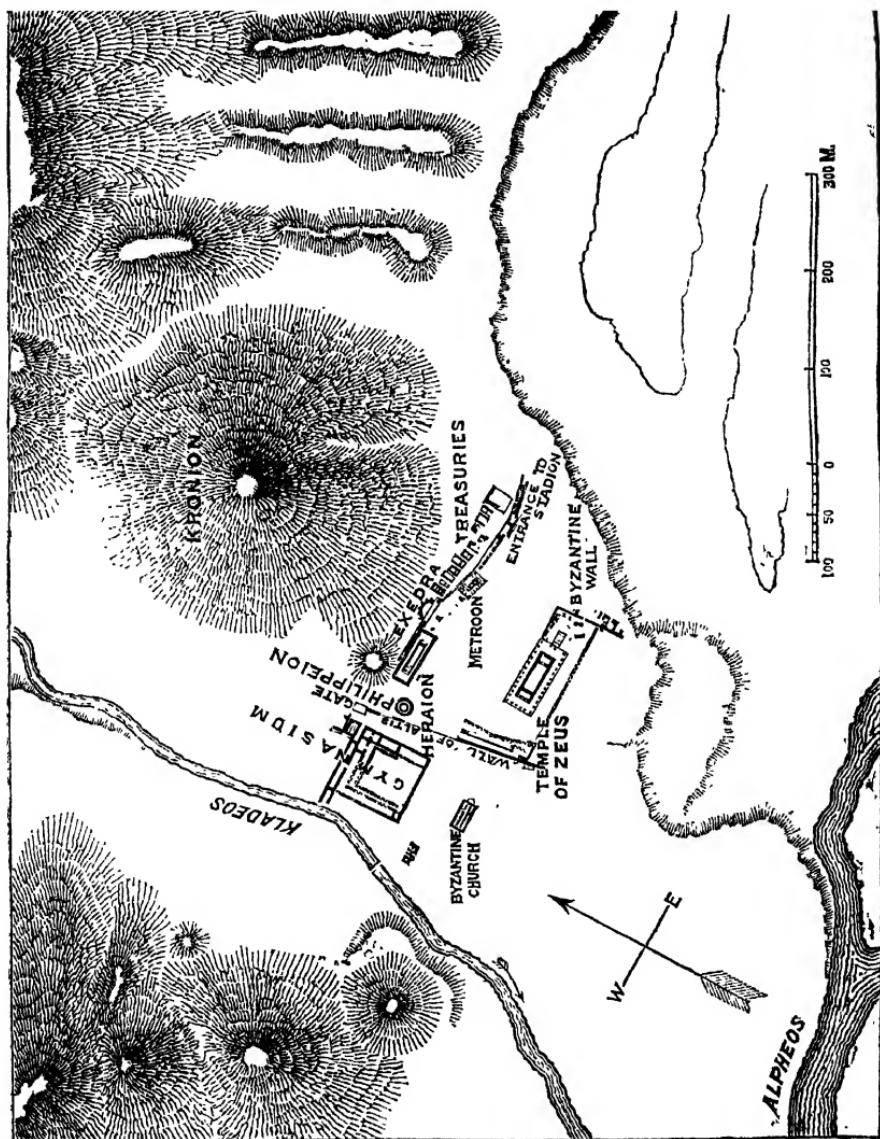
extremity is marked at the distance of 600 Olympic feet by an octagonal brick building, still visible above the soil, which is thought to be the *aphesis*, or place of starting for the races. A view of this building is given in Stanhope's 'Olympia,' and it is to the credit of Choiseul Gouffier that he was the first to conjecture that it was the *aphesis*. The entrance to the *Stadion* was undoubtedly identical with the north-eastern gate into the Altis; and the north wall of that precinct must have run along the foot of Kronion, intersecting the west wall somewhere on the site of the *Peribolos*. In the course of these excavations the remains of several altars were found, more than one of which seem to be identical with altars mentioned by Pausanias.*

Such has been the work of the first three years, during the latter part of which not less than 300 workmen have been constantly employed from October till May. So far as we know, no excavation with a purely archaeological object has ever been before undertaken on so vast a scale and carried on with such rapidity. We will now endeavour to show what archaeology has gained by the discoveries which have been made at Olympia up to this date.

In dealing with this question the remains of Greek architecture now revealed for our study should first be noticed. The temple of Zeus, or, as the ancients called it, the Olympieion, is a specimen of Doric architecture nearly contemporary with the Parthenon, and second only in interest to that matchless product of Athenian genius. It is not, like the Parthenon, of marble, but of a shell conglomerate, which Pausanias calls *poros*, and which was overlaid with a fine stucco. In size the Olympieion almost equals the Athenian temple, measuring 210 feet 3 inches in length by 90 feet 11 inches. The diameter of the columns is about 7 feet 3 inches, with a height of 34 feet 4 inches. There are six in the eastern and western fronts, and thirteen on each side, so that the temple, in the language of Greek architecture, may be described as peripteral hexastyle. It stands on three steps, below which was a terrace or platform round the temple, where were many altars and *anathemata*. In the two pediments were compositions sculptured by Paeonios and Alkamenes, and at either end of the cella were sculptured metopes representing the twelve labours of Herakles. On the apex of the eastern pediment stood a figure of Victory in bronze gilt, below which was

* The accompanying cut shows the position of the main points in the topography of Olympia which have been as yet ascertained.

a gold shield with an inscription recording its dedication by the Lacedæmonians after their victory over the Athenians, B.C. 457. The height of the temple is 66 feet 5 inches. Pausanias makes it 68 Olympian feet, equal to 70 feet 8 inches



English measure; but he probably included the base on which the Victory stood. On the eastern front of the peristyle were twenty-one gilt shields dedicated by the Roman conqueror Mummius.

The marks of these shields may still be seen on some of the metopes and architrave stones; their diameter was 3 feet 3 inches. The roof of the temple, the *sima* of the cornice, and the sculptured metopes within the peristyle, were of Pentelic marble. The tiles in this costly material were adjusted to each other with fine joints, as is the case with the Parthenon. In the lions' heads which served as the gargoyle of the cornice there is a strange inequality of style and execution. While some are modelled and sculptured with the skill which might have been expected in a temple of the Periclean age, others are carved in the rudest manner.

Professor Adler* gives a restoration of this temple, and praises its proportions. He observes that, while its design still shows the austere and massive character of the old Doric, this severity is tempered by a sense of beauty which we do not find in the Sicilian examples of Doric architecture at Selinus and Agrigentum. Professor Adler thinks that in general plan and in detail the Olympieion resembles the older Parthenon, which was destroyed in the Persian invasion. Its first architect, Libon, may thus have lived towards the close of the sixth century B.C., and it may have been finished in the fifth century. The plan of the interior was similar to that of the Parthenon, but with a difference in the relative proportions. Within the colonnade or peristyle was the *cella*, or temple proper, with a vestibule supported by two smaller columns at either end. The one at the east end was called the *pronaos*, the other the *opisthodomos*, or chamber at the back. The *cella* itself was divided into three aisles by two rows of columns, the position of which is marked on the pavement. The small diameter of these inner columns proves the existence of the *hyperoon*, or upper story, mentioned by Pausanias. The entrance to the *pronaos* from the east was through a pair of folding doors, between the two columns *in antis*. The intercolumniation on either side must have been closed by a *grille* in metal. Inside the *cella* the middle aisle has been separated from the side aisles by a low wall which still remains between three of the columns on the north side. The three intercolumniations nearest the west end had evidently been screened off by a *grille*. These walls may be the barriers which Pausanias describes as fencing off access to the throne of the chryselephantine statue of Zeus, which must have been placed at the west end of the *cella*, where there are some small remains of the base on which it rested.

* Ausgrab. ii., pl. xxxv.

The pavement of the middle aisle was of marble, the greater part of which has been torn up and carried away by former plunderers of the temple; but the lower pavement or stereobat, on which this rested, is for the most part preserved. There is a curious rent, running longitudinally through it, which may have given rise to the story that Zeus signified his approval of the work of Pheidias by striking the pavement with a thunder-bolt, of which the mark was still recorded in the time of Pausanias by a bronze vase on the spot. In the side aisles the pavement is of stucco, and is on a higher level than that of the nave. In the *pronaos*, under a pavement of pieces of marble of different colours of the Byzantine period, the French found a fine mosaic, representing a Triton,* the remains of which still exist *in situ*. It is probably the earliest extant specimen of Greek mosaic, and is not composed of tessellæ, but of small river pebbles. None of the architectural marbles gave any hint how the interior of the temple was lit. The narrowness of the side aisles and the small size of the *pronaos* and *opisthodomos*, as compared with the area of the central aisle in this temple, form a striking contrast to the distribution of the space in the interior of the Parthenon. Professor Adler thinks that the narrow aisles are characteristic of a more archaic style of temple building.

The Heraion is a Doric temple with six columns in the fronts and sixteen at the sides. The interior is arranged in three aisles with a *pronaos* and *opisthodomos*. The columns of the peristyle vary in diameter and character. Some of the capitals are of a very archaic type, and some of the shafts are monolithic, while in others very large drums have been used. In the interior slender Ionic columns have been substituted for the original Doric. The material is the same coarse *poros* which is used in the temple of Zeus. The position of the bronze doors and metallic gratings inside can be clearly made out, and on the walls are marks where bronze plates have been attached. Of the many precious works of art and time-honoured relics which Pausanias saw in this temple, nothing now remains except two sculptures, one of which is of peculiar interest, because there is every reason to believe that it is the identical work which Pausanias describes as being by Praxiteles.

The Philippeion is a circular edifice on three steps surrounded by eighteen Ionic columns. Its roof, Pausanias tells us, was surmounted by a bronze poppy-head. It contained

* *Expédition Scientifique*, i., pl. LXIV.

statues of Philip of Macedon and other members of his family in gold and ivory. Nearly all the architectural members of this building have been found *in situ*, so that a complete restoration would be possible. This small edifice has a special interest, because its date may be fixed to B.C. 338. It is, moreover, the earliest example in Greek architecture of a circular edifice, surrounded by columns, if we except the Choragic monument of Lysikrates at Athens, which is of the same date. The little peripteral temple at Tivoli and the temple of Vesta at Rome are later imitations of this class of buildings. Another Doric temple mentioned by Pausanias, the Metroon, was found on excavation to be on a smaller scale than might be inferred from his notice of it, being about one-third less than the temple of Zeus. The remains of its architecture found *in situ* were very scanty, but, as many of the drums, capitals, &c., were built into a Byzantine wall, a complete restoration will be possible. In the time of Pausanias, though it bore the name Metroon, all traces of the worship of the Mother of the Gods, to whom it must originally have been dedicated, seem to have disappeared, and he found in it only statues of Roman emperors. It must have been repaired and beautified in some period of Byzantine decadence, as the delicate forms of the architecture are covered with plaster. The arrangement of the columns in the peristyle, eleven in the sides and six in the fronts, is unusual.

West of the Philippeion and outside the precinct of the Altis, was a large area enclosed by a wall or *peribolos*, in the centre of which was a square open court, each side of which is more than 41 yards long. On four sides this has been surrounded by deep porticos, which, on three sides, open into large rooms abutting on the *peribolos* wall. In the south-west angle is a small vestibule with stone benches ranged round the walls. In the north-west angle has been another similar vestibule. When the *peribolos* was cleared out, remains of sculpture and inscriptions were found lying in two strata, separated from each other by a layer of sand. Among these remains was the base of a statue of the Athenian *rhetor*, Flavius Philostratos. This seems to be the *peribolos* which Pausanias describes as on the left of the entrance to the great *Gymnasion*, and as having *palæstræ* for the athletes to exercise in. The remains of a great gateway, with Corinthian columns, found near the north-east angle of the *peribolos*, mark the entrance to this larger *Gymnasion*, of which the walls can be traced on the north of the *peribolos*.

East of the Heraion, at the foot of Kronion, is an interest-

ing monument of the Roman period, the *exhedra* of Herodes Atticus. This is a brick structure, in the centre of which is a semicircular apse, recessed into the side of the hill. Below this apse is a terrace, bounded on either side by two walls, built at right angles, which in the plan form wings to the apse. A small circular Corinthian temple stood in either wing. In the middle of the terrace was a great basin lined with marble, which received a stream of water issuing from two lions' heads. An aqueduct which passed from the east through the vale of Miraka, and part of which is still in working order, supplied this water, which afterwards descended through many channels into the Altis. Olympia owed this abundant supply of water to the provident munificence of Herodes, by which Greece so largely benefited. On a marble bull which stood in front of the basin, we may still read the inscription which records that Herodes dedicated the aqueduct to Zeus in the name of Regilla, the beloved wife for whose loss he mourned so deeply, and in memory of whom he erected the sumptuous monument, the site of which may still be seen on the Appian Way.

In the interior of the apse, between the Corinthian pilasters, were statues, fifteen of which were found *in situ*. Though the heads of most of these have perished, we learn from the inscriptions on their bases that most of them were the portraits of the family of Herodes, whom the Elcians thus honoured in gratitude to their benefactor. The statues of the contemporary imperial family, of which remains were found, were probably placed in the two small temples in the wings. These were dedicated by Herodes himself. Professor Adler has made a restoration of this *exhedra*, and remarks that its design shows, in spite of many shortcomings in the details, considerable invention, and that its effect is picturesque, reminding us of similar works of the Renaissance period.

The Byzantine church to the west of the temple of Zeus, which the French partially excavated in 1829, is in form like a basilica, and consists of a *narthex* on the west, opening by three doorways into a nave with two side aisles. The east end of the nave is cut off by a marble screen which separates it from the sanctuary. The east end terminates in an apse, round the interior of which is a brick bench. The foundations of the altar and priest's chair are also marked. West of the *narthex* are two small chambers; on the south side was a porch. The date of this church, according to Professor Adler, is probably about the first half of the fifth century A.D. The apse he considers a later addition. Built into the walls are Ionic double columns and Corinthian pilaster capitals. These latter were taken pro-

bably from the *exhedra* of Herodes. This church is built on the foundations of an ancient Greek edifice, the walls of which are still standing to the height of about six feet, and are built of blocks of *poros*. The masonry is of the best time. The doorway opens to the east. On measuring the lines of these foundations, they exhibited so remarkable a correspondence in scale with the *cella* of the temple of Zeus, that it has been ingeniously conjectured that here stood the building called the workshop of Pheidias, which in the time of Pausanias was still shown to the visitors of Olympia. It is obvious that the chryselephantine statue of Zeus could only have been executed in some permanent building where the precious materials of which it was composed could be properly guarded; and if this building was made of the same size as the *cella* of the temple, and lit in the same manner, Pheidias would have had advantages which are seldom enjoyed by modern sculptors, who too often execute colossal works in cramped *ateliers*, where the conditions of light are wholly different from those of the site for which the statue is destined.

The Treasuries at the foot of Kronion, the position of which is so accurately marked by Pausanias, are so completely destroyed that nothing but the outline of the foundations remains. They were built in a row extending eastward from the *exhedra* of Herodes to the door leading to the *Stadion*. Several of them were in the form of small temples *in antis*, and probably resembled the *heroa*, or architectural tombs, which we see represented on vases in the later period of fictile art. The first Treasury on the west had a Doric façade, the eighth and eleventh were surrounded with a small *peribolos*. The row of Treasuries was intersected by two small streets which must have led to the temples of Eileithyia and Aphrodite Urania, placed by Pausanias higher up on the slope of Kronion. Pausanias only mentions eleven Treasuries, but the foundations of fourteen have been found. The terrace on which they stood overlooks the Altis, and was approached from below by steps, beneath which, according to Pausanias, were the sixteen bronze statues of Zeus, called Zanes, which, as has already been stated, were dedicated out of the fines levied on account of foul play or other offences in the games. The bases of these figures were found in position, but no relic of the statues themselves, except some fragments of their thunderbolts and part of a colossal foot. The inscriptions on the bases which recorded the names of the offenders had likewise disappeared. The position of the Treasuries and of the Zanes having been once ascertained, the finding of the *Stadion* was inevitable,

because its relative position is so clearly indicated by Pausanias. One of the latest discoveries at the close of the excavations in May last was that of the private entrance through which the judges who regulated the contests and the agonists entered the *Stadion*. This entrance is a vaulted passage which led through the earthen bank which forms one side of the *Stadion*. In this passage was found a small marble statue of the goddess Nemesis.

Among the sculptures discovered at Olympia, the first rank must be assigned to the group found in the Heraion, which, as we have already stated, has been clearly identified with the work by Praxiteles seen by Pausanias in that temple.* The subject of this group he describes as Hermes holding in his arms the infant Dionysos. The mutilated condition of this group of course detracts greatly from its beauty. Of the infant Dionysos hardly anything remains except the lower half of the body and a much-battered fragment of the back. Hermes has lost both legs and the right forearm, but the head and the rest of the body are in admirable condition, and the features, even to the tip of the nose, are quite intact. Like the Satyrs, the Apollo Sauroktonos, and other figures which we may derive with more or less of probability from the school of Praxiteles, Hermes stands in an easy, graceful attitude, the left knee slightly bent, the left elbow resting on the trunk of a tree. The left forearm is advanced horizontally from this *point d'appui*, forming a support on which the infant god is seated, round whose lower limbs drapery is wrapped. Part of the right hand of Dionysos still remains resting on the left shoulder of his protector, to whom he must have been looking up. The right hand of Hermes may have held the *thyrsus*, the attribute of the infant god, while in his left was probably the *caduceus*. Making due allowance for the mutilation which this group has undergone, what remains of it seems, in our judgment, certainly worthy of the great master to whom Pausanias attributes it. The form of Hermes, which is almost entirely nude, presents that well-balanced combination of grace and strength which we should expect *à priori* in a work by Praxiteles. The outlines are rich and flowing, but with no tendency to effeminacy. The arch, playful features seem lit up by a smile, and we see here a subtle refinement of expression which quite bears out what an ancient critic has said of Praxiteles, that his distinguishing excellence was the

* Treu, pl. I. II.

infusing into marble the emotions of the soul—in other words, that he developed the pathetic tendency of Greek sculpture.

The mantle which hangs from the left arm of this figure over the trunk of the tree has an easy natural flow and a richness of effect which remind us of the drapery of the so-called *Artemisia* from the Mausoleum. In both these figures the perfect mastery over the marble which the sculptor possessed is shown without any needless ostentation. The hair of the *Hermes* seems rather roughly and sketchily treated, in comparison with the elaborate finish of the body generally; and this has led more than one German archæologist to suggest that the group was not by Praxiteles himself, but by a later sculptor of the same name. We are of opinion, however, that there is no sufficient ground for such a theory. The value of this discovery in reference to the history of Greek art can hardly be overrated. Scattered about in the museums of Europe are a certain number of statues, in which have been recognised, with more or less of probability, copies of celebrated works of Praxiteles, either on account of the correspondence of their subject, as in the case of the Apollo slaying the lizard, which seems clearly a replica of the *Apollo Sauroktonos* mentioned by Pliny, or from their presenting certain characteristics of type and style which ancient critics would lead us to look for in works executed in the school of Praxiteles.

It is obvious that the discovery of one undoubted work by a great sculptor must supply, as far as it goes, a test how far our preconceived notions of his style were well grounded. Such a test we consider to have been obtained in the case of Praxiteles by this discovery of one of his works in the Heraion at Olympia. Such a discovery renders our notions of his style much more distinct and real than they were before, and at the same time may aid us to detect echoes and replicas of his works still latent in Graeco-Roman art.

One of the first fruits of the excavations at Olympia was the statue of Victory by Pæonios which is mentioned by Pausanias, and which was discovered lying by its pedestal, part of which was still in its original position.* This base, triangular in form, was composed of a number of massive blocks of marble which tapered upwards to a height of more than 19 feet. The uppermost of these blocks was inscribed with a dedication to Zeus by the Messenians and Naupaktians in gratitude for their successes against their enemies. The inscription states that the statue was made by Pæonios of Mende, who had ob-

* Ausgrab. i., pl. III.—v.

tained the victory in the competition for decorating the pediment of the temple of Zeus with sculpture. We know Pæonios to have been a contemporary of Pheidias; and the discovery of a statue which can be positively identified as being from the hand of a sculptor of the finest period of Greek art is certainly one of the most valuable results of the German expedition. The statue has suffered a good deal of mutilation. The head, both arms, the wings, and the left leg are wanting, but enough remains to enable us to understand the original motive. The Victory was represented newly lighted on earth. She is clad in a long *chiton*, the flying movements of which indicate the rapidity of her descent. The wings were doubtless nearly upright on the shoulders, and the body had a forward inclination, something like that of a ship's figure-head, resting on the right foot with the left a little advanced in the air. To this forward tilt of the figure the skirts of the drapery flying behind must have acted as a counterpoise, while at the same time it helped to express the swiftness of the downward swoop. The ground on which the Victory is alighting is irregularly carved to represent rock, and at the side of the right foot is a head which has been thought to be that of an eagle, but seems more like the head of a gull or other marine bird. The design of this figure is very striking and original, and the composition of the drapery, though in some parts rather dry and meagre in execution, is not unworthy of the contemporary Athenian school. This being so, we might have expected *a priori* that in the sculptures in the eastern pediment of the temple of Zeus, which we know from Pausanias to have been executed by Pæonios, we should recognise the same style. This expectation has not been fulfilled. The fragments of this pedimental composition which have been discovered in the course of the recent excavations present to us a phenomenon in the history of Greek art for which archaeologists were not at all prepared. Before giving a critical notice of these remains, it may be well to repeat from Pausanias the description of this pediment as he saw it intact on his visit to Olympia:—

'In the front of the temple (i.e. in its eastern front) the subject of the sculptures in the pediment is the moment immediately preceding the contest between Pelops and Oinomaos, and the preparation on both sides for the race. In the centre of the pediment is the statue of Zeus, on the right of whom is Oinomaos wearing a helmet, with his wife Sterope, the Atlantid, at his side. Mytilos, the charioteer of Oinomaos, is seated in front of the horses, who are four in number; after him are two grooms, to whom names have not been assigned. In the angle of the pediment on this side reclines the Kladeos, who, next to the

Alpheios, is most honoured among river gods by the Eleians. On the left of Zeus are Pelops and Hippodameia, and the charioteer of Pelops, his horses, and his two grooms. In the angle of the pediment on this side is the river god Alpheios.'

This subject was peculiarly appropriate for the decoration of the temple of Zeus from its connexion with the early mythical associations of Olympia. The victory over Oinomaos obtained by Pelops through the treachery of the charioteer Mytilos marked the epoch when, according to local tradition, the Olympic gathering first rose to the dignity of a great festival in honour of Zeus.

It may be well here to compare the description which we have just quoted with three extant pedimental compositions with which we have been long acquainted. Archæologists long ago pointed out that, as in the eastern pediment of the Olympieion the scene of the contest was indicated by placing in the opposite angles the two rivers between which the Olympian plain lies, so in the western pediment of the Parthenon, where the scene takes place on the Athenian Akropolis, the figures in the angle must be the two rivers of Attica, Ilissos and Kephissos. Again, in the two Æginetan pediments now at Munich, in which a battle is represented, Athene stands in the middle of the composition under the apex of the pediment, as if presiding over the contest. We know from Pausanias that this central position was occupied in the Olympian composition by Zeus himself, and we may assume that the moment of preparation for the contest chosen by Pœonios was that when the two contending parties, Pelops and Oinomaos, offered a solemn preliminary sacrifice to the chief deity of Olympia. The remaining figures and groups mentioned by Pausanias were so arranged on each side of Zeus as to correspond with and balance each other. This antithetical symmetry was a rule in ancient pedimental compositions which naturally grew out of the triangular form of the pediment itself. In such compositions superior dignity was indicated by taller statues, and personages so distinguished were accordingly placed in the middle of the pediment, and subordinate figures on each side.

In the autumn of 1875, a very few weeks after the commencement of the German excavation, the remains of the figures from the eastern pediment began to crop up. Some of these were found near the east front of the temple, but a few paces from the place in the pediment which they had occupied. These may have been undisturbed since the shock of an earthquake first flung them down. Other frag-

ments were found built into Byzantine walls at some distance from the temple. The work of collecting and adjusting these fragments has occupied much time, and there is still hope that other fragments may be discovered in the course of the excavation; but unfortunately all the figures are at present more or less mutilated, and the face of one only has survived. These sculptures are now arranged in a pediment at Berlin in the following order:—The colossal male torso* must, from its scale, have stood under the apex of the pediment. It may, therefore, clearly be identified with the Zeus which Pausanias places in the centre of the composition. Two male torsos of heroic size, one of which has been helmeted, must, from their correspondence in scale, be respectively Pelops and Oinomaos. Oinomaos, on account of his regal rank, would naturally stand on the right hand of Zeus, rather than Pelops; and this is the arrangement adopted in the official report on the excavations.† The male torso,‡ originally thought to be Pelops, is now believed to be Oinomaos, and by his side is placed the draped female torso,§ whose meditative attitude and general bearing would be very appropriate for Sterope, the wife of Oinomaos. On the left of Zeus stands Pelops, represented by a helmeted torso, the features entirely defaced.|| By his side we may place the draped female statue¶ which was discovered in the first year of the excavation, and which, not being then recognised as one of the pedimental figures, was called Hestia, from its resemblance to the well-known Giustiniani statue of that goddess. These five figures constitute the great central group. The position of two reclining torsos, which represent river gods, in the angles, follows as a matter of course. Alpheios ** occupies the left angle, and Kladeos the opposite angle.†† Between the angle figures and the central group we must look for the chariots, charioteers, and attendant grooms mentioned by Pausanias. The bodies and heads of three of the horses of Pelops ‡‡ and a few fragments of those of Oinomaos have been found, but no indications of the chariots themselves, which perhaps were of metal. Between the central group of five standing figures and the river gods in the angles are six crouching or kneeling figures, the positions of which are still matters of doubt. Among these we must look for two grooms

* Ausgrab. ii., pl. v.

† Ibid. ii., p. 10, pl. iv. xxxv.

‡ Ibid. i., pl. ix.

§ Ibid. ii., pl. vi.

|| Ibid. ii., pl. iv.

¶ Ibid. i., pl. vii.

** Ibid. i., pl. xv.

†† Ibid. i., pl. xiv.

‡‡ Ibid. ii., pl. viii.; i., pl. xvi.

mentioned by Pausanias, and for Myrtilos, the treacherous charioteer of Oinomaos. The bald and bearded figure * who is looking so intently towards the central group may be either a seer or *mantis*, or, as has been conjectured, a trainer. The kneeling female figure,† not mentioned by Pausanias at all, may be a local nymph. Five of these figures are headless, and none of them have any attributes by which they can be identified, and thus the archaeologists who have had the arrangement of these sculptures at Berlin confess their uncertainty by exhibiting two sets of casts differently arranged. It will have been seen, on comparison of the extant remains of this pedimental composition with the description in Pausanias, that though the number of torsos (thirteen) corresponds with the number of figures which he mentions, these cannot all be identified with the statues noticed by Pausanias. But they correspond sufficiently with his description to vindicate its general accuracy, and to show the character of the composition. Throughout reigns that repose which, according to the principles of ancient art, would be the most fitting expression of so intense a crisis. The horses rest patiently; the five dominant figures of the central group stand detached from each other like a row of columns; as the lines of the pediment converge to the angles, the figures sit or recline in the narrowing space in easy attitudes; but if their heads had been preserved they would probably have indicated something more of the watchful interest which we may discover in the countenance of the bald-headed old man.

When we turn to the sculptures of the western pediment, we have much more difficulty in making out the scheme of the composition, because Pausanias has not described these works so fully. The subject, he tells us, was the battle between the Lapiths and Centaurs at the marriage feast of Peirithoos, on which occasion the Centaurs, giving way to the brutal lusts of their semi-equine nature, insulted the wives of their Lapith hosts. Theseus, the friend of Peirithoos, took an active part in this fray, in which the Centaurs were finally routed. This subject was a favourite one with the Athenian artists of the Periklean and later periods, giving them an opportunity of celebrating the prowess of the Attic hero Theseus, the protagonist in this battle. In the centre of the pediment, according to Pausanias, was Peirithoos. Near him was on one side his bride struggling in the grasp of the Centaur Eurytion. On the other side of Peirithoos was

* Ibid. i., pl. x.

† Ibid. ii., pl. vii.

Theseus, attacking the Centaurs with his battle-axe. Of the Centaurs one was carrying off a virgin, the other a boy. This is all that Pausanias tells us of this composition. The remains of these pedimental sculptures which have been recovered have been as yet only partially published. Since the last series of photographs appeared, some very important fragments have been added which go far to render possible the restoration of the entire composition. The figures are not, as in the eastern pediment, isolated, but cross each other in complicated groupings. We may resolve these combinations into six principal groups.

The colossal male figure,* the scale of which shows that its place was in the centre of the pediment, should, according to Pausanias, be Peirithoos. On the other hand the character of the head reminds us of Apollo. Hence the editors of the ‘Ausgrabungen’ do not hesitate to claim this torso as Apollo, supposing that Pausanias has either by inadvertence failed to notice the principal figure in the pediment or been misinformed by his cicerone—an assumption which, however, has not commanded unanimous assent among German archæologists. This central figure extends his right arm towards a group which we may readily recognise as the Centaur Eurytion seizing the bride of Peirithoos, whose name, not given by Pausanias, was Deidameia.† On the left a Lapith, who, if the central figure is Apollo, would probably be Peirithoos, hastens to her aid. Balancing this group on the right of the central figure is a group of a Centaur, a woman, and a Lapith, of which last figure only the foot remains. Next on the right is the group of a Centaur carrying off a boy, and next on the same side, the best preserved of all the groups, a Centaur, from whom a woman strives to escape, is stabbed in the breast by a Lapith. The two groups on the left corresponding to these are not as yet satisfactorily recomposed from the fragments which now remain. The two reclining female figures† must have occupied the angles of the pediment. One of them (pl. xii.) has the head perfectly preserved, and the expression of her face is evidently that of a person watching the fray without being immediately concerned in it. There can hardly be a doubt that these two figures represent local nymphs, and they would thus mark the natural features of the scene where the battle took place, just as the river gods in the other pediment indicate the site of Olympia. These two reclining figures are wholly

* Ausgrab. ii., pll. xxii. xxxii.

† Ibid. ii., pll. xxiii. xxiv.

‡ Ibid. ii., pll. xi., xii., xiii.

unnoticed by Pausanias. Next to them are two female figures lying on the ground, whose barbaric and realistic features have been accounted for on the supposition that they are slaves.

Such are the scanty remains of the compositions which Pausanias attributes to Pæonios and Alkamenes. Are they worthy of those names? Are they equal to our preconceived hopes? In order to answer these questions we will first discuss the sculptures of the eastern pediment. It might have been expected *a priori* that these would have presented some such similarity in style to the Nike of Pæonios as we generally find in works from the same hand; but this is not the case. In the Nike we find nothing at variance with the traditions of the Athenian school, though the execution is inferior to the best contemporary sculptures of that school; but the pedimental figures attributed by Pausanias to Pæonios seem the work of half-trained hands, attempting more than they had knowledge to execute. We miss in these figures that fine perception which so early led the Greek artist to discern the organic life under the surface of the body; through which he gradually learned how to show the logical relation between the muscles and tendons, which are the sources of motive power, and the bones, which give them leverage; the sensitive and elastic character of the skin, which masks and protects this inner organisation; and the laws and conditions under which drapery has to be represented. It is not to be denied that in the sculptures of the eastern pediment there is a certain rude force which here and there produces striking effects; but the artist seems only right by a happy chance, not by rule, and for the most part his anatomy is careless and full of shortcomings, the movements abrupt and awkward, and the draperies a mere confused mass of turgid bloated folds thrown together at haphazard, bearing about the same relation to the finest examples of drapery in ancient sculpture as the *ampullaæ* of bombast do to true oratory.

How far these defects were atoned for by the aid of colour, and how far the ungainliness of the separate figures was modified by their position in a pediment of which the base was more than fifty feet above the eye, and by their relations to the whole pedimental composition, we may perhaps be able to judge when the most favourable mode of exhibiting these sculptures has been ascertained by experiment. In the meantime the problem which the sculptures of Pæonios presents may be best studied by comparing these works with the remains of the composition by Alkamenes in the western pediment. The sculptures in this pediment have found far more favour with the critics than

those of the eastern pediment, not only because they are in much better condition, the heads in several cases having been preserved intact, but because the groups have a more dramatic character, and produce a more stirring and lively impression. But do they correspond to our preconceived notion of the art of Alkamenes, the sculptor who, according to Pausanias, was reputed second only to Pheidias in the highest excellences of his art? It must be confessed that the execution of these sculptures is not what we should have expected in an artist who was so greatly esteemed by his contemporaries and by the general judgment of antiquity. We find in them the same faults and shortcomings as in the sculptures of Paeonios in the eastern pediment, while, on the other hand, there are more decided marks of genius in their design. We would particularly draw attention to the group described by Pausanias as Eurytion carrying off the bride of Peirithoos. The head of the female figure is perfectly preserved, and of the body enough remains to show the action of the group. The Centaur has with his right arm seized his prey round the waist, while his right fore-leg is bent round, so that the hoof rests against her right hip. His right hand has torn the *chiton* of the bride from its fastening on the left shoulder, while his other hand invades the breast thus left bare. With either hand Deidameia vainly endeavours to unlock his brutal grasp. Her head inclined forward looks down with an expression in which shame and indignation seem blended with the hope of speedy rescue. Incidents in the Centauromachia such as this group represents were favourite themes with the Athenian sculptors of the Periklean age, as we see in several of the metopes of the Parthenon and in the Phygalian frieze. In none of these sculptures is the subject treated with such dramatic force as in the Olympian group, in which the daring invention shown in the conception makes us forget the many shortcomings in the execution.

But when we turn to the other groups in the pediment of Alkamenes we find in more than one of them an extravagance and strain which seems hardly compatible with the rhythmical balance of parts characteristic of Greek sculpture even when violent action is represented. If we suppose the figures in the western pediment to have been actually from the hand of Alkamenes, we should expect to find in their execution a much stronger affinity with the contemporary Athenian sculptures, and a greater contrast in style to the eastern pediment. This, however, is not the case. The sculptures in the two pediments not only do not present such marked difference in execution as to lead us to consider them works of different

schools, but, on the contrary, they show on comparison a strong family likeness, such as would ensue if both compositions were carved by the same local school of sculptors working from designs furnished by Pæonios and Alkamenes.

That it was the practice in antiquity to employ a number of subordinate artists on public works under the direction of a great master may be generally assumed. Pheidias, as we know from Plutarch, was the director-general of the public works executed by Perikles at Athens, having under his command whole brigades of sculptors and craftsmen skilled in every branch of art. In the case of the frieze of the Erechtheion, an extant inscription tells us the names of the sculptors employed on the several figures and groups and the sums paid to them. It is evident that at the time of Perikles the grand scale of the public works and the intelligence which directed them must have drawn to Athens the best sculptors from every part of Hellas, and hence the sustained excellence which is so remarkable in all the Athenian sculptures of the Periklean age. But it would appear that at Olympia no such school of skilled artists existed when Pæonios and Alkamenes were employed on the two pediments of the temple of Zeus. These masters had to carry out their designs as best they could with the aid of such half-trained craftsmen as they could obtain on the spot, and hence the strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance in the sculptures of these pediments. Hence too, when we examine the many lions' heads from the cornice of the temple, we find some of these sculptured with the force and delicacy which are characteristic of Greek architectural ornament in its best time, while others are so barbarous that they are hardly superior to the work of the rude provincial masons who carved the gargoylees of our Norman and Gothic churches. The immense disparity between the design and the execution which we find in the Olympian pediments cannot, in our judgment, be satisfactorily accounted for on any other assumption than that here adopted. A different view, however, has been advanced by Professor H. Brunn. In an elaborate memoir which deserves the attention of archaeologists not less for the subtlety of the argument than on account of the great reputation of its author, he maintains that the peculiarities of style in the pedimental sculptures of Olympia are due to the fact that Pæonios, who was a native of Mende in Thrace, imported to Olympia the style then prevalent in Northern Greece; that Alkamenes, who was by origin an Athenian colonist of Lemnos, was trained in the same school; and that both these sculptors afterwards entirely changed their style under the

influence of Pheidias. This theory is based on the assumption that there was in Northern Greece a school of sculpture differing essentially from the Aeginetan and Athenian schools, and presenting certain peculiar characteristics which may be recognised in the Olympian pediments. But was there such a northern school at all? We must confess that the evidence adduced by Professor Brunn to prove this appears to us to be so scanty and inconclusive that his elaborate argument may be said to rest on a *petitio principii*.

In the course of the recent excavations portions of several of the metopes of the temple of Zeus have been recovered. We know from Pausanias that these metopes were twelve in number, and that they decorated the fronts of the *pronaos* and *posticum* over the columns *in antis*. Their subjects were the labours of Herakles, the hero who is connected with the earliest traditions of Olympia. Of these twelve metopes four were discovered in the French expedition in 1829. The subjects of those now extant are as follows:—(1) Herakles subduing the lion. (2) His contest with Geryon. (3) His contest with the Kretan bull. These three are at Paris. (4) Herakles sustaining the heavens; Atlas stands by. (5) King Eurystheus and the Erymanthian boar; the figure of Herakles is wanting in this metope. (6) Athene standing; the companion figure is wanting. The subject of this metope is unknown. (7) Athene or a Nymph sitting on a rock; the companion figure is wanting. This figure is in the Louvre. These metopes vary in style. Two of these found by the French, the Herakles with the bull and the Athene seated on a rock, remind us in their modelling of the sculptures in the eastern pediment. On the other hand, the metopes of Herakles and Atlas and the single figure of Athene found by the German expedition seem the work of a mature and well-trained school. In these two metopes the architectonic severity of the drapery is skilfully contrasted with rich and flowing lines in the modelling of the nude, and as compositions they seem admirably adapted to their place in the temple. Pausanias does not inform us by whom the metopes were designed. From the traces of archaism in these sculptures, we incline to the belief that some of them may be the work of a Peloponnesian school which had been very carefully trained, but had not yet attained the perfect freedom and mastery over material which distinguish the school of Pheidias.

In this notice of the Olympian sculptures we have not attempted to describe in detail all that have been disinterred in the course of the German expedition. Such a complete list will not be possible till we have become better acquainted,

through casts and photographs, with the fruits of these discoveries, and till the many stray fragments have been examined with a view to their readjustment. It appears from the official report of the excavations, published in July last, that among the latest discoveries last season were two marble torsos of Zeus—one the work of two Athenian artists, Philathenaios and Hegias, who probably flourished in the Roman period; the other of colossal size, and said to be of great merit. Both these statues were found near the Metroon. It is disheartening to think that though the list of antiquities in bronze discovered during three seasons amounts to no less than 3,734, only insignificant fragments of the great host of bronze statues which once decorated Olympia have survived. There is hope, however, that when the ground below the ancient level of the Altis has been more fully explored, many waifs and strays of archaic and later art may come to light. Pausanias tells us that, while he was at Olympia, he saw pieces of ancient armour and other relics thrown up in the course of digging a foundation for the base of a Roman statue then about to be erected; and if there is any foundation for the story told by Suetonius, that Nero threw some of the statues of the Victors into the sewers, relics of these may yet be found when all the subterraneous passages have been cleared out. This will be one of the last labours of the German expedition.

The total number of Greek inscriptions found in the course of the excavations, up to the close of last season, was 429. As their dates range probably from the seventh century B.C. to the third century A.D., they exhibit specimens of Greek palaeography in various stages, and in many cases the date of the inscription is fixed by internal evidence. The philological interest of many of these inscriptions is very great, from the number of local peculiarities of dialect and orthography which they contain. The digamma occurs in several combinations previously unknown, and the curious substitution of ρ for σ in the final syllable, which is characteristic of the Æolic dialect, prevails as late as the second century B.C. A large proportion of the inscriptions record the names of Olympic victors, many of whom are of the Roman period. We find too here and there interesting dedications, some of which are inscribed on pedestals on which once stood the statues of historical personages. Our space will not permit us to do more than allude here to the new and promising field of enquiry which these texts present to the student. We cannot, however, pass over one inscription of peculiar interest. It relates to a long-pending dispute between the Lacedæmonians and Messenians about a

certain territory on the west slope of Mount Taygetus, called by Tacitus the *ager Dentheliates*.* The contention about this territory began in a very remote period of Spartan history, and was probably the cause of the first Messenian war. After the conquest of Messenia the territory in question remained in the hands of the Lacedæmonians till the victory of Chæronea enabled Philip of Macedon to interfere in the affairs of the Peloponnese. Setting aside the claim of the Lacedæmonians, he restored the *ager* to the Messenians, who were afterwards confirmed in possession by Antigonos Doson, and later by Mummius, the conqueror of Corinth. The Lacedæmonians, not content with the award of Mummius, persuaded the Roman senate to let them refer the long-standing dispute for arbitration to the Milesians. The proceedings in this arbitration are set forth in the inscription with which we are now dealing. After the reference to a third party had been duly authorised by a *senatusconsultum*, the Milesians convened a special assembly of the people in the theatre, and chose by lot six hundred citizens to judge the question referred to them, which was: Which of the contending parties was in possession of the land when Mummius was in office in the Peloponnese? Advocates on both sides were allowed to plead for a given space of time measured by the *klepsydra*, or water-clock, which, to prevent any unfair play, was placed in the charge of two officers appointed severally by the Lacedæmonians and Messenians. The decision of this multitudinous jury was again in favour of the Messenians, only sixteen out of the six hundred voting for their antagonists. In order to place this matter beyond question for all future time, the Messenians obtained from the Milesians a duly attested copy of the judgment, and then, by special permission of the Eleians, had it engraved on marble at Olympia. In their hope thus to perpetuate the record of this judgment they have not been disappointed; for this inscription, engraved on the immense triangular blocks which formed the pedestal for the Victory of Pæonios, has by an extraordinary chance survived almost intact from the time of its setting-up, about B.C. 140, to our own day. It might be thought that a judgment so solemnly delivered and recorded would have settled for ever the long-pending dispute; but about a century later the disturbing influence of Rome again comes into play. Augustus, in gratitude for assistance rendered at Actium, gave back the territory to the Lacedæmonians; and a few years afterwards, in the reign of Tiberius, both parties again appealed to the

* Tacit. Annal. iv. 43.

Roman senate. The result is recorded by Tacitus. The land was once more restored to the Messenians; and this decision, which took place A.D. 25, we may assume to have been final. In order to prevent any possible misunderstanding, two pillars were set up on Taygetus, with the inscription, 'Boundary of Lakonia on the side of Messenia.' About forty-six years ago the Lakonian peasants of the district where these pillars still stood, fearing that they might be cited against them as an argument for including their villages in the modern province of Messenia, to which they had strong objections, threw down and displaced these boundary stones, which must have remained in their original positions for 2,000 years.*

Those who have studied Greek inscriptions will, on reading this history of the long-contested *ager Dentheliates*, be reminded of the dispute between Samos and Priene for a similar cause. In that case, too, the rival claims to a piece of territory had lasted from a very early period, since we find one of the Seven Wise Men taking a part in it. Award after award had been made to no purpose by friendly states or Macedonian kings, glad of an opportunity of intermeddling, till the matter was finally settled by the Roman senate. In that case, too, the several awards and final adjudication were solemnly recorded by being engraved on the walls of the temple of Athene at Priene. The shattered remains of these curious documents were rescued from impending destruction by the Society of Dilettanti, some few years before the German expedition brought to light the interesting contribution to the history of the Peloponnese of which we have given a *précis*. If the narratives of ancient historians rather give us the impression that the Greek cities were constantly at war with each other on petty or needless grounds, the evidence of inscriptions, on the other hand, shows us how often wars must have been prevented by reference to friendly arbitration; and the records of such pacific triumphs at Olympia must have contributed to the civilising and humanising influence of the great festival, during which for a brief space every five years the din of arms ceased.

While this article is passing through the press, reports of fresh discoveries at Olympia, since the resumption of the excavations in October last, have reached Berlin. The remains of a building north of the Philippeion have been identified with the Prytaneion which Pausanias places in the same quarter. The

* Ross, 'Reisen u. Reiserouten,' i. pp. 1-24; Curtius, 'Peloponnesos,' ii. pp. 157, 193.

Pompic entrance on the south side of the Altis, through which the processions entered at the festival, has also been found, and near it a building, which seems to correspond in position with the Leonideion, where, in the time of Pausanias, Romans of high official rank were usually lodged. Portions of an archaic frieze, carved in the same coarse stone as we find used in the Olympian temples, have also been found, and it is thought that this frieze may belong to the Heraion.

Such are the favourable auspices which usher in the fourth season of this great enterprise, which Germany carries on with an energy and disinterested liberality without parallel in the annals of Archæology. During the three seasons, from October 1873, to the present time, the annual sum voted by the German Reichstag for this expedition has averaged 7,500*l.* Through this liberal provision the excavations, planned in the first instance on an adequate scale, have been carried on with the despatch needed to complete the original scheme within the time accorded by the Convention. By the constant presence at Olympia of a staff of active and intelligent archæologists, the record of the operations has been kept from day to day with a keen exactness of observation which ensures the due appreciation of every detail of the discoveries, however minute.

Is it too much to hope that some other nation may come forward to emulate the enlightened spirit which has undertaken this arduous and costly enterprise, not for the advantage of the German nation alone, but for the common benefit of all to whom classical archæology is matter of interest? Many sites could be named, both in Greece and Turkey, which promise a rich field for archæological research; it seems strange that in this nineteenth century, which claims to be the 'heir of all the ages,' there should be so few labourers to gather in so ripe and abundant a harvest. It may be alleged that the delays and difficulties which both the Greek and Turkish Governments raise whenever permission to excavate is applied for, are a great hindrance and discouragement to such enterprises. But there is a corner of the Levant where no such obstacles would stand in the way of an exploration undertaken by the British Government. That corner is the island of Cyprus, an island which, though as yet only cursorily examined, has proved so rich in antiquities that the Museum of New York has already been created out of its spoils.

ART. IX.—1. Debates in Parliament, Sessions 1877–8.

2. The Caucus. By J. CHAMBERLAIN, M.P. ‘Fortnightly Review,’ November 1, 1878.

THE election of 1874 restored the Conservatives to power after an exclusion of thirty years. The Liberal party had indeed been shaken at several periods from 1844, when Sir Robert Peel adopted their principles, notably in 1850, in 1857, and in 1866; but in each of these cases it was ascertained that the crisis was merely parliamentary, and an appeal to the suffrage proved that the country was still faithful to the Liberal cause. But the election of 1874 had a very different result. The Tories, who since the Reform era had provisionally held office for brief periods while the Liberals were adjusting their differences, were now placed in power as well as in office by the unquestionable decision of the country.

The event was unexpected on either side, but it is easily accounted for. Mr. Gladstone’s administration had crowded into five years a series of capital measures, any one of which might have sufficed for an average government of equal duration. The disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church, the Irish Land Act, the reform of the army, the Ballot, the Education Acts followed each other in rapid succession; other measures were forthcoming, and an apprehension arose, not altogether without reason, that every institution was to be put upon trial with the burden of proving its title. Vested interests became alarmed, but the powerful and conquering minister, who had attacked and overcome the Church, the aristocracy, the army, and the law, experienced a fatal reverse at the hands of the meanest of his foes. The licensed victuallers were too many for Mr. Gladstone; under the banner of the publican the menaced and terrified interests rallied to the attack, and the mightiest government which had existed since Mr. Pitt’s was utterly routed.

It must be owned that this great event was received by the country with resignation, if not with a certain sense of relief. The grandeur of its designs and the vigour of its execution had for some years invested the ministry with surpassing brilliancy and power; but the strain was too great to be sustained, and the reaction might safely have been predicted. The Conservatives, however, were unprepared for their good fortune, and came into power without a policy, or, as their chief would have said, ‘a cry.’ But the colourless character of the new government strengthened rather than weakened its hold of office. The country, wearied with the political excitement of the

past five years, was content to suspend legislative action for a time; and a government suddenly called to office at the beginning of a session might reasonably ask for some delay to prepare its measures. Nobody, therefore, complained when the Parliament of 1874 was opened with a meagre promise of legislation contrasting forcibly with the magnitude of the schemes which had been announced in recent speeches from the Throne. The first act of the Conservatives was to discharge a debt of gratitude to their friends the publicans, who had rendered such efficient aid in restoring them to power. A bill for the amendment of the licensing laws, not materially different from that which had led to the downfall of Mr. Gladstone's administration, was carried through Parliament after attempts on behalf of the trade to obtain better terms; but the victuallers were content to accept from friendly hands what had been rejected with indignation when tendered by opponents. No attempt was made to carry any of the other measures, small as they were, contained in the Queen's speech. But the session was not permitted to pass without mischievous and reactionary legislation. The Endowed Schools Act, which had been designed to re-establish public schools on a wider basis in accordance with the exigencies of the times and a liberal interpretation of the intent and spirit of the founders, was now to be altered both in principle and administration, so as to restore these foundations as much as possible to the dominion of the Church. Another measure brought forward in concert with the Government, and afterwards adopted by them, was avowedly intended to 'put down' Ritualistic or Romish forms in the service of the Church. Like most plans for the suppression of opinion by Parliament, the Church Discipline Act has not accomplished its avowed purpose. The authority of the tribunal which it created has been defied and baffled by technicalities. The Church has been involved in scandalous and ridiculous litigation, while Ritualism has flourished and extended under the invigorating influence of persecution. We have only to conclude this brief summary of the acts of the Conservative ministry during their first year of power by adding that they contrived to get through the surplus of six millions which they inherited from their predecessors by a process of dissipation so heedless as to leave no trace of relief or benefit upon any single interest affected.

The only measure of significance which the Government insisted on passing during the session of 1875 was the Regimental Exchanges Bill, which, like the Endowed Schools Bill, had not been mentioned in the speech from the Throne,

and, like the Endowed Schools Bill, was one of a reactionary character. The bill was directly aimed at the vital principle of Lord Cardwell's Act for the Abolition of Purchase in the Army. But the Tories had now been in power more than a twelvemonth, and, quiescent as the country was, it would not do to go on for ever with mutilation schemes, sewage bills, and the old stock which had been accumulating dust for years in the pigeon-holes of the public offices. It was time the country should be excited by an exhibition of the peculiar statecraft of which the ingenious gentleman at the head of affairs was such a distinguished professor. Accordingly we were startled by an announcement that the British Government had become a shareholder in a joint-stock company, and consequently that the Eastern question, so far as British interests were concerned, was practically solved. In other words, we had taken from the Khedive a transfer of a number of shares in the Suez Canal which his Highness, who was sorely pressed for cash, had for some time been endeavouring to pledge or sell in the money markets of Europe. Stripped of the dramatic accessories with which the Premier's friends had surrounded it, the transaction assumed the prosaic character of an investment partly political, partly financial. Lord Derby, in a letter to the French ambassador, stated, after his plain, straightforward fashion, that he would have preferred an arrangement by which the Canal should be placed under the management of an international syndicate; but in default of such a plan his Government had thought fit to protect the interest they had in the Canal by becoming part proprietors, though they had not acquired, nor desired to acquire, a predominating influence in the Company. The exaggeration of a plain matter of business into a masterly stroke of policy is a specimen of the mode in which the impulsive sentiment of the country is stimulated by the Government of which the author of 'Vivian Grey' is the presiding genius. The purchase of the Suez Canal shares has long since been forgotten; and we doubt whether any of the rational or even irrational admirers of the Earl of Beaconsfield would not now feel ashamed of the vociferation with which they had joined in extolling a questionable investment of no political importance whatever. The next measure by means of which Mr. Disraeli thought to fire the imagination of the people of England was that which conferred upon her Majesty the style and title of Empress of India. But on this occasion the performer was not greeted with the popular applause. Though eminently skilled in hitting the vulgar taste both of high and low, Mr. Disraeli has always laboured under

the disadvantage of an imperfect sympathy with the English people. The Upper Ten Thousand regarded the Imperial title with a coldness bordering on disgust. The commonalty simply did not understand what it meant. Imperialism in their mind was identified with despotic institutions, and the recent experiment of the kind in a neighbouring country began in fraud and violence, and ended in confusion and disaster. The Prime Minister, seeing how badly his magnificent idea was received, made a desperate effort to retrieve it by declaring that the assumption of the title of Empress by her Majesty would strike terror into the heart of the Czar. This portentous announcement, which might vie in absurdity with certain memorable passages in Mr. Disraeli's maiden speech, was alone wanting to cover the thing with ridicule and contempt.

But it was not in Parliament nor by Parliamentary ways that the minister sought fame and power. Of the second and third-rate legislation promised in successive speeches from the Throne, one or two useful measures were passed, but much was never even reduced to the form of a bill. In 1876 Mr. Disraeli quitted the House of Commons. Unable to cope with the legislative achievements of his great rival, the Earl of Beaconsfield looked abroad for the means of distinguishing his administration. At length the opportunity came; and in 1876 the Minister discerned in foreign politics an opening for his ambitious views. The recent settlement by arbitration of a dispute between this country and the United States had wounded the national pride. The award had been against England, who was ordered to pay damages. The reference of the claims arising out of the piratical depredations of the 'Alabama' to an international tribunal has proved in the event to have been a measure as wise as it was just. It has gained for this country the respect of all thinking people throughout the civilised world, and has promoted a feeling of sympathy and affection between England and her mighty offspring. But this novel mode of settling a dispute between two powerful States was at the time ill understood in this country; and the guardians of the national honour were regarded much in the same light as a gentleman of the last generation would have been regarded if he had made reparation to the adversary whom he had injured, instead of attempting his life. The sagacity of Lord Beaconsfield perceived that this feeling might be worked upon for the glorification of his government. It was insinuated that England was no longer of any account among the powers of Europe, and that, to retrieve her position, a 'spirited foreign policy' must be adopted. The

aspect of affairs on the Continent favoured this project. Russia had, for the last year or two, been actively engaged in fomenting disturbances through the European dominions and dependencies of the Porte. The inhuman conduct of the Turkish auxiliaries in Bulgaria powerfully supported the Russian policy; and civilised Europe, with this country at its head, called loudly for the coercion or suppression of a barbarous rule. Russia, taking advantage of the excitement, came forward as the champion of the Christian subjects of the Turk; and at this juncture the German Powers formulated proposals which, if adopted, would have deprived the Court of St. Petersburg of the pretexts under which its projects of aggression were thinly veiled. But the British Cabinet rejected these proposals, and took upon themselves the discipline and management of the Mohammedan power. The signal failure of the Conference at Constantinople, which was previously assured by the determination of the British Government to place no coercion on Turkey, left the course open to Russian violence, and a war which threatened the existence of the Ottoman Empire immediately followed. Although the Conference, which reflected so little credit on the diplomatic skill of English statesmen, is now well nigh forgotten, the events which followed the war are within recent memory. After the country had been kept for months in anxious apprehension of being involved in a great war, the Congress of Berlin was assembled, as we were confidently informed, to settle the peace of Europe. The Congress resulted in settling a peace, because both combatants were exhausted, and one was prostrate. This was the peace which the great phrasemonger described as 'Peace with honour,' and the nation, captivated by his audacity, was for the moment subject to a paroxysm of credulity. The occupation of Cyprus and the protectorate of Asia Minor were hailed with acclamation as a magnificent policy. But our countrymen, though imaginative and impulsive, have a bottom of good sense. The reaction set in almost as rapidly as the excitement, and people began to ask what was the meaning of all this pother? It was soon discovered that Cyprus, which had been vaunted as a second Malta, was a delusion. It had been rejected, after a careful survey, by the Emperor Napoleon in 1859, when he was desirous of strengthening his position in the Mediterranean.* It had been recently offered

* See a minute and exhaustive report with maps and illustrations, entitled 'Mémoire présenté à la Société géologique de France le 14 novembre 1859,' par M. Albert Gaudry, Docteur ès-Sciences. Paris : Au local de la Société, rue de Fleurus.

to a firm in the City on easy terms, but had been refused as commercially useless. The companies which had been projected for the purpose of developing the resources of the new territory collapsed in the hour of their birth. The adventurers who rushed to the island to make their fortunes soon came back. The petty traders and caterers could find no market for their wares. The principal products of this desolate and ill-favoured spot of earth have been as yet only fever and disease. Cyprus has neither harbours nor strategical points, and is absolutely worthless to a country which already possesses Gibraltar, Malta, and the keys of Egypt.

We do not know whether any rational being is to be found in the British Islands who still believes in the protectorate of Asia Minor. In our view, the idea is so wild and vague that it offers no point to which serious argument can be addressed. A protectorate, such as that which is exercised by the British Crown over the semi-independent States of India, is intelligible, and adequate means are taken to render it efficient. The military establishments of the protected States are under regulations prescribed by the Queen's viceroy. The native rulers are not permitted to oppress their subjects, and, though not expected to govern in conformity with European ideas, they are forbidden to violate the cardinal rules of European civilisation and humanity. Yet, notwithstanding these conditions are performed under the observation of a British officer resident at every petty court, and are sometimes enforced (as in the recent case of the Guicowar of Baroda) under the extreme penalty of deposition, they afford but an imperfect security against the abuse of despotic power. If then the Imperial Government of India, with its paramount authority and direct interference, can but partially control the domestic administration of its semi-dependencies, how can the Cabinet of London, with no other means at their disposal than a diplomatic agency at Constantinople—for coercion, even if it could be exercised, is disclaimed—persuade or compel an Asiatic Power already paralysed at its extremities to apply to its distant dominions novel and strange maxims of government which an Eastern potentate in the prime of his vigour could hardly venture to enforce? We are, therefore, under no apprehension about the tremendous responsibility which the Anglo-Turkish Convention seems to impose on this country. It is nullified by its conditions. Those conditions are impracticable, and the Convention is a mere paper protectorate. We are farther than we were last year from any control in Asia Minor. Russia has got Kars and Batoum; we have got

Cyprus and a piece of parchment. But the Convention has not been altogether useless. It has answered the purpose for which it was designed. Its immediate results were the red carpet and the reception at Charing Cross. And this is about the sum of the matter. The people have ceased to believe that the Earl of Beaconsfield had made England the mistress of the world. The ministers prudently think the less said about Cyprus the better, and about the Anglo-Turkish Convention we hear nothing at all.

But the excitement must be kept up. Her Majesty's Government having no domestic policy, it is the law of their existence that they should stir up foreign commotions. Europe affording no field for any more Conferences or Congresses, a quarrel was picked with a barbarous chief on the north-west frontier of India. We need scarcely remind the readers of this Journal that their attention was long ago directed by us to the critical state of Afghanistan, at a time when all danger of war in that quarter seemed improbable and remote. Twelve years ago we described the contest which had already begun between Shere Ali and his brothers, and we vindicated, as we conceive, the policy of Sir John Lawrence, which was then first described by us as consisting at that time in a 'masterly inactivity' between these contending factions. In April, 1870, and in July, 1873, the subject was resumed, and the narrative of events up to that date completed. These articles were written, as is now well known, by members of the Indian Administration entirely conversant with the relations of the Empire to the States of Central Asia. In July, 1875, we returned to the subject, and the whole question of an advance beyond the existing frontier of India, which had recently been raised by the publication of Sir Henry Rawlinson's Minute of 1868, was discussed with masterly ability by the accomplished officer who had just returned from the command of the Indian army. Lord Sandhurst, it is well known, was content with the existing frontier of India, though he thought it should be strengthened by some internal works of defence; he condemned any advance beyond the passes as dangerous and costly; and he was opposed to the occupation of advanced posts such as Quettah, and still more Candahar, because he foresaw that the troops placed there must be too far removed from their base, and could with difficulty be relieved or supported in case of attack. These principles are sound, and we fear that any departure from them will lead to great difficulties hereafter. We have to deplore the loss of all these eminent writers, who treated the subject in these pages from a civil and a military point of view,

but who did not live to see their predictions and apprehensions realised. ... But in our opinion their authority is still supreme, and nothing has occurred to shake our confidence in their judgment. ... Unhappily much has occurred to change the course of events since those papers were written, and to give an entirely different direction to the policy of the Anglo-Indian Government, of which we now see the results.

On January 22, 1875, about eleven months after the formation of the present administration, Lord Salisbury addressed a despatch to the then Viceroy of India, Lord Northbrook, which was the turning-point of his whole policy. To this despatch all the subsequent events, including the declaration of war, may be traced. It instructed the Viceroy to take measures, with as much expedition as the circumstances of the case permitted, for procuring the assent of the Ameer to the establishment of a British agency at Herat; when this was accomplished it might be desirable to take a similar step with regard to Candahar. It was not until June 7, 1875, that Lord Northbrook and his Council replied to this despatch, because in the meantime they had consulted the principal authorities on the subject; and these authorities, as well as the members of Council, were all of opinion that the proposed measure was inopportune. Undeterred by this remonstrance, which was backed by all the highest authority in India, Lord Salisbury, on November 19, 1875, repeated his injunction in a more peremptory tone. He instructed Lord Northbrook, without any delay which could be avoided, 'to find some occasion for sending a mission to Cabul;' although he was well aware that this was precisely the step to which the Ameer most objected. Again Lord Northbrook and the Indian Council remonstrated, and in their despatch of January 28, 1876, they entreated that the matter should be reconsidered, and they pointed out that this was a grave departure from the policy hitherto adopted towards Afghanistan by Lord Canning, Lord Lawrence, Lord Mayo, and Lord Northbrook himself. This was the last occasion on which Lord Northbrook had to address the Secretary of State on this subject, for he shortly afterwards left India; and the instructions of Lord Salisbury to his successor bear date February 28, 1876. It will be remarked that these despatches are all anterior to the Russo-Turkish war.

The instructions to Lord Lytton left no doubt as to the intentions of the Government, and the new Viceroy was sent out to execute precisely the measure which his predecessor and his predecessor's advisers had deprecated and condemned. Yet, strangely enough, it was positively stated in the House of Lords in July, 1876, that the Government contemplated no

change in the policy to be pursued towards the Ameer of Cabul. Another year passed before Lord Lytton could deal fully with the question. In the meantime, in January, 1877, conferences had been opened at Peshawur between the Ameer's ministers and Sir Lewis Pelly, which lasted many weeks. But here again the Government committed the egregious mistake of requiring as a preliminary, *sine qua non*, that condition of the admission of British agents to Herat and Candahar, which, if it was to be obtained at all, would have been the natural consequence of renewed confidence and intimacy. Had the Ameer been led to desire a renewal and extension of the treaty in the first instance, the reception of British agents would naturally have followed the conclusion of it. As it was, the negotiation failed, the Ameer's Envoy died, the discussion was broken off, the attempt to send a mission to Cabul on false or frivolous pretences led to no result, and a Russian mission, on the contrary, was received at Cabul in August, 1878, with distinction. This event seems to have driven Lord Lytton to make a more peremptory demand, and the next step was a declaration of war. So that, to sum up the whole question, whereas all parties are agreed that the independence of Afghanistan and the friendship of its ruler are objects highly important to the peace and security of India and much to be desired by us, instead of independence we have an invasion, instead of respect for the territories of the Ameer we talk of a 'rectified frontier,' and instead of the friendship of the Ameer we have made him a mortal enemy of England, and driven him into the arms of Russia. It would be impossible more effectually to defeat the objects we professed to aim at.

We will say nothing about the justice of the war in which we have been thus involved—every war is just in the opinion of the belligerent. But we do say that a more unnecessary war has never been undertaken by this country. Every consideration of prudence should have dictated to us the policy of strengthening instead of ruining the power of Afghanistan. We cannot occupy the country, unless we are prepared to hold it in force; and this would put such a strain on our military resources, and so dissipate our strength, that, when the time for action came, we should be less secure than we were before these hostilities began. These are the views which up to a recent period were entertained by every civil and military authority in India, and which are still entertained by the better opinion. The Prime Minister has himself admitted that the danger of a Russian invasion is so remote as to be far beyond present calculation. It is easy to say that the Ameer was im-

practicable and inaccessible. If there had been the will, there would have been the way to approach him. Russia can hold out no inducements to him which we could not offer; but if we are determined to treat him with harshness and hostility, he must force turn to his powerful neighbour on the other side, who is only too eager to court his friendship and alliance.

The purchase of the Suez Canal shares, the hire of Cyprus, the transport of seven thousand native troops from India to Malta, the protectorate of Asia Minor, and the Afghan war, are the achievements upon which the reputation of the Government is mainly based. The incursion into the savage wastes of Afghanistan may still dazzle, but the other gewgaws have long since lost their glitter. Still there remains an impression that the policy of Lord Beaconsfield upon the whole has tended to revive British influence and respect for British power. This impression is indeed rapidly diminishing, and will, we believe, soon disappear, like the illusions from which it was formed. The people of England are of a trusting, but not a credulous character. They have often been deceived, but sooner or later they come to a right judgment upon most things. They are already beginning to ask what value the country has, or is to have, for the money she has spent when she could ill afford it. Now the truth is, the times were eminently favourable for the performances which have been lately exhibited under the taking title of 'a spirited foreign policy.' A season of repose and relaxation was wanted after the excitement of the last five years. The first year of Mr. Disraeli's administration was one of absolute rest. Then ensued a period of mild excitement in which the national vanity was judiciously flattered. An imperial diadem was added to the British crown, and England became the principal proprietor of the new highway to her vast possessions in the East. The success of these measures seemed sufficiently encouraging to induce a further progress in the same direction. The state of Europe in the years 1876-7 opened a field for operations on a grander scale; and lo! England was to appear once more as the arbitress of nations. The great European statesman, who had created one empire, and destroyed another, looked on, not without amusement, at this demonstration. Bismarck had in fact pencilled out the alterations which he intended to make in the map of Europe before the rupture between Russia and the Porte, when he had probably not anticipated the rivalry of the Earl of Beaconsfield. The great German Chancellor, however, is a good-natured man, and not without a sense of humour. The Earl and his follower, the Marquis, were accordingly

suffered to believe that they had taken a leading part in the settlement of Europe which the Prince had planned beforehand, and from which settlement, though profuse in civility and compliments, he permitted no material departure. Having circumscribed Russia and relieved Austria, it was no business of his that the Eastern question, so far as the interests of England were concerned, was left unsettled, and that Turkey remained more than ever a burden on her hands.

We are at a loss, therefore, to appreciate the benefit which this country has derived from the course lately pursued by the Government. We have insisted on bolstering up a Power which has long been hopelessly effete, and which in its vicious decrepitude is a scandal among civilised states. We have refused the opportunity of aiding the revival of an historic race which might ultimately have filled the gap created by the extinction of Islam. We have menaced and insulted a rival who was not in a condition to fight us; and we have made war upon a petty chief who cannot resist us. We fail to see in all this an intelligible policy, the dignity of a great nation, or old English valour. But Parliament has repeatedly recorded its approval of this policy by large majorities, and upon the recent appeal has confirmed its former decisions. This state of things leads up to a very serious question. Is Parliament a faithful representative of the country upon the grave matters which have been referred to its judgment? We doubt if any man whose opinions are not under the influence of a strong party bias would venture to say that the House of Commons at this moment correctly represents public opinion. The feeling of the country, so far as it is to be ascertained through the legitimate channel of the constituencies, is in an inverse ratio to the majorities which supported the Government in the last month of the past year. We do not place too much reliance on the evidence which is furnished by accidental elections; but the recent returns from Maldon and Bristol are not without significance. The market town in Essex replaced a Conservative by a Liberal; and the great commercial city of the West, in which opinion had for many years been almost evenly balanced, pronounced for the Liberal candidate by a great majority. It would be a great evil if the existence of a Parliament were to depend upon the shifting phases of public opinion; but when in the course of years the Government have adopted a policy involving new responsibilities, and imposing increased charges on the people, it is an abuse of the septennial law to stand strictly by its letter. If the minister has confidence in his policy, the time is come when he should

ask the country to confirm it; at present, so far as we can learn, its popularity rests on the cosmopolitan opinion of the metropolis. Lord Beaconsfield should have the less hesitation to take this course, inasmuch as the constituency to which he would appeal is mainly of his own creation. In the depth of the suffrage he discovered the wisdom and virtue which were but thinly scattered on the surface. Let Lord Beaconsfield then appeal to the British householder, whose decision is final. The question is plain enough. The ordinary Englishman, though he does not understand foreign politics, can form an opinion in his own illogical way. If old England has won the day, he will not be too curious to enquire into the justice of the cause. But something must be shown for the money that has been spent and remains to be paid. The times, indeed, are hard. Trade is dull, and employment scarce. But then we have got 'peace with honour' and war with Afghanistan. This, for aught we know, may be satisfactory, and may obtain for the Conservative ministry a new lease of power.

But even if the result of a general election should be adverse to the Government, we are sensible of the difficulties with which a Liberal administration would have to contend. Five years of opposition have demoralised the party; new opinions have been formed, new sects have arisen; there are too many men aspiring to be leaders, and not so many willing to be followers. These things, however, have existed in a greater or less degree on former occasions, and have righted themselves; but the most formidable danger, in our view, arises from the want of sympathy between the mass of the party and its professed leaders. Many earnest men, whose character and position entitle them to respect, are intent on objects in which the people generally take no interest; and it is, we fear, a fact that there is no political question which in a particular manner engages the attention of the public. The subject which seems to excite the most vivid interest is the demand for a sumptuary law to restrain the use of spirituous liquors—a measure which no public man who aspired to office could for a moment entertain. There are other matters of no less questionable character, but of which candidates hear a great deal more than of the questions to which prominent leaders of the Liberal party attach the highest importance. Public life would not be worth having if candidates were required to dally with such things as prohibitory liquor laws, women's rights, or Home Rule. But while the constituencies are amused with such vagaries, it would be vain to fix their attention on grave matters like the extension of the suffrage and religious equality. In

former times, when Parliament was recognised as the only authentic organ of the national will, legislation was more free than it can be in days when public opinion is diffused through various channels, and the deliberations of Parliament are no longer regarded with implicit deference. When Parliament was, in fact as well as in name, the supreme council of the realm, great questions of policy were determined without much regard to opinion out of doors. Some of the noblest acts of the British Parliament were begun and completed without the aid, and some in spite, of the people. The Toleration Act and the Catholic Relief Act were of this description. We doubt if Free Trade would have been ratified on an appeal to the unbiassed decision even of the reformed constituency. If we go further back into English history, and follow the fortunes of still more vital questions, we find the same results. It is to the clearness of purpose and the unfaltering will of the Long Parliament that we are indebted for the conquest of our liberties, and the establishment of the constitution upon its modern basis. The settlement of 1688 was exclusively the work of statesmen; and it was by Sir Robert Walpole and the Whigs that the Protestant succession was maintained in spite of Tory intrigues and popular clamour.

The unpopularity of the Whigs is mainly owing to the reserve which they have habitually maintained in their intercourse with the people, and to their steady preference of principle to expediency. It has been a fashion with shallow Liberals ever since the Reform Act to sneer at the Whigs as an obsolete party. The Whigs, indeed, have never accepted the modern doctrine that legislation is to be dictated by public opinion; and in pursuing their even and consistent course for forty memorable years, they have often had occasion to check the folly and extravagance of popular demands. It is not the Whigs who are effete, but that extreme school of politicians who still call for radical changes in the institutions of the country. The abuses which had accumulated during former Governments have been removed; great reforms have been effected; and consequently there is no longer the same eager desire for change which a former generation has witnessed. Moderate counsels have for some time past been more in request than radical change. Had the present administration been content to pursue an unostentatious policy, and refrained from reviving some of the most offensive traditions of Toryism, they might have prolonged their tenure of office for an indefinite period. We would therefore warn our Liberal friends that the unpopularity of the Government, so far as it extends at present, is not of a re-

actionary character. It is not for the disestablishment of the Church, nor for the enfranchisement of ploughmen, that the country yearns; but there is a wide-spread distaste, ripening into disgust, at a flashy foreign policy under pretence of protecting British interests and upholding the British name. Sensible people, including many Conservatives, are offended by the attempts to exalt prerogative by the airs of personal authority which the Prime Minister assumes, by the unnecessary reticence of the ministry, and, we regret to add, by their disingenuousness and duplicity in their dealings with Parliament; men of business complain of prodigal expenditure at a time of great commercial distress; the people generally begin to feel the pressure of taxation upon bad times; and the Government is charged, not quite unjustly, with aggravating misfortunes which they might not have been able to prevent. It is possible that at no distant day these various causes of discontent may lead to a change of ministry. Under ordinary circumstances we should not have been desirous to precipitate that event; but it is of such paramount importance to purge the counsels of the Crown from charlatanry and humbug, that the convenience of the Liberal party must not for a moment be considered. They should be ready, if not willing, to take office at the earliest opportunity. They need not be troubled, in the first instance at least, in laying down the lines of a new policy. They will have enough to do for some time in repairing the damage which has been done by their predecessors. They will, in the first place, have to put the finances in order—a work of time and difficulty. They will have to retrace the steps of a spurious foreign policy, to disclaim sham responsibilities; to strengthen and reconstruct the shattered outposts of our Indian Empire; and to get rid at once, and we hope for all, of the histrionic exhibitions which have made our diplomacy ridiculous, and impaired the confidence of Europe in the ancient faith and honour of England.

The present Parliament must soon expire by efflux of time; and the event may, and probably will, be anticipated by an earlier dissolution. Are the Liberal party prepared for this event? We may assume that the registration has been properly attended to, and that the reports of the agents are, on the whole, favourable. But the difficulty of testing the constituencies has been greatly increased by the extension of the suffrage and the operation of the ballot. When a limited number of electors was comprised in an electoral area, something was known by somebody of almost every man on the register. But now the great urban constituencies are annually crowded

with a mass of electors of whom little or nothing is known, many of them belonging to migratory bodies, and seldom found on the same register in two successive years. It would be extremely difficult, under any circumstances, to organise or classify this heterogeneous and floating mass of electoral power ; but with the old machinery, which worked fairly well under the restricted franchise and the open vote, it is almost impracticable. It is for the interest of both the great parties that they should devise some more convenient mode of assorting their respective forces. But the remedy may be worse than the disease ; and a plan has been proposed, and partially brought into operation, which, in our judgment, is worse than leaving the newly enfranchised electors in their present state of anarchy.

The plan to which we refer has been termed the Caucus ; and though Mr. Chamberlain, the able author and founder of the system, objects to the designation as inaccurate, we shall take leave to adopt it, not in an offensive spirit, but simply, as Mr. Chamberlain himself does, for the purpose of discussion. The Caucus, then, as we understand it, is a contrivance for ascertaining the public opinion of a constituency. The objects of the institution are twofold : 1. To ascertain the sense of the party ; 2. To provide a fit and proper representative, and thus to guard against the defeat of the party by the competition of several candidates on the same side. If these objects could be fully attained by the means proposed, it is very doubtful whether the price paid for them would not far exceed their value. The interposition of a third party could not fail to weaken the connexion between the elector and the representative. They would practically be unknown to each other, and would never really come in contact. It is the Caucus, and not the mass of nominal electors whom they controlled, that the member would regard as his real constituents. It is their pleasure which he would consult, and their favour which he would conciliate. He would in fact become their delegate. An appeal from the Caucus to the constituency must be destructive either to the appellant or to the authority whose decision was to be questioned. On the other hand, a contest between the nominee and an independent candidate cannot fail to shake the authority of the Caucus, and, if the rebellion is successful, must end in its destruction. It will perhaps be admitted—at least by those Liberals who still advocate a free and unrestricted suffrage—that it is better for the electors to vote for their representative directly than through the medium of an electoral college, and that the interference of middlemen can only be justified

by the paramount object of securing the unity of the party. But how can the Caucus prevent the intrusion of a candidate who refuses to acknowledge its authority, or who insists upon taking the sense of the constituency on some sectional opinion to which he and many others attach the highest importance? We are told, or it is assumed, that the constituency at large will be bound by the decision of the committee of electors whom they have selected in the ward meetings. But how is the electoral college itself constituted? Certainly not in accordance with the principle on which they rest their title to name the parliamentary representative. The elector is proposed and elected in his ward, just as the candidate for Parliament is now proposed by some leading members of the party. In the ward elections there will be divisions, as there are now divisions in the parliamentary elections. There is an essential difference, however, between the two elections. In the election of a member of Parliament, the minority are bound in law by the majority. In the election of a delegate to choose a member of Parliament, the dissentient elector is under no such obligation; and we have already had proof that this difference is one of a practical character.

But is the evil one of such magnitude as to call for this radical change in the relations between candidates and electors? Loud complaints have been made of the injury inflicted on the Liberal cause by the indiscriminate crowding of candidates into the field; and the undue advantage obtained by the Tories in consequence of their strict discipline and the singleness of their counsels has been frequently pointed out. This advantage, however, is mainly owing, not to party discipline, but to fixed and permanent causes. The Tories have one faith; the Liberals have many creeds. The Tories are in politics what the Romanists are in religion. They may not have implicit belief, but they yield absolute obedience to their head, whoever and whatever he may be. The Liberals are Protestant, sceptical, critical, and insubordinate. The characteristics of the two parties are essentially distinct, and the rule which governs the one cannot be applied to the other. Herein consists the main difficulty, which no mechanical contrivance can overcome. It may, however, be consolatory to learn that the evils arising from this spirit of free enquiry are much exaggerated in public estimation. At general elections there are few cases of competition on the same side. A scarcity rather than a redundancy of candidates is on such occasions complained of. It is chiefly at occasional elections that such competition occurs. In the majority of such cases, the competition has

rarely the effect of letting in the candidate of the minority; and it would be difficult to show that a dozen seats had been lost to the party in any one parliament by freedom of candidature.

It is vain to disguise that the Caucus is substantially a revival of the nomination system which was abolished in a tumult of national enthusiasm forty-seven years ago. The principle of that system was the nomination of members to Parliament by a single patron, a corporate body, or a particular class of electors. It is immaterial whether the choice and control of the representative are vested in a few dozen or a few hundred persons, so long as the citizens are individually excluded from any voice in the matter. Indeed, we consider the old electoral oligarchy, which was indirectly responsible to public opinion, preferable to a body of delegates—if they can be called delegates—too numerous for efficient service, and therefore compelled, in their turn, to delegate their functions to an executive committee, who ultimately become the real dictators of the constituency. We doubt if any body of electors who cared for the franchise would long submit to such dictation. Every man acquainted with the ways of large constituencies is aware of the jealousy with which they regard the suffrage and of the caution with which they must be approached. Neither local influence, nor public service, nor party recommendation is of itself accepted as a sufficient claim to approval. The candidate must appear at public meetings and make a full statement of his political opinions; he must submit to an examination, often closely pursued, and he will find it prudent to humour prejudices to which he cannot yield assent. Are all these preliminary conditions to be dispensed with, and is the public introduction of the candidate adopted by the Caucus to be merely for the purpose of obtaining a formal ratification of their choice? Will half a dozen local gentlemen—for that is what the Caucus practically comes to—be permitted to do that which a great proprietor or public benefactor would not venture to attempt? Some years ago, the principal owner of Dudley, and the greatest employer of labour in that populous borough, put forward a gentleman of high position and attainments as its representative; but the electors, indignant at what they considered an invasion of their independence, rejected Lord Dudley's candidate, and elected another gentleman of the same political creed, but unknown in public life, and an utter stranger to his constituents. We may refer also to the town of Huddersfield, the greater part of which belongs to Sir John Ramsden, a good landlord, and a Liberal in politics; but Sir

John Ramsden has never interfered in the choice of a representative for Huddersfield, and it would probably fare ill with any candidate whom he openly favoured. There are, it is true, remaining a few small agricultural boroughs in which the influence of the neighbouring landowners is still predominant; but these are places to which the Caucus would not be applicable. Under the personal superintendence of Mr. Chamberlain and his friends, the system may work successfully in Birmingham. But we have no knowledge of any place where the Caucus has been tried with success, though we have heard of its failure in some recent instances. The attempt to introduce it at Peterborough put the election of a Liberal candidate in jeopardy. In the borough of Marylebone, the action of the Four Hundred seems likely to lose one seat, and to imperil the other. In Southwark, the application of the Caucus, far from curing the unsatisfactory state of the representation, will probably aggravate it. The unhandsome manner in which Mr. Locke, who has represented the borough for twenty years, was thrust aside to make way for an advertising shoemaker has not prepossessed the respectable part of the constituency in favour of the new organisation. And, lastly, there has been the dispute between the Bradford Caucus and Mr. Forster, which has called public attention, in a very marked manner, to the constitution and character of this new force in politics. Mr. Forster, who had represented Bradford in four parliaments, who had been a Cabinet minister, and is one of the foremost statesmen of the Liberal party, was required, nevertheless, to submit his claims to the approval of the Three Hundred. Mr. Forster declined this invitation on the plain ground that, being already well known to the constituency, he did not require any further introduction or recommendation to them.

We do not cite these cases as samples of the discretion and good taste displayed by the Caucus. Discretion and good taste are qualities which cannot be secured by any organisation. We cite them as proofs that so far as the Caucus has hitherto been in operation, it has failed to secure either unity of counsel or submission to its decrees. The last election for Southwark, when a Tory slipped in between two contending Liberals, has been adduced as an example of the evil which the Caucus is intended to remedy. But the contest for Southwark in 1874 was one of that class of contests which are beyond the control of any organisation. One of the candidates, though styled a Liberal, owned no allegiance to party, and his extreme views would probably have brought him into closer contact with the Tory than with the Liberal side of the House, had he been returned

to Parliament. Mr. Odger would probably not have been adopted as the candidate of the four hundred electors, and he would certainly have paid no regard to the decision of the Four Hundred. It so happened that Mr. Odger, having been a conspicuous representative of certain popular doctrines, obtained a number of votes which under ordinary conditions would have secured the return of his orthodox Liberal competitor. This is the whole explanation of the Southwark election of 1874.

There is nothing in the constitution of the Caucus peculiarly adapted to secure unity of purpose; on the contrary it seems to us calculated to engender differences of opinion. Two or three hundred men cannot assemble to discuss and determine any question of importance without disclosing differences. If they are not under the control of powerful leaders, their counsels will be distracted. If they do act under such influence, the leaders will infallibly draw all the power into their own hands, and thus the condition of a great constituency will be much the same as that of an old-fashioned Cornish borough. On the other hand, if the electoral college is not unanimous, its recommendations will have little weight with the body of electors. And even if the select body are unanimous, jealousy of their dictation is sure to spring up sooner or later in the general body; dissatisfaction at the choice of candidates will be freely expressed; foreign candidates will be found to give effect to this feeling; and thus it will be found, if the system should ever be organised, that the authority of the Caucus will constantly be challenged. But even if it were otherwise—if this scheme were so perfect in its design, that, once established, its operation would be infallible—we should still think that the gain or the saving of a score or so of votes in the House of Commons was too dearly purchased by the virtual disfranchisement of the constituencies. It is easy to give a plausible colour to this plan by describing it as a plan for organising a huge, incongruous mass of voting power; but if carried to the extent which is necessary to render it effective, the Caucus must annihilate all independent exercise of the franchise. It suppresses the individuality of the voter, and instead of training him towards the intelligent performance of the duty which has, somewhat prematurely, been imposed upon him, it offers to release him from all responsibility. Mr. Chamberlain, in expressing his unbounded contempt for individualism in the exercise of the franchise, observes truly ‘that it is very often a mere cloak for selfishness: it is the name with which pedants dignify the pragmatic intolerance that will not yield one jot of personal claim or unsatisfied vanity to secure the triumph of the noblest

'cause and the highest principles.'* The individualism for which we contend is not the individualism of self-conceit, which thinks there is no wisdom beyond its own nostrum, but that healthy freedom of opinion which Englishmen love, and which we believe to be essential to public life in this country. The gain of a dozen seats—nay, the securing a majority in Parliament—would be too dearly purchased by reducing the people of England to political insignificance and by throwing power into the hands of an oligarchy of wire-pullers.

Mr. Chamberlain quotes a passage from a New York journal pointing out the obvious tendency of a caucus comprising three or four hundred persons to degenerate into a committee or 'a ring.' The American writer may be presumed to have written from practical knowledge of a similar system which has long rendered public life in the United States distasteful to men of character and intelligence. But the only answer which Mr. Chamberlain thinks it necessary to give to these pertinent remarks is, that the Caucus has been at work at Birmingham for ten years, and that no such thing has happened at Birmingham. Now, even allowing that the experience of ten years is a sufficient test of a great political experiment, we must take leave to doubt that the success of the Caucus at Birmingham, where it has been carefully tended under the paternal superintendence of Mr. Chamberlain himself, is a conclusive proof that it would be equally successful in other places under less favourable conditions. We might, indeed, go farther, and question whether the Caucus has ever been really in operation in Birmingham. Mr. Bright has been member for Birmingham for twice ten years, and it would be ridiculous to say that Mr. Bright was the nominee of a caucus. Mr. Muntz, whose father sat for the great borough since its first enfranchisement, succeeded to the representation in 1868. Mr. Chamberlain himself, by his ability and energy, as well as by his local position, was long designated for a seat whenever a vacancy should occur. The seven hundred electors of Birmingham have, in fact, hitherto enjoyed a sinecure: but if they should unfortunately be called upon to exercise their discretion, we should like to know what chance any candidate would have who was not favoured by Mr. Chamberlain. No popular assembly can work to a practical end except under the guidance and control of leaders; and a Caucus which should attempt to exercise an independent judgment would soon find itself subdued or reduced to anarchy.

Thus the whole thing ends in the domination of one or two persons, and, by a necessary process, we arrive at the concentrated essence of that individualism which is so abhorrent when exercised by the independent elector.

One object of a Caucus is to collect the strength of the Liberal party in support of its general policy by withdrawing its scattered sections from the pursuit of particular objects. But what power has the Caucus to attach the followers of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the opponents of the Contagious Diseases Acts, the friends of small-pox, the advocates of women's rights, the Home Rulers, and other political persuasions? Unless these sectaries, who cling to their tenets with the tenacity of religionists, can be induced to postpone their particular objects to the general interests of the party, we do not see what object is gained by turning a great constituency into a close borough. Nothing short of the most cogent reasons of political convenience could justify the Liberal party in adhering to a movement which is in its nature of a retrograde character. The policy of this generation has been the extension of the suffrage with the avowed object of admitting the people to a larger share of political *power*, and with this view we have protected the exercise of the franchise from influence of every kind by an expedient which could be justified only by the paramount necessity of securing a free vote. But the theory of the extension of the franchise and the protection of the ballot is set at nought by an institution which requires the elector to surrender that power, for the free and direct exercise of which the law has provided so carefully, to a body of factors, or to a single factor, by whose discretion he is to be absolutely bound.

Again we ask what practical necessity has been made out for a radical change in the relations between the constituencies and their representatives? For more than forty years, with brief and insignificant intervals, the Liberal party has maintained its coherence, and the country has been governed upon Liberal principles. The recent change is one which no organisation could have prevented. It is owing to causes which are always at work in a country where free institutions and freedom of opinion flourish. It would be impossible by any machinery to collect and methodise the different sects and varieties of opinion which are comprised in the generic name of the Liberal party. When there is a strong impulse in any particular direction, no machinery is required to give it effect. When the party is animated by no such common purpose, any attempt to coerce independent opinion would only provoke resentment and strengthen schism. We are convinced, indeed,

that nothing more dangerous to the unity of the Liberal party could happen than the indiscriminate application of the Caucus. Huge incoherent multitudes of voters, such as the constituencies of Birmingham, Manchester, and Glasgow, may perhaps be efficiently worked through the means of a representative committee. But an attempt to force the vote by caucus in every city and borough would certainly cause disunion in the Liberal ranks, and alienate from the party many of its most valuable members.

Political associations of a permanent character have never taken root in this country. Occasional combinations, such as the Anti-Slavery Society, the Irish Catholic Association, and the Anti-Corn Law League, were eminently successful ; but when the objects for which they were constituted had been attained they ceased to exist. An attempt by the Manchester League to maintain its organisation, after the Corn Law was abolished, for the purpose of influencing the Lancashire constituencies, was so warmly resented that several prominent members of the connexion lost their seats ; after the lapse of a quarter of a century the offence has not been forgotten, and it is to the ill-advised action of the League that the prolonged revolt of Lancashire against the Liberal cause is to be mainly attributed. The famous Political Union of Birmingham, which originated in the excitement of the first Reform Bill, for some time showed signs of vitality, and affiliated societies sprang up all over the country. But the Reform Bill was passed, the excitement subsided, and the political unions were dissolved. Since that time there had been no attempt to form a combination of a similar character until the Electoral Caucus was projected. It requires little foresight to predict that the new Birmingham movement will be as short-lived as the old. Mr. Attwood was not less skilled in organisation than Mr. Chamberlain. He had not less authority with his fellow-citizens. He had advantages which Mr. Chamberlain does not command. Old ideas of government had been suddenly exploded. Political power was taken from the few and given to the many. A new era had commenced. The country was in a state of wild excitement. Every political visionary was justified in hoping that his scheme would obtain attention. The Political Union, assuming to be an intermediate representative of the people, affected to dictate the measures and anticipate the deliberations of Parliament. As the Political Union aimed at interposing between Parliament and the people, so the Caucus seeks to interpose between the constituency and its representative. The principle is equally vicious in either case ; and no man who

understands the people of this country could calculate on the success of such contrivances. It is not likely that we shall hear much more of the Caucus in the scientific form which it has taken at Birmingham. In other places where it has been introduced it will probably sink into the useful grade of a registration society. We are desirous to promote the union of the Liberal party; and we trust, therefore, that the instances will be rare in which a caucus shall attempt to dictate either to a constituency or its representative.

The unmanageable bulk of the principal electoral bodies, swollen within the last ten years by an indiscriminate addition to the suffrage, has suggested the necessity of some expedient for putting this inert and incongruous mass into regular motion. The mode in which we have hitherto dealt with this evil has been to increase the number of representatives, in proportion to the increase of the constituency; and in some cases, where the electors have been spread over a large area, they have been distributed into several divisions. It is by the extended application of this principle of division, and by that alone, that the evil of overgrown constituencies is to be cured. What is the use of accumulating members upon a congested mass of voters? Instead of giving sixty thousand electors a scramble for three members—as at Birmingham, Manchester, and Glasgow—we would divide these vast irregular areas into three or more districts, corresponding, perhaps, with the municipal divisions, and give one member to each district. By this means the candidate would have a better chance of becoming known to the electors; the contest would be reduced to a sharper point; the voter would be compelled to make a choice between two opinions, and thus the sense of the country, so far as it is expressed by the constituencies, would be more clearly ascertained. The monopoly of the representation by the gross majority of the city or borough which results from bringing all its members into hotchpot would thus be obviated. It frequently happens that the inhabitants of one quarter of the town are of a different class and complexion from the inhabitants of another quarter. Why should the one be placed in subjection to the other? The enormous extension of the suffrage has given rise to many plans for the protection of minorities. The right of minorities to any consideration has been questioned; and it must be admitted that their right, if it can be so termed, is one of a qualified description. The decision of the majority must prevail; but inasmuch as a majority is not infallible, and is apt to become despotic, it should be subject to checks and regulations. Instead, how-

ever, of subjecting it to checks, the power of majorities has been artificially and arbitrarily increased. A heterogeneous mass of voters scattered over a large area is allowed to return two or three representatives, while the minority is practically disfranchised. Why should any man have a voice in the election of more than one representative? If a man lives at Bury, he has one vote; if he lives at Oldham, he has two. What is the difference between the inhabitant of one town and another which justifies this distinction? No Scotch constituency, with the exception of Edinburgh and Glasgow, elects more than one member. When, by the last Reform Act, additional members were given to Lanarkshire, Aberdeenshire, and Ayrshire, the counties were divided into wards.

We are not among those who are scandalised by the anomalies of the British Constitution. Many of them are happy anomalies, and could not be reformed without altering the character, and possibly endangering the stability, of the ancient structure. But there is no need to invent new anomalies in imitation of the old. The principle of representation was invented a thousand years ago. It developed through ages in an irregular fashion, and in some parts was almost effaced. Our representative system has been almost entirely reconstructed within the last half-century. As compared with the ancient lines of the Constitution, it is a thing of yesterday. The work was hastily put together amid tumult and excitement. It has since been revised and altered from time to time; and if experience has shown that it requires further amendment, it can appeal to no superstition and no tradition against the innovating hand of the reformer. In 1866, when the last great change in the representative system was made, it became evident that the tendency of the existing arrangement was to exclude the minority altogether from any voice in the representation. Accordingly a partial remedy was adopted. Some of the larger counties were partitioned into electoral districts, two members being assigned to each district. With the exception of the Tower Hamlets, the principle of partition was not applied to any of the towns. Some of the larger cities and boroughs and some of the larger undivided counties received an additional member, and by a clumsy device the direct representation of the minorities in these triad constituencies was almost secured by limiting the elector to two votes. If the express recognition of the rights of minorities was sound in principle, it is obvious that it should have been extended to the whole country, and not confined to seven counties and four boroughs. Why should the minority in Hampshire

be less favoured than the minority in Buckinghamshire? Why should the minority at Bristol be left to an unaided struggle with the majority, while the minority at Liverpool can practically exclude the majority from the choice of one of its members? But the direct representation of minorities is unsound in principle. Minorities have no absolute rights, but it does not follow that they have no claim to consideration; and the majority in the exercise of its absolute right should be confined within due bounds. The majority in any place returning one member has a right to the representation, but it should not be allowed to exercise this right twice over in the same place. It may happen, and does happen, that one side of a county, and one ward of a borough, may be Liberal; and another side of a county, or the adjacent ward of a borough, may be Conservative. In such a case the dual vote operates to the entire extinction of the weaker party; and this is contrary to the true theory of representation. We are possibly on the eve of another Reform Bill, which must be accompanied or followed by a new distribution of electoral power. If an equitable adjustment of that power is to be made, minorities must have fair play; and they cannot have fair play so long as the duality of the vote is maintained as the basis of the suffrage. We have expressed our opinions frankly on these matters, because we are persuaded that in these times it behoves every friend of freedom to tend and foster English institutions, which have no open enemies, but may be in danger from insidious foes. And if we have criticised keenly the plans and projects of our friends for the advancement of the Liberal party and the consolidation of its resources, it is because we are anxious that no false step should be taken; and that no discredit should be brought upon that great party, of which this Journal has been for three-quarters of a century, through evil report and through good report, the consistent supporter.

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ART. I.—*The Lennox.* By WILLIAM FRASER. Memoirs and Charters. 2 vols. 4to. Edinburgh: 1874.

WE are already indebted to the persevering and ingenious researches of Mr. William Fraser in the muniment chests of the great Scottish houses, and to the munificence of some members of the Scottish nobility, for several of the most interesting and important contributions to the family histories of this country which have ever issued from the press. The ‘Stirlings of Keir’ and the ‘Colquhouns of Luss’ have caused their records to be printed in the same magnificent manner—an example which might well be followed by the Russells, the Cecils, and the Howards of South Britain. The ‘Book of Caerlaveroc’ and the ‘Cromartie Papers’ have been reviewed on previous occasions in the pages of this Journal, and thus made known to the world. For these splendid and costly works, being family property, are reserved for private distribution. The number of copies printed is extremely small, and the fortunate possessors of them may congratulate themselves on so rare and valuable an addition to their libraries. In fact they complete the work which was so well begun for Scotland fifty years ago by the Maitland and Bannatyne Clubs. England has produced nothing to compare with these publications, except Lord Clermont’s reprint of the Fortescue papers. The volumes now before us form part of this remarkable series, and they are not inferior to any of their companions in typographical beauty or in historical interest. We propose, therefore, to lay before our readers an abridged account of them, the more so as they are inaccessible to the public, except in two or three of the principal libraries of the kingdom, where they are deposited for the purposes of reference.

The ‘Lennox’ differs, however, from its predecessors in one important particular. The memorials of the Maxwells and the Mackenzies are essentially family histories; they abound in personal and domestic details; and they carry the records of those well-known Scottish races down to the present day. The annals of the Earls of Lennox are more historical than domestic. Those great nobles filled, from the dawn of Scottish history, a prominent place in the State. They were nearly allied to royalty, and their titles ultimately merged in the person of the sovereign. They were feudal princes holding under the Crown rather than subjects. Their jurisdiction extended over the important province of Scotland which bore their name, or whose name they bore. One of the last direct heirs of the Lennoxes was the wilful and luckless Henry Darnley, who, as the husband of Mary Stewart, signed himself King of Scotland, and whose murder cost the queen her reputation and her throne. For although his brother succeeded to the title and held it for a short time, King James VI., as the son of Darnley himself, was the true representative of the race, and the collateral line expired in 1672, when Charles II. became the last of the Lennoxes. Mr. Fraser has summed up in the following paragraph their eventful career:—

‘In the history of the Lennox family, their rise and progress to royal rank will be traced. But throughout the entire history there appear many instances of the vicissitudes which sometimes befall great families. For many generations the earls of the old race prospered, and not only retained, but increased, their vast possessions. But all at once, when it seemed as if they would become more prosperous and powerful than ever, calamity fell upon Duncan, the eighth earl, who, to slake the vengeance of King James the First, was, when far advanced in years, beheaded with two of his grandsons and Murdoch Duke of Albany, his son-in-law. His daughter, the Duchess Isabella, after the melancholy fate of her father, her husband, and two sons, passed the remainder of her days in solitary widowhood in a lonely island, during which she possessed the Lennox estates only by sufferance, the Government apparently thinking that enough had been done to crush the illustrious house of Lennox. After her death the descendants of her sisters, the ladies Elizabeth and Margaret, who were coheiresses of the earldom, were kept out of their rightful possessions by the grasping injustice of Andrew Lord Avendale, who, being Chancellor of King James the Third, obtained a grant in life-rent of the entire earldom. John Stewart Lord Darnley, who was entitled to the half of the earldom and to the title of Earl of Lennox, did not obtain his rightful inheritance till after the death of Lord Avendale in 1488. Darnley was thus deprived of his Lennox rights for nearly twenty years.

‘The Stewart Earls of Lennox were even more unfortunate than the earls of the original Lennox family, and seemed like the Stewart

kings, the race from which they sprang, as if marked out for the shafts of calamity. Matthew, the son and successor of John the first Earl of Lennox of the Stewart line, fell at Flodden in 1513. John, his son and successor, was treacherously slain by Sir James Hamilton of Fynnart, at the battle fought near Linlithgow in 1526. Matthew, the son and successor of that John, had his honours and estates forfeited, and was banished from Scotland for twenty years. After his restoration, and after having enjoyed the high office of Regent of Scotland for little more than a year, he was assassinated in 1571, in an attempt to suppress an insurrection against his authority as Regent. The cruel murder of his eldest surviving son, King Henry Darnley, who had been raised to the highest dignity in the State by his marriage with Queen Mary, is one of the most tragic events in Scottish history of the sixteenth century. The only brother of Darnley, after becoming Earl of Lennox, died within four years, at the early age of twenty-one, leaving an only child, the Lady Arabella Stewart, whose brief life was very miserable, being a constant succession of disappointments, imprisonments, and sufferings, to which she at last succumbed. Robert, the fourteenth earl, enjoyed the earldom less than two years, and was afterwards involved in an unseemly contention with his wife, Lady Elizabeth Stewart, daughter of John Earl of Athole, from whom he was divorced. Esmé the first Duke of Lennox, after enjoying his high dignity of duke for the brief space of two years, and after having been a special favourite of King James the Sixth, was driven from Scotland by the popular feeling against him, and soon after died in France. The subsequent dukes seldom possessed their estates and honours long or happily. On the death of Charles the sixth Duke in 1672, the direct male descendants became extinct; and after King Charles the Second had revived the dukedom in the new line of Lennox and Richmond, the Lennox estates were sold, and his descendants, the later Dukes of Lennox, deservedly very popular noblemen, and none of them more so than the present representative, have possessed their Lennox title entirely separated from evry acre of the Lennox territory.'

It appears, therefore, that the present English ducal family which bears the illustrious name of Lennox has no connexion with the ancient Earls and Dukes of Lennox, except that which it derives by an irregular descent from Charles II. and Louise de Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, and from the revival of the title by that sovereign in the person of one of his illegitimate offspring. The landed possessions which accompanied the Scottish title passed, early in the last century, by sales into other hands.

To find the nearest personal representative of the ancient Earls of Lennox, Mr. Fraser teaches us to look in a totally different direction; and, curiously enough, it is in the family of Oswald of Auchencruive that this heir is to be found. A member of that family, who was, we believe, originally a

merchant of Glasgow, has left some mark in the history of the last century, as the friend of Lord Shelburne, who opened the negotiations with Benjamin Franklin which led to the peace of 1783 and the close of the American war. His grandson, the late Mr. Oswald of Auchencruive, succeeded about twenty years ago in establishing, with the assistance of Mr. Fraser, his descent from the Haldanes of that ilk, the Haldanes being an ancient border race which long held a barony of that name in the county of Roxburgh. After the death of Isabella Countess of Lennox in 1460, the earldom of Lennox was, as we shall presently see, divided. John Lord Darnley claimed and ultimately obtained one-half of the earldom. The second heir-portioner was Agnes Menteith, a great-granddaughter of Duncan Earl of Lennox. This lady was married to John Haldane, then of Gleneagles, and at that period whatever devolved on the wife belonged to the husband. This John Haldane had the good fortune to be a favourite of King James III., and very nearly succeeded in obtaining from the king the principal part of the earldom. The contention between the Haldanes and Lord Darnley lasted for several years, and although it was ultimately decided in favour of the latter, it may be inferred that if the true Darnley line is extinct, that of the Haldanes is next in succession. The late Mr. Alexander Oswald succeeded in establishing by an interlocutor of the Lord Lyon of March 15, 1861, that he was the heir-general of the Haldanes, and he was authorised by letters patent to add the name of Haldane to his own, and to bear the arms of that family, including those of Lennox and Menteith. The book now before us was commenced by his liberality. Unhappily he did not live to witness the completion of it, for he died in 1868. His estates passed in 1871 to Mr. Richard Alexander Oswald, now of Auchencruive, by whom the work has been brought to a termination. It is a noble monument—*aere peregrinus*—raised by a remote descendant to an illustrious ancestry.

For, as may be inferred from the passage we have quoted from Mr. Fraser's Introduction, the history of the Lennoxes, which begins in the eleventh or twelfth century, ends with Henry Darnley in the sixteenth. In writing the lives of the Lennoxes, Mr. Fraser finds himself, more than once, rewriting a page or a chapter of the history of Scotland; and, indeed, his researches have enabled him to add to his work some unpublished letters of Queen Mary and of James VI., and some important acts of their reigns, to which we shall refer before we conclude.

But, first, what is the Lennox? Where is the territory which gave birth to these worthies? Mr. Fraser, with genuine archaeological enthusiasm, takes us back to the Roman conquest, the wall of Antonine, and the legendary kingdom of Strathclyde; but we shall spare our readers these details. Suffice it to say that he who embarks in a Glasgow steamer to descend the magnificent valley of the Clyde, finds himself at Dumbarton in the heart of the Lennox. That celebrated fortress, whose present appearance belies its past history, was considered for ages to be the stronghold of a race of princes, and even to determine the fate of Scotland. It stands in the centre of the Lennox territory, bordered on the south by the Clyde, on the west by Argyll's country and Loch Long; on the north by the Grampian hills that overhang Loch Lomond; and on the east by the earldom of Menteith, in the county of Stirling. Thus the Lennox territory lay on the confines of the highlands and the lowlands. It commanded the great western estuary of the kingdom, and it included one of the most picturesque and well-known portions of the northern kingdom. Of the millions who pass over it to-day how few give a thought to its former owners or its past history! The extreme length of the Lennox was forty-seven miles, and its breadth from eight to two miles—an area of 228 square miles. The hills have ever been well wooded, and were celebrated in ancient times for the beasts of chase; the shores are indented by beautiful lochs, or arms of the sea, and in Loch Lomond the Lennox possesses the finest freshwater loch in Scotland. Mr. Fraser has described every island which studs its surface in picturesque language, and he gives us an equally full account of the castles of the Lennox, which has, however, been in some measure anticipated by Mr. Joseph Irving's excellent history of Dumbartonshire. He describes the well-known exploit of the capture of Dumbarton Castle by Captain Crawford with great animation, and makes us better acquainted with that heroic individual, whose descendants in the tenth generation may still be traced amongst us.

On the western shore of Loch Lomond lay the famous sanctuary of Lennox, where the privilege of 'girth,' as it was termed, was granted in 1315 by King Robert the Bruce to a territory extending three miles around the church of Luss. The charter (which is now at Buchanan Castle) 'confirmed to 'God and the blessed Kessog for ever that liberty which is 'called Gyrth, namely, around the church of Lusse, for the 'space of three miles on every side by land or by water, as 'freely and quietly as any liberty which is called Gyrth

'through the whole kingdom of Scotland, and to the Earls of Lennox for ever the punishment with the correction of delinquents, within the said liberty.' There is still a rude image of Saint Mac Kessog (whoever he may be) in the chapel at Rossdhu.

Although the Lennox was thus placed on the borders of the western Highlands, its chiefs and its people had nothing of the Celtic or Highland character. They belonged entirely to the Lowland kingdom of Scotland. Indeed, the forbears of the first Earl of Lennox were supposed to be Saxons, who resisted William the Conqueror after the battle of Hastings, and retired to this wild region to defy his power. They retained something of the Saxon language and character. Certain it is that Alwin, the son of Archill, was a man of mark at the court of King David I., and it is supposed that Malcolm IV. created him Earl of Lennox about the year 1153. Several charters are in existence which bear his name, for he was liberal to the Church, and the Cluniac monastery of Paisley was especially enriched by him and by his successors. He was the first of the eight Earls of Lennox of the original creation, who flourished in the land from 1153 to 1425. Mr. Fraser passes them faithfully in review. They fit before us like the sons of Banquo, and are nearly as visionary, until we come to Malcolm, the fifth earl, who is described by Mr. Fraser in the following terms:—

'On the appearance of Robert Bruce, the grandson of that Bruce who had contested the crown of Scotland with Baliol, this Earl of Lennox was among the first of the nobility who joined his standard. He fought with him in most of his battles against the English for the deliverance of his country from their oppression and tyranny, shared in his perils and hardships, and continued till the death of Bruce his loyal subject, never wavering in his allegiance under the most trying circumstances.'

'Bruce was crowned at Scone on March 27, 1306. But only a few weeks after that event, namely, in June, he was defeated by the English in the wood of Methven, about a mile from Perth. After this defeat he and his followers, in their wanderings, reached the hills of Arrochar, where, rather from hunger than for amusement, they had dispersed themselves for the chase. While hunting there, they were discovered by Malcolm Earl of Lennox, who, to protect himself from the English, had been compelled to seek shelter in the fastnesses of his own earldom, and who on that day was similarly occupied. The congratulations on both sides were hearty, and the earl provided for Bruce and his companions a grateful repast in a secure retreat, where they mutually told each other the dangers and hardships they had encountered since they met. This romantic and interesting episode in

the lives of Bruce and the Earl of Lennox is narrated at length in the “Chiefs of Colquhoun and their Country.””

‘This earl showed the most disinterested devotion to the interests of Bruce. Previous to the battle of Bannockburn, which was fought on Monday, June 24 (John the Baptist’s day), 1314, Bruce was engaged in besieging the Castle of Dumbarton, which, under Sir John Menteith, held out against him after the most important strongholds in the kingdom had ceased to remain in the hands of the English. Menteith would surrender it to him only on condition of his obtaining from Bruce the earldom of Lennox. Earl Malcolm was prepared to surrender his princely earldom, should this be necessary, for the sake of his beloved sovereign, and Menteith’s proposal the king agreed to, after the earl had assented to it. Bruce, however, obtained the castle without being reduced to so hard a necessity. Having been invited by Menteith to come to it to complete the negotiations, and to obtain possession, he started for the castle, attended by a chosen band of followers; and though informed on his way, in the woods of Colquhoun, by a carpenter of the name of Rolland, that Menteith intended to make him a prisoner and to send him to Edward, King of England, in the same way as he had sent Wallace, he still pursued his journey. On his arrival at the castle, the keys were delivered to him by Menteith, who conducted him through the whole. Observing that there was a cellar into which he was not admitted, Bruce suspected that a party of soldiers were secreted there; and he insisted that it should be searched. Receiving an equivocal answer, he and his attendants forced open the door, upon which they discovered an armed band of English soldiers, whose presence of mind, however, failed them on seeing Bruce with his party, and they confessed the whole conspiracy. The castle was now in the hands of Bruce, and Menteith was thrown into a dungeon, but was afterwards pardoned by Bruce on condition that he should fight in the front ranks at the battle of Bannockburn, which he did, displaying the utmost bravery.’

The wretched traitor who had betrayed Wallace, and who would have betrayed the Bruce, might well have deserved a harsher fate; but nothing is more striking in the annals of Scotland in those wild times than the facility with which acts of treachery, conspiracies, and crimes were condoned, unless they were signally avenged at the moment of detection.

We pass over some intermediate Lennoxes to arrive at Duncan, the eighth earl, whose daughters by their marriages acquired a powerful influence on the whole history of the royal race of Scotland, and whose own career was closed by a horrible and sanguinary act of vengeance. In 1391, shortly after the accession of Robert III., the second king of the Stewart dynasty, Duncan of Lennox affianced his eldest daughter, Isabella (then a child), to Murdoch Stewart, the son and heir of the king’s brother, then Earl of Fife, afterwards Duke of Albany, who became regent and governor of

the kingdom during the minority of James I. Elizabeth, another daughter of Duncan, married Sir John Stewart of Darnley, whose son was created Lord Darnley. This last-mentioned Sir John Stewart repaired to the court of Charles VII. of France, where he obtained the lands and title of Aubigny, and the right to quarter the arms of the King of France with his own. Duncan had a third daughter, named Margaret, but no sons. The marriage of Isabella, the eldest daughter, closely connected the house of Lennox with that of Albany—indeed, her husband Murdoch succeeded his father in the regency, and continued to govern the kingdom in the absence of James I. The supposed inhuman murder of the Duke of Rothesay, the king's brother, by starvation, lay at their door. Nevertheless it was Duke Murdoch who, in compliance with the wishes of his people, negotiated the return of James I. from England, where he had been detained in a sort of honourable captivity for nineteen years. He was crowned at Scone in April 1424.

King James I. (of Scotland) has been rather a favourite with our historians. Principal Robertson, the most eloquent, and Mr. Burton, the most accurate of these writers, applaud him for the culture he had acquired at the court of Henry IV. and Henry V., and for his efforts to introduce a better system of law and administration into his own distracted kingdom. But Mr. Fraser handles this sovereign in a different fashion. It is scarcely possible to doubt that he cherished a deep resentment against the chiefs of the house of Albany, probably from the belief that they aimed at the crown, and he was resolved to assert his authority by striking a fatal blow at those great Scottish houses which were the rivals of the sovereign, themselves boasting a royal descent. Certain it is, that barely eight months had elapsed after the return of this king, when he caused Murdoch, Duke of Albany, his wife Isabella, their two sons, Walter and Alexander, and his father-in-law Duncan, Earl of Lennox, with twenty-six of the chief nobles of the kingdom, to be arrested. James Stewart, the second son of Albany, escaped to Ireland, but five of his followers were seized and torn to pieces by horses at Stirling. Mr. Burton, who passes somewhat lightly over this transaction, says that the twenty-six nobles were speedily dismissed; if so, the Earl of Lennox was not among them. That aged and illustrious nobleman shared the fate of his kinsmen. Walter Stewart was first brought to trial, though no evidence remains of the crime with which he was charged. The king himself presided over the court which condemned him. On the following day the Duke of Albany,

Alexander his third son, and Duncan Earl of Lennox, were tried, found guilty, and instantly led forth to execution on the Heading Hill of Stirling. This was certainly one of the most cruel actions which disgrace our national history. It was a *coup d'état* of the most sanguinary character. Nothing is known to explain or justify it; for if the houses of Lennox and Albany really aimed at the crown, they had ample opportunities to effect a revolution before the return of James to his dominions. We can only suppose that it was dictated by fear and by a determination to crush these two powerful chiefs of the Scottish nobility; and so in fact it was regarded at the time, for when Sir Robert Graham led the conspiracy in 1437 for the assassination of James I., in the queen's chamber at Perth, he exclaimed, ‘Thou cruell tirant, thou hadest nevyr mercy of lordes borne of thy blode, ne of non other gentilman that came yn thy dawnger. Therefore no mercy shalt thow have here.’ In spite of the alleged treason and prompt execution of the eighth Earl of Lennox, his lands of Lennox were not confiscated to the Crown, and the Duchess-Countess Isabella, the widow of Murdoch, after a term of imprisonment in Tantallon Castle, was eventually permitted to assume and enjoy the honours and estates of the earldom, as heir of her father Duncan. She resided principally in her island castle of Inchmurrin, in Loch Lomond, where she granted numerous charters which are still in existence; but it was not until after the death of the great enemy of her race and the accession of James II. that she assumed all her titles and honours as Duchess of Albany and Countess of Lennox.

These tragical events led to the extinction of the direct male line of the ancient Earls of Lennox; for James Stewart, the only surviving son of Duncan, who fled to Ireland, died there in 1451, leaving no legitimate children, though he had seven illegitimate sons. The earldom, therefore, fell into abeyance, and the vast estates belonging to it became, on the death of Lady Isabella, the subject of much controversy and of a very singular arrangement. First in the rank of these claimants was Andrew, the eldest natural son of the Irish James, who had been well received and educated in Scotland by King James II.; he was raised to the rank of Baron of Avandale, and in the following reign was made Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, an office which he filled for twenty-three years.

‘Brought up partially at Inchmurrin with his grandmother, Isabella Duchess of Albany and Countess of Lennox, as were perhaps also some of his brothers, Lord Avandale was familiar with the Lennox district. When he had risen to a position of great honour and power in the

State, inflamed by ambition, and coveting the earldom of Lennox, he long obstructed, as we shall afterwards see, the partition of that vast inheritance among the rightful heirs upon the death of his grandmother, Duchess Isabella, in 1460. From his power as chancellor, and from the king's minority, it was not difficult for him to accomplish this object. He probably hoped that at some future time he would succeed in appropriating to himself that earldom; nor in that age was illegitimacy always an insuperable obstacle to succession, if the aspirant were sufficiently powerful.'

But, in spite of the high position of Lord Avandale, and of his irregular descent from the last earl, he never obtained the object of his ambition. The king, however, granted him the whole earldom of Lennox for life by a charter of May 4, 1471, and he thus became life-renter of the family inheritance, without prejudice to the eventual rights of the true heirs. This grant was undoubtedly in excess of the authority of the Crown, due only to the power of the Chancellor. He held the life-rent, however, till his death in 1488.

Had Isabella's two sisters, the Ladies Elizabeth and Margaret, survived her, the earldom of Lennox would upon her death have been divided equally between them; but as they were dead it was divided among their representatives. The first co-heir was John Stewart of Darnley, grandson of the Lady Elizabeth, and great-grandson of Earl Duncan. He took his grandmother's portion of one-half, and hence the house of Darnley became the principal representative of the house of Lennox, and may be regarded as the founder of the new branch, who figured in the most momentous period of Scottish history under that name. The second half of the earldom fell to the two great-granddaughters of Earl Duncan—Agnes Menteith who married a Haldane, whence Mr. Oswald traces his descent; and Elizabeth Menteith who married Napier of Merchiston, and was an ancestress of the illustrious race of Napier, distinguished alike in science and in arms. This settlement was not accomplished without a long contest between the heirs, especially between Haldane, in right of his wife, and Darnley; but leaving these legal details and the comparatively obscure annals of the younger branches, we shall confine ourselves to the historical records of the family of Darnley.

John Lord Darnley succeeded, as we have seen, in making good his claim to the earldom of Lennox, in spite of which he engaged in conspiracies and acts of treason against his sovereign King James IV.; but the king was lenient, the forfeitures he had incurred were soon remitted, and on his death in 1495 the earldom passed to Matthew, his eldest son. It may here be

noticed that, besides five legitimate sons, he had a natural son, Alan Stuart, of Cardonald, in the parish of Paisley, from whom the present Lord Blantyre is descended. This Matthew accompanied his sovereign King James IV. to the fatal field of Flodden, where he and the Earl of Argyll commanded the right wing of the Scottish army, and where these noblemen were both slain.

The eleventh earl, whose name was also John, took an active part in the struggles which marked the minority of James V., and was distinguished for his services to the king in opposition to the Earl of Arran and the French party, headed by the queen dowager. Mr. Fraser produces a copy of a remarkable bond, dated June 26, 1526, the day after the declaration of the king's majority, by which James engaged 'of his own free will, without any compulsion or desire on the part of Lennox, to use the counsel of that earl, specially and in preference to that of all others, and to do nothing without his advice, and he swore, touching the Holy Gospels, to abide by the same.' The grounds which the king assigned for bringing himself under this obligation were the great services performed and expenses incurred by the Earl of Lennox during the king's minority, and the dangers to which he had exposed himself personally, and his friends and goods, in maintaining the king's authority and personal liberty. But this honourable confidence was soon terminated by death. On September 4, 1526, Lennox, at the head of an army of 12,000 men, attacked Arran at a ford of the river Avon, near Linlithgow; but his forces were routed, and he himself killed on the field, by Sir James Hamilton of Fynnart, a bastard son of Arran. Arran himself saw the dead body of the Earl of Lennox, who was his nephew, where it lay on the field, and he is said to have exclaimed, as he threw his scarlet cloak over his fallen antagonist: 'The wisest, the best, the bravest man in Scotland, has fallen this day.' This blood feud was settled by a remission (as it is termed), that Sir James Hamilton should perform the three great pilgrimages of Scotland by way of penance, and should maintain for seven years six priests, whose office it should be to say masses for the soul of the slaughtered earl, three in the College Kirk of Hamilton, and three in the Blackfriars of Glasgow. This agreement was ratified by the King, and is still in existence in the muniment room at Buchanan.

Matthew, twelfth Earl of Lennox and fourth Earl of Darnley, and Regent of Scotland, was the most conspicuous personage who ever bore that illustrious title, and it is from him, as the father of Henry Darnley, that the royal family of these king-

doms descends. James VI. was his grandson, in whose person was accomplished the union of the crowns. But ere that event was brought about, Scotland, England, and the house of Lennox had to cross a gulf of combat and of crime.

Upon the birth of Mary Queen of Scots, for her accession to the throne almost coincided with her birth, in 1542, the designs of Henry VIII. to obtain by policy or by violence the dominion of Scotland began immediately to take effect. The minority of the infant queen under the Regent Arran was marked by a fierce struggle of the French and English parties in Scotland, which had already assumed something of the religious and personal character they retained throughout the century. The queen-mother of Scotland was a Guise; the nearest relations of Queen Mary were Tudors, from her grandmother the wife of James IV. and the sister of Henry VIII. The king's first scheme was to affiance his son Prince Edward to the Queen of Scots; to conclude an alliance between the crowns; and, above all, to get possession of what was termed 'the child.' But on this last point all his efforts failed. Scotsmen would never give up the person of their queen. The details of these negotiations have been ably and amply related by Mr. Burton in his history from the letters of Sir Ralph Sadler, the English ambassador in Scotland. What it now concerns us to remark is, that when Arran opposed him and Angus failed him, Henry VIII. found his chief supporter and instrument in Lennox. This fact was the more remarkable, as Lennox was himself half a Frenchman. He had spent his youth at the Court of France; he had as Lord of Aubigny great possessions and high rank in that country. He might be supposed to be attached to the house of Guise: indeed he had been invited to come from France to Scotland by Cardinal Beaton, expressly to support the French party; and he aspired at one time to the hand of the queen-dowager. But Henry VIII. had it in his power to offer a higher prize. The ambition of Lennox was to marry the Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter of Queen Margaret of Scotland by her second marriage with the Earl of Angus, and consequently niece to the King of England. This was one of the conditions on which he proposed to Sadler to abandon the French party, and adhere to that of England. Henry consented to the marriage, having been called in to assist Lennox and Glencairn in their resistance to Arran and Cardinal Beaton; and the result was the conclusion of an arrangement which alienated Lennox from Scotland for twenty years and even turned his arms against his native land.

'At Carlisle, on May 17, Lennox and Glencairn entered into an agreement of a most unpatriotic and treasonable character with Henry the Eighth of England, embracing numerous stipulations on both sides. By it the two earls acknowledged Henry as Protector of the kingdom of Scotland, and engaged to do their utmost to put him in possession of several of the strongest fortresses in Scotland, such as the castle of Dumbarton, the Isle of Bute, the castle of Rothesay, and other lands and lordships in Scotland. They further bound themselves to promote the marriage of the infant Queen Mary with Prince Edward of England; to place the person of Mary in the hands of Henry; to serve him against France and all nations and persons, there being no reservation of their allegiance to their own sovereign; and to cause the word of God to be taught in the realm of Scotland, which was the only redeeming portion of this disloyal contract. King Henry, on his part, promised to bestow in marriage upon Lennox his niece, Lady Margaret Douglas, only daughter of Archibald Earl of Angus by Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry the Seventh, King of England, and Queen-Dowager of James the Fourth, King of Scotland, who resided at the court of Henry; and to secure that Lennox should be governor of the kingdom of Scotland under King Henry, provided the scheme should be successful. Robert Stewart, the bishop elect of Caithness, was to remain a hostage in England for his brother's performance of his part of the contract. Henry was to grant a pension of 1,000 crowns per annum to the Earl of Glencairn and his son, and was to continue Lennox as his pensioner. . . . Lennox obtained from Henry the Eighth letters of naturalisation, dated Westminster Palace, July 6, 1544. On the same day the marriage between him and Lady Margaret Douglas was celebrated in the Palace of St. James, which had been prepared for the nuptial entertainment.'

'A few days after the marriage, whilst Henry embarked for France with the army which had recently been in Scotland, Lennox took leave of his bride, and departed with an invading fleet to conduct a desultory warfare on the western coast of Scotland. His countess meanwhile remained at court with Queen Katherine Parr, who had been appointed to act as Regent during Henry's absence in France.'

The result of this unnatural warfare was that Lennox was pronounced guilty of treason at a Parliament held at Linlithgow in 1545; his estates were forfeited and parcelled out. The French king, on learning that he had passed over to the English side, cast his brother John d'Aubigny into prison and deprived him of his honours. Lennox subsequently took part in the invasion of Scotland under the Protector Somerset, and laid waste the west marches. He had, in fact, assumed the character of an English prince, and he was largely rewarded for his apostasy. Wressil Castle, which had been taken from the Percys by Henry VIII., was given to him as keeper. The Percy mansion at Hackney near London became his abode; and he also enjoyed the splendid mansion of Temple New-

some, an ancient possession of the Order of the Temple, where his son Henry Darnley was born.

Elizabeth and her ministers regarded him with suspicion. He was thought to be intriguing with the queen-dowager of Scotland. He was accused of trafficking with Papists. Indeed it is not easy to say to which faith he belonged. His son was brought up as a Catholic. Lennox himself attended mass in the queen's chapel on his return to Holyrood; but in England he affected to be a Protestant. At one moment, in 1562, both the Earl of Lennox and his countess were committed to the Tower. But, upon the whole, Elizabeth seconded his desire to obtain from Mary Queen of Scots the reversion of his forfeiture, with leave to return to Scotland. Knox viewed the project of his return with suspicion, for he was known to be less Scotch than English, and was suspected of being a Catholic. But at last letters of license were granted him to leave England; and in Scotland letters under the signet of the queen were issued 'releasing him from the horn,' and the symbolical wand of peace was delivered to John Earl of Athole, on behalf of Lennox, on September 22, 1564. He appeared at Holyrood House on the following day with great pomp and splendour. A few days afterwards he was restored to all his honours, and on October 27 Lennox and James Earl of Arran were reconciled in presence of the queen and drank together.

It is worthy of remark how very closely the course of events so memorable and so fatal to the Lennox family followed each other, and how peculiar the position of the Lennox was in Scotland from their long residence in England and their very recent rehabilitation. Their ascendancy at court and their consequent opposition to Murray, the queen's half-brother, must have commenced immediately. Within nine months of the return, Henry Darnley was married to Queen Mary (July 29, 1565); another nine months, and the young king joins in the murder of Rizzio (March 9, 1566); and before another twelvemonth had expired (February 10, 1567) he himself was murdered.

The Darnley marriage was, independently of the passion Mary had conceived for the young nobleman, the most reasonable and politic that could be thought of. Henry Darnley was, if the daughters of Henry VIII. should pass away without issue, the nearest male representative and heir of the House of Tudor. His grandmother, the widow of James IV., was the daughter of Henry VII., whereas Mary herself was one degree further removed than the Countess of Lennox

from their common ancestor. Thus by their marriage two claims to the succession, which might have conflicted, coalesced ; and had the conduct and character of Darnley been those of a reasonable being, he had before him the most brilliant prospects. Yet, no doubt, the marriage was in Scotland extremely unpopular, and it required all the art of Mary to cause the husband of her choice to be accepted by the nobles and the people. This reluctance appears to have originated in the general distrust of the Earl of Lennox, Darnley's father, whose return to Scotland was so recent, and who was chiefly known by his adherence to the enemies of his native country. Elizabeth herself disapproved, or affected to disapprove, the marriage. She still regarded Lennox and his son as her own subjects. She ordered them to return to England, and hardly suppressed her irritation when she found that her orders and her remonstrances were vain. The result soon justified her sinister predictions.

The death of Darnley, and the horrible suspicion that Queen Mary was privy to the crime, instantly broke off the friendly relations which had sprung up between Lennox and the Court of Scotland. He addressed three letters to the queen within three weeks beseeching her to take measures to bring the murderers to trial, and on March 24 he formally accused Bothwell of the conspiracy. The trial of Bothwell was a farce, and the queen forbade Lennox to come to Edinburgh to be present at it. Distrusting his own fate, he repaired to England, and appealed to Queen Elizabeth to avenge her murdered kinsman and subject. Within three months from the date of the murder Mary's marriage to Bothwell stamped her with the strongest presumption of guilt. Upon the assassination of the Regent Murray in January, 1570, Lennox re-entered Scotland at the head of an English army 'to pull 'the feathers out of the wings of Queen Mary's party ;' and he had the additional incentive of wreaking vengeance on his old enemies and rivals of the house of Hamilton. It was by the direct influence of Elizabeth that on July 2, 1570, Lennox was elected Regent of the kingdom during the minority of his grandson James VI. During the short and stormy period of his government, he was engaged in constant hostilities with Chatelherault, Huntly, Maitland of Lethington, Kirkaldy of Grange, and the other leaders of the queen's party, who had invoked, and hoped to obtain, assistance from the Duke of Alva. It was at this time that the castle of Dumbarton, which had held out for the queen, though in the heart of the Lennox country, was taken with so much courage and address by

Captain Thomas Crawford. Kirkaldy, who still held the castle of Edinburgh, declared that he would never surrender it or acknowledge Matthew Earl of Lennox, who was a sworn Englishman, as Regent.

Lennox's tenure of the office of regent was soon to be cut short by the hand of violence. Whilst a Parliament, summoned by Lennox to meet on September 4, 1571, was held at Stirling Castle, and numerously attended, an attempt was made by the queen's party, in execution of a plan formed by Kirkcaldy of Grange, to surprise the Parliament by a considerable body of horse and foot, headed by the Earl of Huntly, Lord Claud Hamilton, Scott of Buccleuch, and Spens of Wormiston, who left Edinburgh on the evening of September 3, and reached Stirling by four o'clock in the morning.

At the time of their arrival the inhabitants were sunk in sleep, and the Parliament, from imagined security, not having posted so much as a single sentry on the walls during the time of its sitting, this military force advanced without the least opposition to the market-place. Having surrounded the lodgings of the chief nobility, they made the Regent and ten other noblemen prisoners, with the intention of carrying them to Edinburgh. The enterprise at first promised success, but it was speedily defeated. Scott of Buccleuch's marauding borderers and others, who had not been accustomed to regular discipline, dispersed to plunder the stables of horses, and the houses and merchants' booths of whatever they considered valuable, instead of watching the prisoners. Meanwhile the Earl of Mar, one of the members of Parliament, hearing the noise, suddenly sallied out of the castle with forty soldiers, and, assisted by the citizens, who now took arms, drove them from the market-place, and compelled them to abandon their prisoners, who, amidst the confusion created, seized such weapons as were at hand, and assisted in putting the enemy to flight. All the prisoners were saved, with the exception of the Earl of Lennox, who was shot through the back by Captain George Calder, who had been instigated to assassinate him by Lord Claud Hamilton and Huntly. He was made prisoner by Spens of Wormiston. This brave and honourable man, who had been specially charged by Kirkcaldy of Grange to save the life of the Regent at whatever risk, executed so faithfully this command, that, on perceiving Calder's murderous intention, he threw himself between Calder and his intended victim, and received through his own body the bullet by which Lennox was mortally wounded. Spens was barbarously killed by the king's party, who came up, Lennox calling upon them with a feeble voice—for the hand of death was upon him—to spare the life of the generous man who had risked his own in his defence. After receiving a mortal wound, the regent continued to ride on his horse till he reached the castle, when he alighted. On the way, when encouraged by his friends, he answered, "If the babe be 'well'—meaning the king—"all is well." On his entering the castle, it was found on examination that his wound was mortal, and, knowing that he had only a few hours to live, he took leave of them all one by one, requesting them to assist him with their prayers, in which he himself continued some hours.

' He died at four o'clock in the afternoon, and was interred in the chapel royal in Stirling Castle. He "mycht haue lievit in Ingland," says a contemporary, "with greit eise, wer not he wes send about be great men of this realme to accept ane chairege vpoun him that he wes not hable to performe or gyde." Spottiswoode describes him in more laudatory terms:—"A man he was of noble qualities, tried with both fortunes, and if he had enjoyed a longer and more peaceable time, he had doubtless made the kingdom happy by his government." A tombstone, in a style corresponding to his rank, was raised to his memory by his countess Margaret, whom he had affectionately mentioned in his last moments. On it was engraven a simple English inscription. A costly and magnificent jewel, now known as the "Lennox Jewel," was ordered to be made by the widow of Lennox as a memorial of her late husband in another form. This interesting work of art is now the property of her present Majesty.'

And so ended the last of the true Earls of Lennox. His countess, the Lady Margaret, survived him about six years; she died at Hackney on March 9, 1578, and was interred in Westminster Abbey, where her monument has recently been restored to its pristine splendour.*

At this period in the history of this great family Mr. Fraser suspends his labours and his narrative. Upon the death of his grandfather the earldom descended to King James VI., then in the sixth year of his age. A re-grant of it was made to the king's uncle, Lord Charles Stewart, but he died four years afterwards, leaving an only daughter, the Lady Arabella Stewart, whose romantic history fills another page in the melancholy annals of her race. When Esmé Stewart, head of the Aubigny branch of the Lennox, came to Scotland, the king, his cousin, took him into special favour, and he was created not only Earl, but Duke of Lennox, with possession of the family estates. His male descendants ended in 1672 with Charles, the sixth duke of the second line, upon which the estates devolved on King Charles II. as the nearest collateral heir. The male line of Sir John Stewart of Darnley, first Lord of Aubigny in France, terminated on the death of Prince Henry Stewart, Cardinal York, in 1807. The heir of line of the Dukes of Lennox is the present Lord Darnley; his ancestor, Mr. John Bligh, being the grandson of Lady Catherine Stewart, a sister of the sixth Duke of Lennox, was created Earl of Darnley in the peerage of Ireland in 1725.

The second volume of Mr. Fraser's work consists of a collection of the ancient charters and correspondence of the

* By a slip of the pen Mr. Fraser states that this monument is in *Henry VIII.'s Chapel*: he means, of course, *Henry VII.'s*.

Lennox family, which are the fruits of his elaborate researches in the muniment rooms of Scotland. The earliest of these charters date from the year 1200; and there is scarcely an incident related in these volumes of family history which is not substantiated by documentary evidence still in existence. We shall not attempt to introduce our readers to records of such venerable antiquity, however interesting they may be to the diligent antiquary. The family correspondence is less copious and curious than that which we have met with in some other volumes of Mr. Fraser's series; but on the other hand it proceeds from persons far more illustrious, and has therefore more historical value. We shall conclude this article by borrowing from Mr. Fraser's pages two or three of these royal autographs, hitherto unpublished, and they shall appear in their original dress, which is grotesque and amusing.

The eminent service of Captain Thomas Crawford in the capture of Dumbarton Castle under the regency of Lennox has been more than once alluded to in these pages. There is an amusing letter to this worthy from Hew Crawfurd of Crawfurd John, in Lanarkshire (we presume his son or nephew), dated from Edinburgh in 1598, in which the writer says:—‘As to zowr quhyit peis (white peas) their is nane to be haid for the present, bot sa sone as I can try ony I sall send sum to zow. I haif coft (bought) twa pair spectakillis with ane kace for awcht schillingis; thay ar verie few and evill to be had in this towne as this berar saw; bot the first that cumis hame that is guid I sall by ane pair to zow.’ Captain Thomas was a great favourite of James VI., and Mr. Fraser gives us in *fac-simile* the following curious documents. The first is written in a fine scholarlike hand when the king was but eight years old.

* HOLOGRAPH LETTER OF KING JAMES VI. IN HIS NINTH YEAR, TO CAPTAIN THOMAS CRAUFURD OF JORDANHILL, WITH TWO RATIFICATIONS, ALSO HOLOGRAPH OF THE KING: DATED RESPECTIVELY SEPTEMBER 15, 1575, SEPTEMBER 5, 1584, AND MARCH 23, 1591.

‘Capten Craufurd: I haue hard sic report of your gud seruice done to me from the beginning of the weiris agains my onfreindis, as I sall sum day remember the same, God willing, to your greit contentment. In the main quhyle be of gud confort, and reserue you to that tyme with patience, being assurit of my fauour. Faire weil. 1575. xv September.

‘Your gud freind,

‘JAMES R.’

‘We aproue thir fourre lynes aboue writtinn with oure auin hand be this present. At Falkland, the fift day of September 1584.

‘JAMES R.’

'I ratifie this mannis euident, being now of parfyte yeiris, and past all reuocation. At Linlithquo, the xx3 of Marche 1591.

'JAMES R.

'To my speciall gud seruant Capten Craufurd of Jordanhill.'

Upon the death of Elizabeth, James addressed the following letter, dated from Holyrood March 27, 1603, to Ludovic, second Duke of Lennox (the son of Esmé Stewart), calling upon him to accompany the Court to England. This personage was afterwards created Earl of Richmond in 1614 and Duke of Richmond in 1623, but he died soon after his last creation without issue.

'Dearest cousing and counsallour, we great you hertlie wele. Hauing be our seruand laitlie gevin aduertisment to you of the nearnes of the death of our vñquhile dearest sister, the Quene of England, and desirit yow to prepair yourself for our seruice, and accumpingnyng ws as the wechtines of that mater requirit: We haue now ressauit the certantie of hir deceis, and that we ar proclamit thair King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, with all solempnitie, and, thairfoir, haue thocht guid to gif zow aduertisement thairof, and to desire zou to addresse zourself hither to ws, in zour maist cumelie and decent maner, to attend vpoun and accompanyyng ws, and in cais ze can not, in dew tyme, be ready and prepairit befoir our taiking journey thither, that ze faill not to follow ws with all diligence, as ze tender our plesour and seruice. Sua we commit zou to God. From Haulyruidhous, the xxvii of March 1603.'

'JAMES R.

'To our dearest cousing and counsallour the Duke of Lennox.'

Mr. Fraser has been able to add some valuable documents to the large collection of the letters of Queen Mary already printed by Prince Labanoff and others. There are no less than twelve letters to the Earl of Cassilis, written principally at the moment of the Queen's flight, when she had reached Carlisle to place herself under the treacherous protection of her sister queen. These letters were printed for private circulation in 1849 by Lord Ailsa, but as they are little known one of them may be read with interest here.

'LETTER, INTIMATING THE QUEEN'S FLIGHT TO CARLISLE AFTER LANG-SIDE, DATED CARLISLE, MAY 20, 1568.

'Traist cusing, Forsamekle as I for the salftie of my bodie, findand na suir acces nor place within my realme to retire me at this tyme, as ye may knaw, I wes constraindit to leue the samin and to pas in this cuntrey of Ingland, quhair I assuir yow I haue bene ryght weill ressauit and honorablie accompaigned and traicted. I haue deliberit to pas fortherward in France to pray the King, my gude broder, to support and help me to delyuer and releue my realme of sic rebellionis, troublis and oppressionis that now regnis within the samin, and to

depart furth of this toun the xxiiij day of this instant moneth. Thairfore I pray yow effectuouslie, traist cusing, that ye in the menetyme hold your self constant in my seruice, and aduerteiss your freinds and neigbouris to do the samin and to be in readienes to serue me quhan the occatioun sall offer, as ye haue done trewlie afoir this tyme, speciallie at the last battall, quhair (as I am adwerteist) ye haue done ryght weill your devoir, ye beand on your featis, quhilk sall nocht be forgit be me in tyme coming. With the help of God I houp to returne agane about the xv day of August nixt, with gud company, for the effect foresaid, God willing. This I beleue ye will do, as my traist is and wes ay in yow. And for to mak ane end of my bill, I will commit yow to the protectionioun of the eternall God. At Carlell, the xx day of Maij 1568.

‘ MARIE R.

‘ I pray you my lord excuss this stamp, becauss the Quene hes na uñhir at this tyme.

‘ To my Lord Erle of Cassillis.’

To this must be added two other documents of more than ordinary importance, which are here for the first time printed.

It is well known that the marriage of Bothwell to his wife, Lady Jean or Jonet Gordon, was annulled, in order to enable him to contract marriage with the queen, on the ground that no regular dispensation had been obtained so as to enable the first named persons to be united in matrimony by the Church, they being ‘ related to each other in the double ‘ fourth degree of consanguinity ; ’ and it has been held by all historians that this essential dispensation (if it ever existed) had been destroyed. The document itself has now been found in the charter chest of the Duke of Sutherland at Dunrobin. It seems that it remained in the custody of Lady Jean, the repudiated wife of Bothwell, and as she married seven years afterwards, in 1573, Alexander, the eleventh Earl of Sutherland, she took it with her into the repositories of that noble house, where it has passed to her present descendants. The dispensation was granted by John Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, and Legate of the Pope, in full ecclesiastical form. It follows, therefore, from the discovery of this instrument, that the marriage of Bothwell to Lady Jean Gordon was perfectly legal and canonical, and that the grounds on which it was dissolved were false. That being the case, his subsequent marriage with the queen was no marriage at all, but an adulterous connexion between two persons, both previously married, who procured their freedom by the murder of the husband of the one, and the betrayal of the wife of the other. The discovery of the dispensation completes the evidence of the inexpressible turpitude and guilt of the whole

transaction. Its existence was first noticed by Dr. John Stuart in the second Report of the Commissioners for Historical Manuscripts in the year 1871. Lady Jean Gordon long survived all these events, and died in the year 1629 at the age of eighty-four. It is curious that the wife of Bothwell should have lived far into the reign of Charles I.

Another remarkable document, now printed apparently for the first time, is the revocation by Mary Queen of Scots of her resignation of the crown of Scotland in favour of her son. This instrument was drawn up in 1568, but the copy existing in the charter chest of the Earl of Haddington is not dated or signed. It consists of a vigorous and voluminous denunciation of the traitors who caused 'this monstrous and unnaturall defection and revolt of our detestabill subjects,' especially 'James, callit Erle Morray, quhome we of ane spurious bastard (althocht namit our brother) promovit fra ane religioun monk to Erle and Lord,' &c., and constitutes James, Duke of Chatelherault, the universal and only protector, regent, and governor of the realm. The whole document is extremely curious, for it contains, in language more vituperative than judicial, the whole of Mary's case against her enemies; but it is far too long to be quoted in this place.

We now take leave of Mr. Fraser by offering him our thanks for the instruction and amusement he has afforded us, and we hope that he will long continue this series of portly volumes; the more so, as we have heard that he is now engaged in examining the papers of the great house of Scott of Buccleuch, which cannot fail to be of uncommon interest, especially in regard of the events of the seventeenth century.

ART. II.—*Electric Lighting.* A Practical Treatise. By HIPPOLYTE FONTAINE. Translated from the French by PAGET HIGGS, LL.D., Assoc. Inst. C.E. London: 1878.

IT is not unusual, at the present time, for even scientific authorities to allude to the spark which Faraday was the first to produce while experimenting with his magnets, as the germinal gleam of that electric light, which now attracts the admiring eyes of so large a number of observers. Electric illumination can nevertheless claim an older pedigree. The Voltaic Arc, with its even yet unsurpassed splendour, was nearly of adult years, and already in a state of virile strength, when Faraday's magnets and coils began their revolutionary career. Sir Humphry Davy was working with

a Voltaic Arc produced by a battery of some two thousand pairs of plates as early as 1813. The experiments of Faraday with the electric currents produced by moving magnets began in 1830.

But even the Voltaic Arc can hardly be correctly spoken of as the first electric light exhibited to human eyes. Electric illumination in its most stupendous and grandly developed form was presented in the spontaneous operations of nature, not only before Volta had constructed his pile, but even before science had dawned upon the intellect of man. When the storm-cloud flashes its dazzling gleam into the darkness of night, it is, in strict reality, the electric light which illuminates the sky. The lightning from nature's storm-cloud battery is, indeed, more vivid and beautiful than any flash which artificial arrangements made by human hands have yet been able to develope. But it is an obvious defect in nature's own process for the production of this light, that the flash endures for such a brief moment of time. The illumination of the lightning continues, at its best, for only the two-thousandth part of a second. Before lightning could be turned to account as a continuous light, there would, therefore, have to be flashings from the storm-cloud amounting to as much as four million discharges per hour. Human audacity has not yet dreamed of accomplishing any such stupendous task as the fusion of fitful lightnings into enduring and useful light. But such nevertheless is the direction in which the electrician of the day is attacking the problem with his miniature evolution of the resplendent meteor. The Gramme and Siemens machines pour out their unceasing streams of miniature lightning in such rapid succession that the eye cannot detect the intervals which separate the consecutive flashes.

Lightning is in all essential particulars the same thing as the sparks which are evolved by the revolutions of magneto-electric machines. Its light is entirely due to the raising of a track of material molecules, along the route through which the electric discharge takes its way, into a condition of shining brightness. The electric force gathers to itself these molecules as food for its fires, as it bursts through the broad chasms of air that lie in its path. The line of light is in reality a closely packed chain of shining sparks. The material which thus shines is not of necessity in a burning state in the ordinary sense of the word. It shines only on account of the intensity of the vibratile movement into which the constituent molecules are thrown by the shock of the electrical discharge. Its state is that which is technically distinguished as *incandescence*; its particles are

simply glowing with radiant heat—glittering with an emitted splendour that is not in any sense dependent upon the chemical influence of oxygen. The light is most effective and brilliant, indeed, when there is no combustion whatever in the case, and when the illumination is entirely due to the radiant glow set up by the vibratile energy.

The lightning of the thunder-cloud assumes various tints, as most people are aware. It is sometimes of a lilac hue, sometimes orange, and sometimes pink or rose-coloured. Sometimes it has the gleam of shining lead, and sometimes the pure whiteness of burnished silver. These diversified colours are more strikingly exhibited in tropical regions than in temperate climates. But their peculiarity is, in every case, due to the nature of the vaporous substances which are at the time floating in the air, and which are made to glow on the passage of the electrical discharge. The molecules of some substances shine, when they are raised to incandescence, with a lilac light, of some with an orange, and of some with a red or with a pure white sheen. The spectroscope, in the hands of a skilful observer, now in most cases detects the exact nature of the substance which is made to glow. The most brilliant effects in atmospheric lightning are produced when there is metallic dust of some kind in the track of the meteor. There are some wonderful instances on record of the freaks which lightning will play in gathering up to itself the metallic pabulum of its fires, such as the one alluded to by Constantini, in which, in the year 1749, a golden bracelet was taken by a flash of lightning from the arm of a lady, who was closing a casement during a storm, without inflicting upon her any very serious harm. M. Fusinieri points out that there are at all times ample stores of vaporised iron, sulphur, and carbon present in the air for the service of the lightning, and that it is these which are seized upon and transported along the track of the discharge as a stream of incandescent particles.

For the production of the electric light in the artificial and manageable form which the enterprise of the electrical engineer now contemplates, there must of necessity be a sustained current or stream of the mysterious agent which is spoken of as electricity, transmitted through an easy channel of some good conducting substance, and a break or gap in that channel where the light is required to appear. There must be what the electrician terms a closed circuit of the moving force, with an abrupt and narrow interruption of its continuity in one particular spot. The luminous effect is in reality evolved where the electrical force has to gather up its energies to over-

leap the obstacle which is designedly laid across its path. The light is the visible manifestation of the accumulated effort called up to overleap the gap. This bearing of the matter is very well illustrated in the well-known arrangement in which a Leyden jar is discharged through a light steel chain stretched from the outer coating to the knob. At the instant of the discharge a bright spark presents itself between all the contiguous links of the chain. Each spark at that instant only appears where the electrical force has to burst through the air-space, or gap, which intervenes between link and link. The breaks in the chain interpose chasms of resistance in the course of the discharge. At each chasm where the resistance occurs the impeded force collects its energies to meet the emergency, and, as it does so, leaps into light.

In the beautiful effect known as the Voltaic Arc, first developed upon a grand scale by Sir Humphry Davy under the opportunities which the costly batteries of the Royal Institution placed at his command, the electrical current is produced by the instrumentality of a galvanic arrangement of plates and cells, and it flows through the copper wire which is provided for its transmission, from one terminal plate, or pole, of the battery round to the opposite terminal plate. So long as the opposite terminals of the battery are connected in this way, successive streams, or currents, continue to chase each other in rapid succession through the wire. The force is in the first instance generated by a consumption of some one or more of the elements of which the battery is composed. In the earliest form of the galvanic cell, where plates of zinc were employed for the development of the current, the effect was attended by, and to a considerable extent due to, an actual combustion of the zinc, set up and maintained by the acid menstruum in which it was plunged. The electrical force which streamed through the wire was as essentially a product of this consumption of the zinc and liquid menstruum as heat is the product of the consumption of coal when it is burned in a furnace.

In the early experiments of Davy, the break in the circuit, at which the light was made to present itself as a luminous arc, was effected by dividing the copper wire at some convenient midway part, and by arming each end of the broken part with a piece of pointed charcoal. When the luminous arc was to be produced, the two points of charcoal were in the first instance pressed gently together. The circuit for the transmission of the current was in that way made complete, the current began to flow, and a bright spark appeared where

the points touched each other. The cause of the spark was simply that resistance to the passage of the electric stream was set up where the transmitting conductor was fined down to the narrow dimensions of the points. The current, which made its way smoothly and easily through the unbroken parts of the wire, struggled and surged tumultuously when it reached the narrows of the passage, and, in the end, so tumultuously where the obstruction was greatest, that the molecules of the conducting substance there vibrated into sparkling incandescence. But after the spark had been produced in this way by the contact of the points of carbon, it was soon noticed that the light was not summarily destroyed when the points were drawn gradually asunder. The spark was then simply changed into what seemed to the eye like a broad egg-shaped film of flame. With a battery of two thousand cells, containing plates of thirty square inches of superficial area to each, electric flames were in this way formed more than three inches long. The luminous effect was, however, limited to a certain definite range; for, if the points were drawn a little further asunder when the limit had been reached, the light was abruptly extinguished. This occurred because the electric current had then refused to flow any longer across the gap. In starting the light it was indispensable that the carbon points should, in the first instance, be brought into contact. No current of electrical force began until the contact was absolute and complete. But the current having once been set up, it afterwards continued to flow across the gap as the points were drawn apart, until the interval had become too wide for this to be any longer possible.

For some considerable time the exact nature of this beautiful arch of light, which soon received the designation of the Voltaic Arc, was not known. It is now, however, better understood. It is, in fact, well ascertained that, upon the establishment of the contact of the carbon points, some part of the carbon is turned into vapour by the electric energy, where the spark is developed. When the points are drawn gently asunder, the vaporisation still goes on, the vapour is thrown out as a jet, and a vapour-bridge is so formed across the widening gap. Streams of molecules then pass by means of this bridge from point to point. At times radiant sparks can be actually traced in the arc, effecting the passage and forming shining tracks as they go. Some molecules issue from each of the points, but a double quantity starts from the one which belongs to what is called the positive terminal of the battery. The positive point is, on this account, consumed at a more rapid rate than the negative one. The negative point suffers a definite loss of its

own molecules. But it receives more molecules from the positive point opposite than it sends away, and the excess which it receives is visibly heaped upon its surface in a somewhat confused way, blunting its contour and increasing its mass. Whenever the carbon is so far impure that it contains mineral substances of a more refractory nature than itself mingled in amidst its molecules, these may be observed to gather upon the surface of the points as melted bubbles, which vibrate to and fro, and look as if they were themselves straining to join in the leap. These bubbles, however, never appear when chemically pure carbon is employed for making the circuit.

When the vapour-stream has been established between the carbon-pointed terminals drawn a little way asunder, it becomes a true bridge in the sense that it then answers for the transmission of the electric current across the gap. It serves to maintain the continuity of the circuit of the conducting track, which without its help would be summarily interrupted. But the molecules of the stream are kept in a state of shining luminosity by the impress of the force which they convey. On account of their own loosened substantiality, they offer enough resistance to the current, as they pass it along, to be themselves converted by it into shining sparks; and these follow each other in such rapid succession that they appear to the eye as a continuous track of flame. Professor Silliman, of the United States of America, by the help of an ingenious method which he devised, was able actually to see the finely divided carbon passing along the arc as a kind of luminous dust; and he also detected a series of faint but rapid detonations, obviously caused by the tearing asunder of the molecules from the positive point. Another observer, M. Van Breda, whilst operating with a powerful battery, having replaced the carbon points by a pair of iron balls, found that the ball which had been connected with the positive terminal very soon lost many grains of its weight from the removal of its particles under the operation of the electric current.

From numerous ingenious investigations of this character it appears, then, to have been finally established that the light of the Voltaic Arc is due to a stream of incandescent particles in the act of being thrown across the space intervening between the separated carbon points, and that the incandescence of these particles is certainly not properly, or necessarily, a result of ordinary combustion, because it occurs in at least equal intensity in the entire absence of oxygen or other gas which is instrumental in the support of the combustive process. The particles of the carbon are burst off from the rest of the black

mass by the electrical tension to which they are subjected, and are then thrown into such energetic vibration, as they pass across to the opposite pole, that their trembling becomes manifest to the eye as radiant light. M. le Roux, a competent observer, considers that the molecules concerned in the production of the light pass across in the true vaporous or gaseous state. He believes that the refractory element is actually converted for the time into a gas by the electric energy.

Investigations that have been incidentally made, in connexion with these and other experiments of a similar character, have satisfactorily demonstrated that the brilliancy and colour of the Voltaic Arc are materially influenced by the intensity of the current employed in its production, by the nature of the terminal points of the interrupted conductor, and by the character of the resisting medium through which the stream of vaporised substance has to force its way. The light is especially brilliant when potassium or sodium is used for the terminals instead of carbon. But, upon the whole, carbon triumphantly maintains its position as the best of all substances for the production of useful results. The length and illuminating power of the arc are increased by augmenting the power of the generating battery; but this is more the case, when the augmentation is made by multiplying the number of battery-cells, than when it is effected by the increase of the size of the plates.

The material molecules which are rendered incandescent in the Voltaic Arc are raised for the time to a very high temperature. The heat which is generated in them is sufficient for the vaporisation and dissipation of the most refractory substances that can be subjected to the ordeal. The sum total of heat developed is nevertheless very much less than that which is furnished by a gas flame of considerably less illuminating power. The heat which is evolved, intense as it is, is confined within comparatively narrow dimensions. But over and above this, it is light-vibrations rather than heat upon which the energy of the force is especially expended. The electric current runs into light rather than into heat. No other method has yet suggested itself, in the operations of science, by means of which so enormous an amount of luminous energy can be developed within very narrow space.

The most interesting, however, of all the marvellous attributes of the electric light is its close relationship, in various important particulars, to the light of the sun. It produces the same energetic effect in determining chemical change, whether in the direction of combination or of decomposition. It powerfully excites the luminosity of phosphorescent bodies. The

processes of photography can be carried on by its instrumentality. It develops colour in its proper tints, and in the utmost purity. MM. Foucault and Fizeau, the French experimenters, considered the light of the Voltaic Arc to have about half the intensity of direct sunshine, which is itself reputed to be equal in illuminating power to the light of 5,774 candles compressed into a radiant focus one foot away. Their estimate, however, was made from a Voltaic Arc maintained by a galvanic battery, and such is avowedly less intense than the light generated by the powerful magnetic machines now in use, which probably is not at all inferior in intensity to sunshine.

The light produced in the Voltaic Arc was used for the first time for a purpose of serviceable illumination in the Opera at Paris in 1846, when, in one of the scenes of a performance, it was made to imitate the effect of the rising sun. It was employed by the Spanish Railway Company, with considerable success, in 1862, to enable some special works to be carried out in the absence of daylight, and in the same year was introduced into the Dungeness lighthouse. It was adopted as the source of illumination in the lighthouse at La Hève, near Havre, in 1863.

As soon, however, as the light began to enter upon this career of useful application, it was found that the maintenance of batteries of two thousand, and even, in an improved form, of six hundred, cells was quite out of the question for any industrial purpose, on account of the enormous cost which this involved. No progress was consequently made towards the utilisation of the electric light until revolving magneto-electric machines began to take the place of voltaic batteries as generators of the current. This important revolution dates from the year 1863, and it is for the introduction of this form of generator, no doubt, that it was Professor Faraday's great glory to have prepared the way by his discovery of magneto-electric induction. He invented, not the electric light, but the means whereby mechanical movement, instead of chemical energy, might be used for its serviceable production. In the year 1863 the apparatus, which soon became honourably known as the 'Alliance machine,' was successfully brought into use as a generator of light at the French lighthouse of La Hève; and more than one promising machine of an allied form was shown four years afterwards at the Paris Exhibition of 1867. The importance of this revolution may perhaps be most strikingly expressed by the mention of the fact that at the present time the Gramme and Siemens machines are working in the production of electric illumination at

one-fourth the cost that was involved in the best forms of the old voltaic battery.

This Alliance machine was the invention of M. Nollet, the Professor of Physics of the Military School at Brussels. In its earliest state, however, this apparatus had a very different form from that which it finally assumed when it came into practical use. The original idea of its inventor seems to have been to employ the electric current developed by the machine for the decomposition of water into its constituent gases, and then to burn one of these, the hydrogen, either saturated with naphtha vapour, for the production of an illuminating flame, or for heating lime to bright incandescence. The attempt to work out this idea was resolutely persevered in for some time, and it was only ultimately abandoned when it became apparent, during the progress of the experiments, that the apparatus was in reality competent to produce the light without the intervention of the decomposition of the water and the formation from it of a combustible gas. The improved form of this notable machine is still in use in a few lighthouses. But it has not been very generally adopted on account of its cumbrous dimensions, and of the considerable cost which its maintenance entails. In both these important particulars it is now signally surpassed by younger rivals.

The magneto-electric machines which are at the present time coming into general use, and which are already producing such astonishing results, all agree in the one fundamental particular, that the source of their efficiency is the conversion of movement into light. They are dependent for their effect upon movement of some kind, and in all of them the amount of light which is evolved is in exact proportion to the speed and energy of that movement. In all of them it is ‘mechanical ‘work’ that is converted into illumination.

The examination of the mutual relations and sympathies of magnetic and electric force in reality began as long back as 1820. In that year three distinguished experimenters—Oerstedt, Ampère, and Arago—had shown that suspended and balanced magnets are disturbed whenever electric currents are generated in their neighbourhood, and that steel is magnetised permanently when such currents are made to act upon it. In 1830 Faraday completed the chain of scientific induction, of which these experiments of the Danish and French philosophers formed the initiatory links, by demonstrating that electric currents are called up in coils of ordinary copper wire, when these are brought suddenly under the influence of magnets. The ingenious device by which Faraday arrived at this

grand result was simply the thrusting of the end of a bar-magnet into the interior of a spiral coil of copper wire, and the subsequent drawing of it back. At each operation a momentary current of electrical force circulated through the coil, but the motion of this current was reversed according as the magnet was thrust into the coil or drawn out. The current through the coil was made manifest by the movements of a pivoted and suspended magnet placed a little distance off under the influence of another coiled part of the copper wire. Faraday also proved about the same time that, in producing this effect, a coil of wire transmitting a voltaic current may be substituted for the bar-magnet without altering the result, the movement of the current in the two coils being then in opposite directions. In all these experiments, the electric currents produced were but of a moment's duration. There was no current at all when the magnet was still. The current instantaneously appeared when the magnet was moved into some different position in reference to the coil. The movement was palpably a condition indispensable to the production of the effect. In other words, it was obviously the mechanical effort involved in the movement which was transformed into the electric energy. From a careful consideration of these experiments, it was almost immediately inferred that, by rapidly producing successive movements in a permanent magnet, a corresponding succession of alternating currents of electricity might be generated. Within two years of Faraday's discovery M. Pixii, an instrument-maker at Paris, had mounted a horseshoe magnet in a frame in such a way that it could be made to revolve upon its longitudinal axis, and in doing so be caused to bring its opposite poles successively into close approximation to a pair of bars of soft iron enveloped in coils of copper wire. When this magnet was driven rapidly round upon its axis, currents coursed through the coils of wire alternately in reversed directions each time either pole of the magnet swept past. Electrical currents were then collected from the coils as long as the revolution of the permanent magnet was maintained. This was the first magneto-electric machine which was constructed. But innumerable modifications of this apparatus have since been contrived. In some of these the permanent magnets are fixed, and the coils, with their soft iron cores, perform the revolving part of the operation. In Clarke's machine, which was one of the earliest improvements effected, two coils were set to revolve upon an axis placed at right angles with a bundle of permanent horseshoe magnets, and with their position so ad-

justed that they passed at each turn the exact spot a little above the pole of the permanent magnet, where the magnetic force is most energetically exerted. All improvements of this kind were, however, merely modifications of mechanical detail. The effective principle in every kind of revolving magneto-electric machine is the same—the moving magnets and coils in rapid succession towards and from each other, so that currents of electric force may be developed in the coils with each change of relation. The magnet, in this arrangement of the generating mechanism, only serves to set up an initiatory disturbance in the normal state of molecular repose. When this has once been established, the movement of the revolving parts of the apparatus accomplishes the rest, and the mechanical impulse is, as it were, ground out from the machine in the form of a continuous stream of electrical energy.

Amongst the numerous magneto-electric machines which have been devised by mechanical ingenuity there are three forms which appear to be more generally adopted for light-producing purposes than any of the rest:—The Holmes machine, which was patented in 1854, and which was employed in the high lighthouse of the South Foreland in 1858; the Siemens machine, which was also perfected in 1854 by Siemens and Halske of Berlin, and which was set to work in the Lizard Lighthouse a little more than a year ago; and the now famous Gramme machine, which was completed in Paris by its inventor, M. Gramme, in 1871, and which has been employed to light up the workshops of a large manufactory in Paris since 1873. It is this machine also which displays its mimic sun from the summit of the clock tower at Westminster during the sitting of Parliament, which feeds the lamps of the goods dépôt of the Northern Railway Company in Paris, and which at the present time lights up the luminous spheres that shine so attractively during the early hours of the night along the Thames Embankment between Westminster and Waterloo Bridges.

In each of these generating machines there are certain particulars of the mechanism which are the same. In all of them coils of copper wire, embracing cores of soft iron, and mounted upon revolving discs or cylinders, are driven by steam power, so that they pass round in rapid succession near to the poles of powerful magnets. Electrical currents are generated in the coils at each near approach to the magnet, and are collected into one common wire at the outlet of the system of coils, which then proceeds on to the break of the circuit, or lamp, where the light is produced. In the first instance permanent

steel magnets were employed, in the construction of these machines, for the initiation of the current. But it was soon discovered that more powerful effects could be secured by adopting electro-magnets in the place of permanent ones. In doing this advantage is taken of the fortunate circumstance that soft iron which has been magnetised by the influence of an electric current always retains a small residual trace of the magnetism which the current has produced. This residual trace is as much as is needed to start the action of the machine. Indeed, a core of pure soft iron, that is quite void of even this small residual trace, is competent to play the same useful part, because it is almost certain to be so placed that some magnetism is developed in it by the inductive action of the earth, which is itself a permanent magnet of no mean power. The current which is generated by the first revolution of the coils is then made to envelope in at least some portion of its folds the soft iron core, and very soon turns the soft iron into an electro-magnet of enormous strength. A most marvellous and, to the uninitiated, almost incomprehensible interaction then begins. The current having electrically magnetised the core, that core magnetically reacts upon the current, and intensifies its strength. The stronger current then generates a still higher magnetism in the core, and the currents and magnets in this way go on exciting and urging each other into yet stronger and stronger action, as the coils whirl on faster and faster under the impulse of the steam-driven machinery, until a torrent of electric force is at last poured out from the machine, which is adequate to the production of an intensely brilliant light when finally introduced into the lamp.

The mechanism of these rotatory machines is such a tangle of complexity, such an inextricable intercommingling of wires, and magnets, and coils, in layer upon layer, that the result, when a powerful machine is contemplated at work, appears, to the eye of the casual and uninitiated observer, very much like a piece of incomprehensible jugglery. Coal is heaped upon the furnace, steam pressure is raised in the boiler, and the mad whirl of the coil-ensheathed core of the machinery rushes on with ever increasing din. But nothing whatever can be traced by the eye of the involved relations of magnets and coils which have been described. That is all merged in the interminable tangle of coils and bars, and in the eye-eluding speed of the rapid revolution. Almost all that can be reasonably hoped for in any case where this process is looked at is that the observer may get so far as to be able to understand that a kind of electric

spray is being whirled off from the whizzing coils, which is capable of breaking into sparkles of light when it strikes upon the gaps of metallic continuity provided for its reception.

The distinctive characteristic of Holmes' machine is not difficult to comprehend. Several bobbins, or coils, are fixed between and near to the edge of a pair of circular brass discs, the discs are caused to rotate upon a central axis, and, as they do so, carry the coils past the poles of a bundle of permanent magnets, until a speed is reached with which not less than 4,840 distinct and rapidly consecutive currents are given off per minute. In the Gramme machine, the base of the moving part of the structure is a plain round ring of soft iron enveloped throughout in copper-wire coils. The ring is turned rapidly in its own plane between the opposite poles of horseshoe magnets. Under the influence of the magnets it becomes itself an electro-magnet in each half, with poles always placed at the two points of its circumference which are for the time nearest to the external stationary magnets. As the ring and its investing coils sweep round, fresh points of its circumference are continually coming into the polar state, and fresh coils are made to evolve their currents. All the currents are, however, collected and thrown into one leading wire, by the simple expedient of brushes of wire pressed at appropriate spots upon the revolving ring. The ring in this machine is a very marvellous piece of apparatus. Simple as it is in its nature and form, it has functions of the highest importance to execute. As soon as it becomes polarised under the influence of its whirl past the stationary magnets, it acts and reacts upon, and is reacted upon by, the currents coursing through the coils, and by the stationary magnets, until the accumulated effect, which has been already spoken of, is thus inductively secured. The first Gramme machine constructed, which was identical in all essential particulars with the one still in use in the clock tower at Westminster, stood within a space 32 inches square and 50 inches high. It weighed 2,200 lbs., and had three revolving rings, six stationary magnets, 550 lbs. of copper wire wound upon the magnets, and 165 lbs. encircling the rings, which revolve, when at full speed, from 700 to 1,000 times per minute. This machine gives a light equal to that of 900 Carcel lamps or 7,200 candles.* The advance which has been made

* The Carcel lamp-flame, the French standard of light, is here taken as being equivalent to eight candles, which is the English standard. M. Hagenbach, of Basle, in a report upon the performance of the Gramme machine, gives 80 standard burners of the Carcel lamp, consuming each

' in magneto-electric mechanism in the last two or three years is well illustrated by this machine. It is one hundred times smaller and forty times lighter than the apparatus of the Alliance Company, and performs the same work at one-sixteenth part of the cost.

The Siemens machine, which comes very successfully into competition with the apparatus of Gramme in the important particulars of compactness and economy, and which even excels it in power, is yet more difficult to describe intelligibly in words. It may, however, be sufficient for any practical purpose to explain that its chief peculiarities are coils rolled longitudinally upon a cylindrical revolving core, and flat iron bars passed transversely across the cylinder both above and below, to play the part of the stationary electro-magnets. The ends of the transverse bars are enveloped in the secondary coils. In this arrangement the central initiatory cylinder, the longitudinal coils, the transverse bars, and the several coils investing their projecting poles, do the work of acting and reacting upon each other, and of so intensifying the electric energy that, with a revolution of the coil-armed core amounting to one thousand revolutions per minute, an exceedingly powerful current is poured out to be utilised as a source of illumination in the usual way. The largest machine of the Gramme form of construction is capable of developing the light of 6,660 candles : but the most powerful machines of the Siemens construction yield the light of 14,820 candles.

In all these rotating machines direct and inverse electrical currents are alternately generated as a necessity of the case, the one being evolved with the approach of each coil towards the pole of the stationary magnet, and the other with the recession of the coil after it has passed the pole. In many instances these alternate currents are so operated upon by a piece of apparatus, termed a commutator, that the two different currents are shunted into one apparently continuous stream. When this combination of the opposing currents is not brought about, the resistance to the passage of the electric force is greater than when it is, and the machine is then consequently worked to a disadvantage.

The term 'dynamic' is not inaptly used as a generic designation for all machines in which mechanical movement or *motor power* is used for the generation of the current. The

40 grammes, or 617 grains, of oil per hour, as being equal to 567 normal candles. But other authorities give a slightly higher value for the Carcel light.

machines are also classed as dynamo-magnetic machines when both magnets and motion are employed for the production of the result.

The circuit of conduction is completed in these machines by carrying round the opposite ends of the system of coils until they meet in one common point of union or contact. Then, when the machines are at work, currents of electric force course each other in rapid succession through the coils and completed circuit of wire; and, if the production of light is the object which is aimed at, a break or gap is then made in the continuity of the wire at some definite and convenient place, and the carbon points are introduced into the gap and adjusted to the distance appropriate for the development of the luminous arc. The currents, driven through the wire and the gap by the revolution of the coils in the magnetic field, substantially represent and perform the same office as the currents sent out from the poles of a galvanic battery; but they do this with a much higher degree of intensity. The most energy is developed when the coils are broken up into separate segments, and when these segments are so arranged as to contribute their several currents to one general stream. The combining together of separate segments in this way has precisely the same effect as the combination of a number of separate cells in a galvanic battery. It confers upon the resulting current, collected in the main wire, intensity, or power to make its way through resistance. The use of a single long coil continuous throughout, on the other hand, has the same effect as coupling together all the same kind of plates in a galvanic battery into one system of metal. It gives quantity of current rather than intensity or penetrating power. For mere heating purposes, the single continuous coil produces the most powerful result; but for leaping through gaps, overcoming resistance, and rousing molecules into incandescent vibration, currents derived from separated and multiplied segments are the most effective.

For the production of a good light it is indispensable that the carbon points shall be kept steadily at some definite distance. If that distance is allowed to become either greater or less, the change entails some loss in the light. If the points vary in their distance from minute to minute, the light is rendered unsteady, and flickers from bright to dull, and from dull to bright. As, however, the carbons are consumed by the dissipation of their particles at the opposite poles at a different rate, it does not prove to be an altogether easy task to keep them at the same exact distance. In the first instance it was attempted to do so by the employment of clock-work. Trains

of spring-driven wheels were so arranged as to push the carbon points forward towards each other, as nearly as possible at the rate at which they were consumed. Contrivances of this character were appropriately termed regulators. In the form of apparatus which is known as Serrin's regulator, and which is a great improvement upon the first arrangements of wheel-work, the upper or positive carbon is fixed in a holder that travels downwards by its own weight, and as it does so, through the instrumentality of a pinion engaged in a toothed wheel, it lifts the lower or negative carbon up towards itself at half the rate at which it descends. The movement of both carbons is capable of being adjusted so as to exactly cover their consumption. If at any time the light happens to be extinguished, the weight of the positive holder at once brings the points into actual contact to re-establish the current, and an electro-magnet formed by that current then comes into play to draw the points gently asunder until they are at the best distance for their work. This regulator, excellent as it is, produces an unsteady light if any impurity be present in the carbon, or if the driving machinery work at all irregularly. But with pure carbons and even movement in the machinery, it is capable of maintaining a light as steady as that of a well-adjusted gas-burner or moderator lamp.

The carbon which was used by Sir Humphry Davy in his experiments with the Voltaic Arc was wood-charcoal, which had been plunged, when red hot, into mercury. This answered admirably, but it burned away under the action of the luminous arc with inconvenient rapidity. M. Foucault discovered that the dense coke which is deposited on the inside of gas retorts can be employed as a very serviceable substitute for wood-charcoal, being more close and compact in its texture, and having, on that account, the property of consuming more slowly. Its chief drawbacks are, that it is not of uniform composition throughout, and consequently furnishes an irregular light; and that it contains various impurities which interfere to a certain extent with the homogeneity and purity of the illumination. It also affords more resistance to the current than wood-charcoal, and absorbs more motor power for the production of any given result. Various processes have been devised both for purifying retort carbon, and for manufacturing an artificial substitute that shall be free from its imperfections. Some of the best of the artificial carbons give very good results, and afford about double the light of ordinary retort carbon under equal amounts of consumption.

A vast amount of ingenuity has already been expended in

improving the mechanism and form of regulators. The Duboscq and Siemens lamps are both effective arrangements, in which a self-regulating principle of adjustment, by means of electro-magnets, is brought into play; an electro-magnet and a train of wheel-work pull against each other, and the one or the other is predominant according as a weak or a strong current passes between the points. In the Rapieff regulator a pair of rods of carbon, meeting at a sharp angle like the sides of the letter V, are used for both the upper and lower points, and are kept in the proper position for their work by the combined influence of weights and electro-magnets.

Quite recently a series of lamps have been introduced for the production of the electric light in which the wheel-work adjustment is entirely dispensed with, and the carbon terminals are kept in contact, the light being due to the incandescence which is developed at the narrow solid points instead of in an arch of vaporised substance. In the Werdermann lamp the lower point is pressed home, against a broad convex disc of carbon fixed above, by the action of a weight carried over pulleys. The advantage of this arrangement is that the lower carbon, which has the form of a lengthened rod, is alone consumed. The current, however, does not pass along its entire length, but enters it near the point where the incandescence has to be developed. In the Regnier lamp the carbon point is pressed against the edge of a revolving disc instead of against a convex surface. In the Mersanne lamp the rod is carried horizontally by the pressure of revolving drums, and so kept in proper contact. In the Wallace lamp, in which the luminous arc again appears, broad plates of carbon are drawn slightly asunder, and the light plays between them, shifting backwards and forwards along the edges, as it eats down the carbon and so alters the situation of the narrowest part of the gap. In the Jablochkoff candle, which has been so attractively exhibited both in Paris and London, the candle itself consists of two narrow rods of carbon, placed upright and side by side, with a layer of kaolin, or china clay, intervening between. The current is passed up one rod to the top, then across to the contiguous rod, and down to its bottom. It is prevented from leaping across from rod to rod in the body of the candle by the insulating kaolin; but when it reaches the top, and strikes across, it forms a luminous arc which vaporises and burns both carbon and kaolin, and so gradually consumes the candle from summit to base. The two rods of carbon are consumed equally by the simple expedient of sending direct and inverse currents alternately into each. The light is started by a small

bridge of carbon laid across the top from rod to rod, which is itself of such narrow dimensions that it is dissipated almost as soon as it is attacked by the currents. In all forms of electric lamp, the consumption or dissipation of the carbon becomes a serious cause of expenditure. The Jablochkoff candle, although some inches long, lasts only an hour and a half, and in cases where each lamp burns for six hours continuously, as upon the Thames Embankment, four candles are placed in the globe and lit up one after the other.

The distinguishing character of electric illumination is that a very brilliant and intense light is produced in a very narrow space, and thrown to a considerable distance around, in consequence of the intensity of its radiant power. The light is, in this particular, essentially a miniature sun. The circumstance to be chiefly aimed at in its production is, therefore, to concentrate as much power as possible on the spot where the illumination is developed. For this purpose a battery of coils are planted side by side, and steam-engines are set to drive on the coils in their impetuous whirl with ever-increasing speed. By this method of procedure, mimic suns of 32,000-candle illuminating power can now be produced by 10-horse-power steam-engines.

But it is obvious that miniature suns are not required for most of the purposes to which artificial illumination is applied. Lights of 32,000 or even of 1,000 candle-power, for instance, are entirely out of place in houses which are made up of separate and comparatively small apartments. Hence the attention of inventors has been persistently directed to the problem of finding some way to divide and distribute the light. At the first glance it appears that the electric force ought to lend itself very readily to this object, since it so easily distributes itself through wires. In practice, however, it does not fulfil this promise. The attempt, indeed, was first made as long back as 1845 by an English inventor, Mr. King, who produced incandescence in rods of carbon enclosed within exhausted glass chambers to prevent their destruction by combustion. Since that time other inventors have again and again tried their hands at the same problem. The only approach towards a practical result, however, is that which has been quite recently achieved by the Rapieff, Jablochkoff, Werdermann, and Wallace lights.

A new and very formidable difficulty comes into play the instant the attempt is made to divide the electric force generated in a dynamic machine into a subordinate group of lights. The power which is destined for the production of the light

is wastefully frittered away when it is set to flow in a divided stream through a series of narrow channels. The chief part of its energy is destroyed in the effort to overcome the resistance which is encountered in the unfavourable lines of transmission, and next to nothing is left for the development of the light. The resistance is not altogether so formidable when small coils of metal, instead of actual breaks in the conducting circuit, are used for the production of incandescence; but it is still quite enough to be of serious moment. The dividing plan is not suited to the centralising spirit of this method of illumination. In most instances the cost of the maintenance of an apparatus capable of accomplishing the division is greater than it would be if small generating machines were devoted to each miniature lamp. In the systems of Lontin and Gramme, additional machines are indeed actually employed to effect the distribution of the current to different foci of illumination, after it has been primarily generated by the originating apparatus. The Gramme machine at work on the Thames Embankment generates the currents which light up twenty Jablochhoff lamps. The stream from the generating apparatus is, however, in the first instance conveyed to a second machine, which then distributes it to four distinct circuits, in each of which there are five lamps. Both machines are driven by one steam-engine of 20-horse power. The allowance in this case, therefore, is 1-horse power to each light. The distributing machine is so contrived as to have the specific power of issuing currents that penetrate through resistance, while the generating machine is so planned as to produce rather quantity of current than intensity of force. The resistance to the passage of the electric current, and therefore the wastefulness of the process, is yet further increased with every addition that is made to the distance at which the lamps are placed from the generating machine. With even the splendid machines of Siemens and Gramme, it is found that the lights can only be efficiently maintained when the distance does not exceed 200 yards. The magneto-electric machines, as a matter of fact, are utilising as much as 70 per cent. of the power which they generate as light, when this is developed in one brilliant focus close at hand; but 70 per cent. of that power has to be sacrificed to the unproductive task of overcoming resistance and travelling to the remote spot, when even such a limited distribution as that which is now made with the Jablochhoff candle is brought into operation. The resistance, due to the distribution of the force into a number of lights, increases not merely in the ratio of the

number of the lights, but in the ratio which is known to the mathematician as the square, and in some instances even as the cube, of the number. Thus, a power which is equal to the production of a single miniature sun, shining with the light of 1,000 candles, would not produce ten 100-candle lights if so far divided, but only ten lights of 10-candle illumination each. The division of one light into ten can therefore only be effected by the sacrifice of 90 per cent. of its illuminating capacity; and if the division has to be carried out to any material distance, the loss in that case is greater still. For these reasons Dr. Siemens, and other electricians of equally high authority, conceive that the electric light can only be economically and therefore cheaply employed, when it is concentrated into one central blaze, and when the purpose to which it is applied admits of a large space being lit up from one radiant source. This view of the matter has been remarkably confirmed by the employment of the Jablochkoff candles in Paris last year. A steam engine of 20-horse power, driving a double Gramme machine, was there found to be competent to support sixteen lights of 300-candle power each, at a cost of elevenpence per hour for each candle. An illumination, equal to that which would have resulted from the use of 682 gas-jets, was thus furnished at an expenditure for each engine and machine of 29*s.* 9*d.* per hour. The light was just double that which was previously produced by gas. If the gas illumination had been so raised as to secure the same intensity, the cost would not have exceeded 12*s.* per hour. The cost of the electric light, in this notable instance, was, therefore, twice and a half as much as the same illumination by gas would have entailed. In a comparative experiment quite recently carried out by the Gas Light and Coke Company at their offices in the Horse-ferry Road, Westminster, in which an electric light equal to 1,727 candles was maintained in a Serrin lamp by a small Siemens machine driven by a steam-engine of 4-horse power, it was found that the electric light cost 4*s.* 6*d.* per hour, and that the same light was given by four sun burners comprising 63 gas jets each, and burning altogether 540 cubic feet per hour, at a cost of 2*s.* 3*d.* per hour. But the gas was superior in steadiness and in serviceable qualities until the electric light was softened down and diminished one-half by albatrine globes. The relative cost per hour then appeared to be 9*s.* for the electric light against 2*s.* 3*d.* for gas.

The resistance which is offered to the movement of magneto-electric machines, the instant their circuits are closed so as to produce the development of the current, is a very remarkable

circumstance. A machine, that can be quite easily turned round by hand when the circuit of its wires is broken, and no current is generated, becomes very hard to turn the instant the circuit is closed, and the more hard as increased rapidity of revolution is attempted, until the movement is in the end summarily stopped. Even powerful steam-engines are brought to a stand in this way by very rapid revolution, and on this account it is always indispensable, when producing the light for practical purposes, to employ steam-engines that have some considerable reserve of power beyond that which is immediately required for the work in hand. This is a very interesting peculiarity, because it so strikingly illustrates the fundamental fact that the light is absolutely and essentially a transmutation of mechanical movement into itself. The slightest irregularity in the working of the steam-engine immediately tells in a corresponding vacillation and unsteadiness of the light. This, indeed, is one of the practical difficulties which have to be met in carrying out this method of illumination.

In all estimates that are made in reference to the comparative cost of the electric light and of the gas flame, it must not be forgotten that, for most purposes of life, the electric light gives very much more illumination than is absolutely required, and that, on this account, it at once becomes a light of luxury rather than of economy. All sensible people are aware that it is not sound economy to use more artificially produced light than that which is wanted for the specific purpose on hand, although it may be very pleasant to bask in the beams of an artificial sunshine during the dark hours of the night. Additional expenditure for a stronger light only justifies itself economically when it enables some branch of industry to be more productively carried on by night than it can be without such facility. Thus, in the case of the Northern Railway Goods Station at Paris, it has been proved that night labour by gas was of 37 per cent. less value than the same work performed in the light of day, or under the penetrating illumination of the electric beam. The experience in the press-room of 'The Times' printing-office, which is now lit up by six Rapiéff lamps, appears to be very much to the same effect. This, no doubt, is one of the directions in which the electric light does possess great capacities for extended usefulness. It does not, however, necessarily follow that the electric light is cheaper than gas, if it lead to the employment of fourfold or manifold more light than is required for purposes of utility. There is unmistakable evidence that the municipality of Paris are inclining, under economical considerations of this character, to return to

sober gas for the illumination of the great thoroughfares which have been so resplendent during the past festive season with those full moons of the new system of lighting, the Jablochkoff candles.

So far as the actual cost of the electric light is concerned, it has been found that two Holmes machines, giving a light equal to that of 1,523 candles from each machine, and worked by a 4-horse-power steam-engine, are maintained at an annual cost of 539*l.* At the Cape la Hève lighthouse, the Alliance machine provides the light of 2,000 candles at an annual cost of 474*l.* At the Lizard lighthouse, a light of 4,100 candles is furnished by a Siemens machine at a cost for each light of 500*l.* per annum. In the goods shed and yard at La Chapelle, in Paris, each light, furnishing the illumination of 52 gas jets, costs 8*d.* per hour. In the ironworks of Messrs. Reynolds, at Rouen, lights, with the intensity of 1,500 candles in each, are maintained for 2*s.* 10*d.* per hour. The Lontin lights, at the Paris termination of the Lyons and Mediterranean Railway, cost 5*d.*, and at the St. Lazare station of the Western Railway, 8*d.* per hour; in the latter case each light being estimated as equal to 380 candles. In the workshops of the Gramme Company, at Paris, a Jablochkoff light, equal to that of 25 gas-burners and adequate to light a space of 40 feet square, costs 6*d.* per hour. In old voltaic battery days, M. Becquerel's estimate of the cost of a light, produced by 60 Bunsen cells and equal to from 400 to 600 candles, was 2*s.* 6*d.* per hour. The cost of an illumination equivalent to 1,000 candles by the Alliance machine is 3*s.* 6*d.* per hour, and that M. Fontaine considers to be about the same cost as would attend the same illumination by gas in Paris. The early machines of M. Gramme gave the light of 800 candles for each 3-horse power employed in driving; his later machines give the light of 1,800 candles for each horse power employed, and this result virtually indicates that the electric system of lighting, when applied in its most advantageous form of the central sun-illumination developed near to the source of power, furnishes six times more light than gas, at 33 per cent. less expenditure.

Every expedient which tends to reduce the cost of motor power is obviously an additional promise for the more extended adoption of the electric light. Thus water power gives equal results at a little less expenditure than steam. M. Fontaine states that the light, which entails an expenditure of 1,810 francs when a Gramme machine is driven by steam, may be produced for 1,570 francs when the machine is driven by water.

Sir W. Armstrong at the present time actually lights his library at Craigside, near Newcastle, by currents generated by a small Siemens machine, worked by a waterfall 1,500 yards away from the house. Some sanguine enthusiasts, indeed, are already dreaming of the time when water power is to be brought from the tidal rise and fall of the sea, and from the channels of rapid rivers, for the lighting up of great centres of human life and industrial activity. After the remarks that have been already made, it will scarcely be necessary to dwell further upon the nature of the obstacles which will have to be overcome before this pleasant dream can be realised.

The light produced by the incandescence of solid substances is generally of a less intense and brilliant character than that which is developed by the formation of the luminous arc. The spark, for instance, which appears when the carbon points are placed in close contact during the passage of an electric current through them, is very much less bright than the light which appears when they are drawn to the proper distance asunder for the establishment of the stream of luminous vapour. The incandescence of solids, nevertheless, is employed, as has been already indicated, without the luminous arc in some forms of lamps. There was great hope at one time that platinum wire might be used in this way as a serviceable source of light. Most people are aware that platinum wire is readily raised to a red glow when a sufficiently strong electric current is passed through it, and that it does not undergo combustion, or union with oxygen, even when it glows. In practice, however, it has been found that light enough for any serviceable purpose cannot be produced by this expedient, because platinum melts and scatters into disintegrated globules long before it reaches the temperature at which shining brilliancy would begin. The metal iridium can be raised to a higher temperature without undergoing fusion, and it does shine, at the temperatures which it can bear without melting, with a far brighter glow than that which is yielded by platinum. A bar of incandescent iridium gives light enough for the moderate illumination of a small room. Still the light which is so procured is inferior to that which is shed by the carbon spark; and, in addition to this, iridium is so scarce a metal that it bears a very high price, and on that account could not be largely used. A bar of iridium, which is scarcely as large as the handle of a teaspoon, costs as much as 30*l.*

Carbon, on the other hand, maintains its solid continuity at a very high temperature, and cannot be melted by any method of applying heat that has been yet devised. It also possesses

the further advantage of having so low a specific capacity for heat, in comparison with platinum, that it glows under half the expenditure of heat which is needed to make platinum do the same thing. It likewise yields a much more brilliant radiance when it shines ; and over and above this, it resists any given electrical current two hundred and fifty times more stubbornly than platinum, so that a thick carbon rod can be made incandescent by a current which would barely suffice to make the finest wire of platinum, of equal length, red-hot. For these several reasons carbon is almost as universally employed for the production of solid incandescence, as it is for the development of the luminous arc. The Regnier, Werdermann, and Mersanne lamps are all instances of the production of light by the incandescence of solid carbon.

But, whenever carbon is raised into red or shining white heat in the presence of air, it is burned away very rapidly on account of the process of combustion which it then undergoes under the corrosive influence of oxygen. This, indeed, is a much more potent cause of waste and destruction than the dissipation and scattering of the molecules by the electric tension to which they are exposed. On this account it has been deemed very important to seek some plan by which the combustion can be prevented, whilst the brilliant incandescence alone is allowed to be maintained. All the attempts to accomplish this purpose have been technically and somewhat loosely classed as ‘lighting by incandescence ;’ but what is really meant, in such instances, by the phrase is ‘lighting by incandescence alone.’ The production of either the carbon spark or the luminous arc is, in rigid fact, lighting by incandescence, because in such circumstances by far the greater part of the light that is developed is due to the incandescent state which has been described. Still, when those luminous effects are produced in air, the process cannot properly be spoken of as ‘lighting by incandescence alone,’ because some portion of the result is then due to chemical action incident to the union of the oxygen of the air with molecules of the heated carbon.

The earliest method which suggested itself in the attempt to get rid of the effects of combustion from the incandescent substance was the at once obvious plan of excluding the air. This may be most readily done by placing the substance in hermetically closed glass tubes, from which the air has been carefully drawn away. In the vacuum tubes of Geissler, of Bonn, a faint residual trace of some kind of gas is all that is contained within the closed vessel ; and the beautiful luminous effects which are so familiarly known are due to these residual

gaseous particles being thrown into an incandescent state when an electrical current is passed through them. In the case of these tubes the light is entirely due to incandescence, and the effect can be produced over again any number of times, because there is no waste either from combustion or from dissipation. Soon after the discovery of these tubes about the year 1865, the notion occurred that they might possibly be turned to account for the lighting of mines which were dangerous from the presence of explosive gases, and of buildings where gunpowder was manufactured or stored. The light furnished by their means, however, proved to be too feeble for any useful results. In 1874 a prize was awarded to M. Lodyguine, by the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, for an electric lamp in which a fair light was produced by the incandescence of carbon in closed and exhausted receptacles of glass. The carbon was used in the form of a rod, which was simply contracted in its dimensions for a short distance—nipped, as it were, into a narrow waist—where the incandescence was produced. This, however, was simply the reproduction in an improved form of the arrangement conceived by Mr. King twenty-nine years before.

A lamp constructed by M. Konn, also of St. Petersburg, is essentially of a similar character. In it five bars of retort carbon are placed in an exhausted reservoir between two plates of metal, and are so arranged that the five rods can be used in succession. Each rod lasts about two hours. M. Botiguine, also a Russian, has constructed a carbon lamp in which the light is maintained by the instrumentality of a narrow carbon rod slowly pressed up in a groove, within an exhausted glass cell. In 1876 a lamp was patented by Mr. Henry Woodward in which carbon was kept in an incandescent state in some rarefied gas incapable of combining with carbon. These lamps are all alike in the essential particular that they aim at the production of light by the incandescence of solid carbon in the absence of air. M. Fontaine, however, affirms, in reference to their powers, that they are all best adapted for the production of light of about 80-candle intensity, and that, when the light is raised to the intensity of 400 or 500 candles, the carbon is still very rapidly consumed. The main disadvantage in all these lamps is that it proves to be quite impossible to command a thoroughly homogeneous and pure carbon, and that the vacuum of the closed cell is never perfect enough for the absolute prevention of combustion. The carbon is consumed with great rapidity at first, and when the residual gas, or air, has been all converted into carbonic acid or carbonic oxide,

the rods continue to be dissipated by conversion of the solid carbon into vapour, and a powdery deposit of the sublimed carbon is then thrown down upon the interior of the glass, and upon the included parts of the mechanism.

The plan of employing an incandescent solid instead of the luminous arc traversing a gap, for the evolution of the light, has acquired increased interest just at this time on account of a report which has recently come from the other side of the Atlantic. It is said that Mr. Edison, the inventor of the phonograph, has contrived some plan, depending upon the incandescence of a solid, which admits of the division of the light into a large number of subordinate foci of illumination. The exact nature of his method has not yet been divulged, but it is understood that he works with an incandescent wire composed of a mixture of platinum and iridium, which bears a higher degree of heat than unalloyed platinum, without the production of fusion. He gets a pure white light of thirty or forty candle power in each lamp, and at the present time is completing arrangements by which he proposes to test the applicability of his invention by distributing light to the streets and houses of the little village of Menlo Park, in the neighbourhood of his residence, from two 80-horse steam engines. Mr. Sawyer is at the same time said to be perfecting a lamp at New York, in which carbon is kept incandescent in a receptacle containing nitrogen mixed with some other incombustible vapour, the nature of which is not yet revealed. Another American, Mr. Brush, is also reported to have produced a serviceable lamp, with incandescent carbon, of from 1,500 to 3,000 candle power, with some promise of ultimately getting from eight to twenty lights from each generating machine. In reference to that part of the plan which concerns the division of the light into numerous subordinate lamps of moderate brightness, the same remark applies in all these processes. There is no longer any question as to the *practicability* of producing many lights of limited intensity from one generator of the electric current. It is certainly both possible and easy to do that. The problem which still has to be solved is not the divisibility, but the *economical divisibility*, of the light. So far as all known experiments have gone up to the present time, it has been found that there is loss of effective power at every step in the process when the primary energy is passed through successive stages of transformation. When the force which is derived from coal is applied through a series of successive processes—to generate heat, to transform water into steam, to drive mechanical apparatus, to convert the movement of the apparatus into electric

currents, and finally to turn the electrical currents into light—there is absorption and consequent loss of energy at each fresh step of the complicated proceeding. The energy which comes out in the result at the end is not by any means equivalent to the energy which is put in at the beginning. With the best magneto-electric machines, producing a single light close at hand, about forty per cent. of the energy which is extracted out of the coal becomes available as light. But when that forty per cent. is transmitted long distances, hampered by successive breaks in the conducting wire, or cut up into subordinate currents, only a small fraction remains for conversion into light. So long as the forty per cent. of energy extracted out of coal is applied at the spot where it is produced, through one focus of illumination, it may, under the best management, be made to produce an intense light at less cost than gas. The subdivision of the light may also be carried to a small extent without very ruinously augmenting the expense; but in this direction the limit is soon reached, and beyond that the divided light becomes a luxury for the rich, or a costly expedient to meet an important need which justifies the enlarged outlay, rather than an illumination suitable for general use. If a wire conducting an electric current to a lamp 100 yards away weigh one pound per yard, either the producing power must be doubled, or the wire itself must be augmented to twice the dimensions and weight per yard, if the same amount of light is to be produced 200 yards off. If, again, the conducting wire is to be broken in five successive parts of its course, so as to supply five several lamps with light on its way, then, if the same amount of light is to be developed in the five lamps that would have been displayed in the single one, either the producing power or the dimensions of the wire must be augmented not five times, but twenty-five times; and if the multiplication of the lights has to be produced by a branching out of the primary wire, instead of by breaking it into successive gaps, the augmentation must be enormously more than that.* The problem of the application of the electric light to the purposes

* Theoretically the increase should be as the square of the number in the case of the multiplication of the lights by successive breaks in one conducting line, and as the cube of the number, when it is produced by the branching wire. In practice, however, it appears that this law does not come into full force with the best generating machines, such as the Gramme and the Siemens, until after four or five separate lamps have been fed. With the Jablochhoff candle five lights are for this reason maintained by each circuit of the distributing machine, the same wire being carried through the five lamps.

of ordinary domestic and social life, where many radiant sources of moderate power are required, cannot be held to have been virtually even approached until electrical science has found some way to make the 1,000-candle light divide itself into one hundred lights of 10-candle power each. No one who knows anything of the principles of electrical science will need to be told that this is a feat which has not yet been accomplished by inventive skill either on this, or on the further, side of the Atlantic.

In reference to this question of the division of the electric light, M. Fontaine's verdict, recorded in the well-illustrated and instructive volume which is named at the head of this article, is to the following effect:—

'The merits of the system of King in 1845, and of Jablochkoff in 1877, are of an exceptional character, and it would be a matter of difficulty to decide which of them approaches nearest to the true solution of the difficult problem of dividing the electric light. It must not, however, be thought that, in the face of these obstacles, the idea of replacing gas by electricity will have been entirely renounced, for science is far from having attained the last of its conquests by means of this mysterious fluid, which has already annihilated distance, and may also be said to have suppressed night. But despite the remarkable labours of Jablochkoff and the no less remarkable invention of M. Denagrouse, there exists at the present time no sufficiently practical system of so dividing the light as to render it generally available for the purpose for which gas is used.'

Dr. Siemens, who is also a very high authority upon the subject, both on account of his comprehensive grasp of the scientific principles that are involved, and of the large part he has already played both in advancing the powers and in defining the true sphere of action of this exquisitely beautiful system of illumination, says in regard to it:—

'Although I am strongly of opinion that electricity will gradually replace gas in many of its most important applications as being both cheaper and more brilliant, I still hold that its application will be limited, at least during our generation, to such larger purposes as the lighting of our coasts, to naval and military signalling, to harbours, quays, warehouses, and public buildings, including perhaps picture galleries and drawing-rooms, where the objections to gas are already felt to the extent of banishing that means of lighting to the passages, offices, and bedrooms. I am, however, of opinion that a revolution, even to the extent indicated, must be the work of time; and that while gas will undoubtedly in due course be supplanted by its more brilliant rival for the purpose thus indicated, the consumption of gas will be maintained by the increasing area of population resulting from the increase of population in towns, and by the additional applications for cooking and for heating purposes, for which gas will supplant the use of solid

fuel, and thus confer a new benefit upon mankind by doing away the nuisance of smoke and ashes. If gas companies rightly understood their interests, they would themselves take up electric lighting for those purposes for which it has the decided preference, and at the same time promote the application of gas for heating; in doing which they would clearly increase their business as lighting companies, while benefiting the public by providing them with the very best sources of heat and light.'

Upon the same theme M. Fontaine also further says:—

'The electric arc is eminently convenient for the lighting of large uncovered spaces, or large halls without interior partitions; but when it is required to light small spaces or very subdivided localities, it is much more advantageous to employ gas, petroleum, or even ordinary oil. . . . Manufacturers who pay not more than 30 centimes [3d.] per cubic mètre [equal to 10·8 cubic feet] for gas, and find their establishment sufficiently lighted with twenty gas-burners, should not seek a more economical light, unless they work all night without interruption, in which case it would be to their interest to replace ten of the gas-burners by an electrical apparatus.'

The electric light, as has been already incidentally remarked, is less heating than the flame produced by the combustion of gas. It is also generally conceived that it is less prone than gas to the production of hurtful vapours which may prove objectionable in confined and imperfectly ventilated rooms. If this be the case, even a largely increased expenditure for the employment of the electric light would be not only justified, but imperatively demanded, in many instances, upon sanitary grounds. Thus the introduction of electrical illumination into the central offices of the Telegraphic Department of the Government, where a large number of clerks and operators of both sexes are kept at work in crowded rooms through long hours of the night, could not fail to give its money's worth, whatever the outlay may be. This is a matter, indeed, which has for some time engaged the attention of Mr. W. H. Preece, an energetic officer in this branch of the public service, and, after a careful consideration of the whole bearing of the case, he has arrived at the conclusion that, desirable as may be the introduction of the electric light into the Central Telegraph Offices upon sanitary grounds, it is not possible to carry this into effect until three indispensable conditions can be fulfilled. The light must have at least the illuminating power of 1,000 candles; it must be so absolutely steady as not to cause distress to the eye by its flickering and variations of brightness; and it must be capable of being sustained in its unvarying and brilliant intensity through the entire extent of a mid-

winter night without calling for personal interference or attention. Mr. Preece further states that at the present time it is possible to get each of these several excellences in different kinds of lamp, but that they are not to be found united together in any one kind. He gives the preference to the Serrin lamp for brilliancy, to the Werdermann lamp for steadiness, and to the Wallace Lamp for endurance. But he declines to recommend the substitution of electric illumination for that of gas in his important branch of the public service until he can be sure of the combination of all these desirable conditions in the light.

It is a common and somewhat trite remark that there are two sides to every question. This certainly is the case in reference to a comparison of the respective merits of the electric light and gas. On account of its greater heating power, gas has a naturally larger capacity than the electric light for maintaining efficient ventilation when it is skilfully employed. No one can have failed to notice how very pleasant the state of the air is in lofty rooms in which large solar gas-burners are kept alight near the centre of the ceiling during the day, whilst fresh warm air is supplied by some special contrivance from beneath. When used in this way, gas is actually a most efficient purifier of the air instead of being a source of noxious contamination. This is a beneficent service to which the electric light cannot in any way aspire. In this particular, therefore, gas scores against its brilliant competitor for popular favour.

In reference to this bearing of the subject, it should also be understood that the electric light is not altogether so innocent in the matter of noxious emanations as has been conceived. It produces both nitrous acid fumes and nitric acid by its action upon the constituent gases of the atmosphere. Mr. T. Wills has collected in two minutes nitrous acid fumes in a glass cylinder inverted over a Foucault's lamp, and in one instance procured 12 grains of nitric acid from the air surrounding the light of the same lamp in a single hour. This, however, is only what might be anticipated from the conditions of the process, as it is well known that both nitrous and nitric acids are produced in the atmosphere by discharges of lightning.

Upon the general question of the relative value of the electric light and gas, Dr. Siemens holds that no really formidable competition against gas can arise until central stations have been established in popular neighbourhoods; where steam power, produced as cheaply as at the rate implied in a consumption of $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of coal for each horse-power, shall supply

both light and motor power for minor industrial purposes to an area of one mile radius.

In the reference to Dr. Siemens' views which appears in a previous page, allusion was made to the adoption of the electric light for purposes of military and naval signalling. In explanation of that allusion it may be necessary to state that M. Gramme has constructed a war-signalling lamp, worked entirely by hand by four men, which gives the light of 400 candles. The 'Livadia,' a Russian war ship, is furnished with a Gramme machine which supplies the light of 4,000 candles, and which sheds an illumination round that makes objects distinctly visible 3,200 yards, or nearly two miles, away. The 'Livadia' has been successfully taken into the ports of Odessa and Constantinople on dark nights by the light of its own illuminating apparatus. It is well known what part lights of this character are to be called upon to play in the systematic defence against night attacks upon war ships by torpedoes. The Jablochkoff candles, which light up the Thames Embankment in the early hours of the night, shed a light upon the river-way that would render it quite easy for any steam-vessel to make a passage along the stream between Westminster and Waterloo Bridges whilst they are in operation.

From a retrospective consideration of the matters which have been thus far passed in review, the conclusion may be fairly drawn that both the electric light and gas will flourish side by side, and will yield their beneficent services to man, in friendly rivalry, in the years yet to come. Each has, unquestionably, a place of its own to fill, and a field for future occupation, altogether illimitable in extent, which it is already possible to indicate with no uncertain finger. For the older light, which has so long faithfully and efficiently performed its task of lighting up the dark hours of night in the most concentrated haunts of civilised life, it is not rash to prophesy that it has more to hope than to fear from the rivalry of its more brilliant but less handy and less adaptable compeer. It may have to look to its equipments, and to take heed to its ways. But, with a prudent and well-considered readjustment of its operations and aims, it will not suffer from the competition to any material extent. The readiness with which gas distributes itself into an unlimited number of lights without any serious addition to cost, and the facility with which, by a mere turn of the hand, its illuminating force can be varied in any degree from that of a night-light or a rush-light up to that of many hundred candles, give ample guarantee that its familiar and welcome

presence will not yet be banished from either the quiet retreats or the busy haunts of men. But, in addition to this very trustworthy ground of assurance, it further enjoys the capability of working in a field which the electric light cannot touch—that, namely, in which it is turned to account for heating rather than for lighting. Gas, too, it must be remembered, is in no way excluded from taking to itself its own share of the advantages which are secured in all branches of manufacture by the rapidly advancing discoveries of science. The processes employed for its production will yet be considerably cheapened as well as improved. Even since the preceding part of this paragraph was first written, the augury expressed in it has been signally fulfilled by the demonstration which has been made, on the Waterloo Bridge Road, by the Phoenix Gas Company, of the capabilities of the old mode of lighting under improved application and management. Twenty-two lamps have there been superseded, upon a stretch of road 500 yards long, by forty-eight of an improved pattern, with one lamp at the York Road crossing emitting the light of two hundred candles, and quite dazzling to the unprotected eye. By the old method of lighting the entire length of road received only the light of 264 candles. The cost in the first instance amounted to $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ per hour. On the improved plan it amounts to 1s. 10d. per hour. If the same thoroughfare were lit by the electric light, furnished in about the same amount as on the Thames Embankment by twenty lamps, allowing 1s. per hour for each lamp, which is the estimated cost, the outlay would amount to 1*l.* per hour. The light given by the gas, under the improved method here used, is certainly sufficient for all practical purposes.

In regard to the fortunes and prospects of the new candidate for confidence and favour, the electric light, it may with no less certain assurance be said that it has already established its capability to reign supreme in large halls of assembly, or in wide outdoor spaces, where a thousand-candle effulgency shed from a single central source can find an adequate sphere for its far-reaching radiance; and in lighthouses, where the reserve force of additional machines can be kept at hand and brought into operation to quadruple the penetrating efficiency of the luminous beam whenever the sea and dangerous coast-lines put on their murky cloak of fog. It will be used for all purposes of night-signalling, and for the illumination of frequented harbours and roadsteads. It will become a common and most important resource on board all large war ships and all merchant steamers of high class. It will be drawn upon for the night-

work of constructive engineers where large operations are in progress, and in many night-industries where some increase of cost is immediately compensated by the augmented efficiency of the service. It will find its beneficent way into the fire-haunted recesses of dangerous mines. It will be used wherever it is important that true tints and colours shall be accurately discriminated under artificial illumination, and wherever costly and delicate fabrics, that are prone to be injured by the vapours produced by ordinary processes of combustion, are stored. It will be distributed into a softened constellation of subordinate lights whenever additional cost of production is not of practical moment, or wherever there is superfluity of steam-power at hand to be turned to account. And, if last, not least, in that divided form it will become a cherished accession to the gathering of other bright things in the dwellings of the wealthy, where elegance and luxury take rank as necessities of life, and where high cost is a recommendation rather than a disqualifying condition.

ART. III.—1. *The Primitive Fortifications of the City of Rome, &c.* By JOHN HENRY PARKER, C.B., &c. 2nd edition. Oxford: 1878.

2. *L'Histoire Romaine à Rome.* Par J.-J. AMPÈRE. 2^{me} édition. Paris: 1865.
3. *The Roman Forum: a Topographical Study.* By FRANCIS MORGAN NICHOLS, M.A., F.S.A. London: 1877.

THE history of the spot of ground upon which the city of Rome has stood for so many centuries has passed through three stages of very different character and interest, but each of which reflects some light upon the others, and may deserve to be embraced in one general view. First of all we discover some slight record of material facts in the mere outward aspect of the site on which the city has been erected, in the visible features impressed upon it by the silent operations of nature, in which man has had no part and no place at all. Secondly, we trace the works of man, and of human power, in such fragments as remain embedded in the soil, or peering above it, of his intelligent constructions. Lastly, we may read in books, or interpret from graven monuments in stone or metal, what purport to be the connected annals of human progress through many centuries of the city's actual existence. From the two latter stages of this history the first stands of course wholly

apart; it does not represent man or the actions of man at all, and accordingly its interest is of a special character, distinct from all human affairs. Nevertheless it has no doubt a reality of its own, consecutive in its details and consistent with itself, could we trace it as fully as we should desire. To some enquirers, indeed, the ineradicable traces of this prehistoric career impressed upon the soil of Rome by the order of its physical revolutions is more significant and really intelligible than many written annals blurred by the passions and errors of human nature; the man of science, the naturalist and geologist, may regard the testimony of the rocks and streams, of the flora and fauna, of primeval Rome as surer at least, if less distinct and particular, than the gravest assertions of many eminent compilers of social annals. These witnesses cannot invent; they cannot misinterpret facts. In the face of the mountains and the rivers criticism is silent, scepticism has no standpoint. The geologist may rest secure when he has pointed out how, for instance, the central ridge of the Apennines was in the remotest ages upheaved from a vast circumambient ocean by some explosive force lodged in its foundations; how in its rise it raised with it the smoother surface of the Campagna, studded indeed with lesser hills, each perhaps once a focus of volcanic action; how these hills lifted along with them masses of marine sand and shells from the ocean beneath which they had originally lain; how the plain, once covered by the salt waters, was afterwards immersed in the great lake which was fed by the affluents from the surrounding eminences, the outlet from which was barred before they could empty themselves into the sea. We know not by what natural convulsion an opening was effected in the hills at Ostia, and the valley in which Rome stands left at last free to cast off its superfluous waters by the great natural drain of the Tiber.

These changes and others like them are plainly visible to the eye of the naturalist, and mark to his mind a series of epochs and a succession of causes and effects, which may be called in some sense historical. Before man has appeared upon the soil, the naturalist traces mentally the generation of animal life; even prior to the birth of animal life he may picture to himself a vision of the vegetable organisms by which the bare skeleton of rocks and stones has become gradually clad with mould. His observation of the evolution of law even among the brute elements of this primal Rome may be not less interesting, not less true, not less fruitful of reflection to him, than the recorded progress of the Roman jurisprudence in after ages from the Twelve Tables to the Pandects, the furthest

outcome of human intellect in the ancient world. Thence he proceeds, no doubt, to enquire into the changes which have occurred in the Roman climate, indicating the disappearance of vast tracts of forest; when the plains were covered deeply with snows that are now of rare occurrence; when the rapid Tiber was periodically congealed; when the air was more humid, and greater masses of water descended from the hills to stagnate in the lower levels between them. The earliest observations which man has made upon the spot disclose these its special features. We do not suppose, indeed, that, according to the old Roman tradition, the Velabrum was so called from the sails (*vela*) of the barks which navigated it, nor from the ferries (*a vehendo*) by which it was crossed; but it is probable that the appellation owes its origin to the marshy nature of the soil, and has its root in *ἄλος*, the ancient Greek or Pelasgic word, which reappears, for instance, in Velia, Velinus, and other local names.* These marshy levels were indented with various lakes or pools, all connected in the earliest traditions with their special legendary tales. Of these pools some emitted sulphureous exhalations, the remains of the primeval volcanic forces, and these too became dignified, from the time when they were first observed by man, with imaginary associations, and mingled with the prehistoric records of the city. The cave of Cacus under the Aventine, the temple of Mephitis on the Quirinal, the bog of Terentum on the riverside, seem all to have suggested the legends connected with them by the sulphureous vapours which issued, or were reported to have once issued, from them.

The presence of great tracts of woodland upon the hills of Rome is attested by the local designations by which some of them were distinguished from the first period of recorded observation: such, for instance, as the *Mons Querquetulanus*, and

* M. Ampère traces this word in a passage of some interest:—
 ‘A Rome même, plusieurs noms de localités montrent la présence des Pélasges, par exemple les noms du Vélabre et de la Velia. ‘Helos ou Velos signifie en grec *marais*. Diverses villes, en Italie et en Grèce, se sont appelées Elis, Elea, Velia, et toutes sont situées dans des contrées marécageuses. Il faut y joindre . . . Velletri (*Velitræ*), qui domine les marais Pontins. . . . Denys d’Halicarnasse dit également qu’un lieu entouré de marais (dans la Sabine où furent les Pélasges) s’appelait Ouelia, parce que dans la *langue antique* on désignait ainsi les endroits marécageux. Servius donne la même étymologie du nom de la ville d’Elæa ou Velia dans l’Italie méridionale. C’est celle d’*Hélos*, à l’embouchure de l’Eurotas, de Velinus en Etrurie près des marais de Volterre, *Vada Volaterrana*.—*Hist. Romaine*, i. p. 117.

possibly the Esquiline, from the species of oak which grew on them respectively; the Fagutal, from its beeches; the Viminal, from its osiers. Besides these the lesser wood of the Argiletum, and the grove of the Asylum between the two heights of the Tarpeian hill, were both clothed with foliage. The tradition, if not the actual presence, of woods on the Palatine, the Aventine, and the Cælian, is attested by the frequent allusions of the poets of the Imperial era. But the sylvan character of the ancient Tiber valley is most vividly presented in the picturesque description which Virgil gives of it. When Æneas enters the mouth of the river, he first detects the famous white sow in a wood on the bank; and as he proceeds, the waters and the forests are amazed at the sight of a vessel such as had never floated there before. The rowers as they move along are shaded by trees of various kinds, and cut their way through the green labyrinth reflected in the stream.* All is wood that is not water. The city of Evander, on the Palatine, is brought before us much like an Indian stockade half hidden in the forest.

These primitive aspects of nature have been at last invaded by man, and man begins in due season to attest his entry upon his inheritance—or call it rather his conquest of nature—by the material works which he has left behind him. He has found the use of his hands before he has learned to exert his voice; or rather he ploughs and he builds before he relates the story of his works and actions. Food is his first need, for which he clears the forest, cleaves the soil, and sows the furrow; and his earliest traditions point to the first husbandman as the primal benefactor of his kind. Saturn, the inventor of sowing, with the hook with which he reaps his harvest, typifies to him the earliest germ of social existence. But next to food his great need is shelter; shelter from the heat of the sun and the dews at night he can easily obtain, first in the caves of the rock, and next from the stems or boughs of trees, with the

* If such was the sylvan aspect of the primeval Tiber, it is curious that in the time of Augustus the river could again be celebrated for its verdant foliage, though Propertius can speak no longer of the aboriginal forest, but of recent plantations the growth of a few generations:—

' Tu licet abjectus Tiberina molliter ora
 Lesbia Mentoreo viva bibas opere;
 Et modo tam celeres mireris currere linte,
 Et modo tam tardas funibus ire rates;
 Et nemus omne *satas* intendat vertice *sylvas*
 Urgetur quantis Caucasus arboribus.'

addition, step by step, of clay or lime and wattles, of timber for framework, and lastly of brick or stone as the one or the other is most easily acquired or worked. But his materials are at first slight and perishable. The dwelling each man erects for himself hardly survives the life of the builder. If his house falls or rots away or takes fire, he easily fashions himself another. But this is not all the shelter he requires. The sun and the rain are not the only disturbers of his rest, not the only enemies he has to guard against. He must protect himself first from the beasts, and next from his fellow-man. The mound, the trench, the palisade form perhaps his earliest fortifications; but the means of attack, in primitive as in modern times, constantly tend to overcome the means of defence. He must employ all his ingenuity and energy to devise and erect more effectual bulwarks against the force or the wiles of his assailants. He must build walls, solid ramparts of stone, the firmest and most compact material he can fashion to his use. The hills with their sides naturally or artificially scarped, the woods that encircle and the streams that bound them, form each a natural bulwark requiring little assistance from his hands; but he must connect these strongholds, and fence the valleys beneath them with masonry of such height that it cannot be scaled, of such thickness that it cannot be beaten down. Throughout the central regions of Italy, as indeed very commonly elsewhere, there still remain colossal fragments of what we must regard as the earliest existing work of man, the defensive walls of his primeval habitations. Such of these as are distinguished by a special style of construction, namely, by big unhewn and shapeless boulders laid in no regular order on one another, have been commonly designated by the term Cyclopean, a word of no real signification, implying indeed in our mouths little more than that we know nothing of their authors. More recent archæologists, however, have given them the name of Pelasgian, and supposed them to be the work of the earliest race of which notice can be found in the records of Italian history, the race which is popularly reported to have wandered from Lesser Asia into Greece, and thence into Italy; in Italy to have mingled with a primitive stock of aborigines, and, after planting many such works as these on the soil, to have left a not less permanent memorial of themselves in the names which still attach to hills and streams and centres of ancient habitation. The antiquaries, taking Mount Ida in the Troad for their point of starting, trace such structures, all of kindred formation, to Lycia, to Crete, and to many regions of continental Hellas. From

Epirus they may again be followed across the Ionian sea to Sicily, and in Southern Italy such remains are found more frequently than ever. Further northward Pelasgian walls are discovered in various spots of the ancient Etruria; but it is in the centre of the peninsula, in the country of the Sabines, the Marsians, and the Samnites, that they are most numerous. Twenty-five such monuments are counted in the territory of the Sabines alone. From Palestrina, Lariccia, and Tivoli, these huge fragments of the past still frown down upon Rome, but none of the kind are now to be traced within the area of Rome itself. The existence of these traces of a primitive race, which has thus passed from Greece and Asia into Italy, may account for the fragments of the Hellenic language embedded in its local nomenclature more satisfactorily than the theory, which was so carelessly adopted by the ancients themselves, of a later and quasi-historical Hellenic immigration.

But the soil of Rome itself bears witness to the settlement there of other ancient races, subsequent, no doubt, to the Pelasgian, but still only touching, if so much as touching, upon the confines of actual history. From the first period of our researches into the primitive occupation of the spot, a few disjointed masses of masonry, planted deeply in the soil or hardly peering above it, have been noticed at various points. It was an obvious thing to identify such remains with the most ancient fortifications of the city which are mentioned in popular history, such as the wall of Romulus, the wall of Servius, and the substructions of the Etruscan kings. Within the last few years, however, peculiar facilities have been given for closer examination and further exploration by the antiquarian zeal of an imperial critic and historian, and the introduction of the railway into the skirts of the city has given occasion to some interesting discoveries. The excavations of Napoleon III. were confined indeed to the Palatine Hill, but besides some important results which they have produced in that particular locality, they have helped to stir up the long inert enthusiasm of the natives themselves, under favour of which our countryman, Mr. John Henry Parker, of Oxford, has emulated as a private individual the labours of popes and emperors before him. By his vivid descriptions and by the multitude of photographs which he has had taken, he has done much to realise to us a second stage in the history of Rome—the stage of dumb monumental history, of material construction antecedent to human annals, unconnected with any certain records of man's existence on the spot. The labours we refer to disclose to us a network, so to say, of primitive walls of bold and massive cha-

racter, interspersed here and there with apparently later materials, such as brick and concrete, and supplemented occasionally with the bare rock of the hillsides, with slight traces of mound and fosse on lower levels. These remains undoubtedly bespeak an intelligent design ; they must owe their origin to a people of a certain social elevation ; they must have been in use for several generations ; they must have their own proper history could we but discover it. Is their history part and parcel of the history of the Roman people, whose existence is in a thousand ways attested to us ? Does it correspond with the popular story related by the ancient Romans themselves ? and if so, does it confirm the substantial genuineness of that famous and heroic strain ?

Now the earliest traces of human occupation in Italy, as in Greece and elsewhere, appear, as we have seen, in walls of a certain rude but specific structure, to which we give the name of Pelasgian, ascribing them to a people so called, whose language also we think we can trace in certain local designations. We may discover, it is averred, a few such names within the circuit of Rome itself, and so far we may connect the Pelasgians with the site of the great historic city ; * but unfortunately we find there no vestiges of the kind of structure which we can identify with the Pelasgian. The earliest structures on the Roman soil bear a distinctly different character. We can now trace with much confidence, from one to another, the lines of defence by which the unstable tufa of the hills was shored up and supported laterally by huge piles of solid

* M. Ampère maintains strongly the Pelasgic occupation of the site of Rome :—‘ Ce nom *Roma* n'a pas de sens en latin ; en grec il veut dire *Force* : cela seul nous conduit à l'attribuer aux Pélasges.’ (*Hist. Rom.* i. p. 118.) ‘ Outre les noms de lieux et les débris de mureilles, les Pélasges ont laissé encore d'autres monuments de leur présence ; ce sont certains cultes et certains mythes importés en Italie, certaines superstitions, etc. . . . Partout où je rencontre en Italie le culte d'une divinité Pélasge, anciennement établi, je soupçonne tout d'abord que l'origine de ce culte, origine que les écrivains romains ne manquent jamais de présenter comme grecque, doit être revendiquée pour les Pélasges’ (p. 139). Thus the whole consistory of the Olympian gods which was common to Rome with a great part of Italy may be derived from the most primitive antiquity of which we have any trace or tradition. But that the name Roma has anything to do with the Greek or Pelasgian *ρωμή*, ‘ force,’ must always remain uncertain. Why not connect it with the Teutonic ‘ruhm,’ ‘fame’? The Teutonic origin of the Latin language has not wanted its champions. The Latin ‘rumor’ means ‘fame’ in its widest signification : compare ‘Non ponebat enim rumores ante salutem.’

masonry. Such works have been disclosed by excavation to a great depth, and laid bare to their foundations. There was a time, no doubt, when they rose far above the soil under which they have been for the most part for ages buried; but they were then crowned perhaps with lighter masonry, or even by palisades only, and their upper works were demolished and built over at an early period when the object of defence had passed away. Walls of this kind have been recently brought to light, more particularly along the ridge of the Palatine and Capitoline hills; they are said to be generally of the same construction as the well-known cloaca or drain which has never been wholly lost sight of from the first, and has been regarded for much more than 2,000 years as the most distinct historical landmark of the early city. The generally uniform style of these buildings indicates the genius of a single race, and this we commonly identify with the Etruscan, the first historic people of Italy. The Etruscans, whether they came from beyond the sea or from beyond the Alps, whether they were Lydians or Celts or Teutons, are represented by recorded traditions to have occupied the north and centre of the peninsula for a considerable period, dispossessing the tribes which had in turn preceded them, such as the Pelasgians, the Ligures, the Siceli. The fortifications of Rome which bear what we call the Etruscan character are akin to those of other cities allowed on all hands to be Etruscan, such as Tarquinii, Volaterra, Fæsulæ, and Præneste, fragments of which remain also to this day. We naturally infer that the first builders on the site of Rome—the first, that is, who erected any permanent structures, the first whose works have been preserved to us even in their ruins—belonged to the great Etruscan family, which, as we gather generally from existing records, whatever be their historical value in matters of detail, did at one time occupy the area upon which Rome now stands.

For the ancient documents concurred in the statement that at a certain period, some generations later than the reputed foundation of the city, the rulers at least of the Roman people were Etruscans, and that these rulers introduced the manners and religious rites of their own country into the midst of an alien society. To the most notable of the early buildings of Rome these documents ascribed an Etruscan origin. We may assume that the walls and vaults of which we have spoken do bear distinct witness to the fact of this Etruscan domination, and to the groundwork of the history which professes to detail the incidents of a series of reigns and the fortunes of an illustrious dynasty. Of course these material remains cannot

certify to the incidents themselves. The arrival of the elder Tarquin with the wise woman Tanaquil, his wife, the prodigy of the eagle which portended his future greatness, the more wondrous prodigy of the stone cut in twain by the augur's razor, the intrigue by which the lowborn Servius was raised to the throne, and all the tragic history of Tarquin the Proud, from the murder of Servius to the expulsion of the kings, all these stories, romantic and marvellous, with their confused and impossible chronology, must stand, if stand they can, upon another footing. The existence of the Etruscan structures at Rome can give them no support, nor indeed can the tradition, however substantial it may really be, of the laws and civil polity which were popularly ascribed to the most popular king of the Etruscan dynasty. We can only say that there do exist at this day certain visible testimonies to the occupation of the place by an early race, the same which once prevailed in other parts of Italy, but one from which the later Romans disclaimed direct descent, one with which they were at constant feud, until they succeeded at last in subduing and well-nigh destroying it. But neither Mr. Parker nor M. Ampère seems to be fully alive to the fallacy involved in the supposition that either the walls or the laws of Servius Tullius give any support to the legendary history of the period.

Nothing is more perplexing in the early history of Rome and Italy than the fact, which is established by actual remains, that long before the erection of the straw-covered huts and mud walls of Romulus on the Palatine, there existed within a few miles of that spot a federation of Etruscan cities, inhabited by a people centuries in advance of the Romans in all the arts of civilised life. Veii, for example, is only eleven miles from the gates of Rome. We know that Veii resisted the Roman power for centuries, until she fell at last by the stratagem of Camillus, and that the superior attractions of the Veian territory were regarded with apprehension by the Roman Senate. The Etruscan paintings which still exist in the mortuary chambers of Veii are believed by the best authorities to be at least as old as Romulus himself. Tarquinii, itself a large and powerful city, full of magnificent sepulchral monuments, appears without doubt to have given a dynasty to Rome, and it is demonstrated by Mr. Dennis in his admirable work on the ' Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria,' a new and revised edition of which has just issued from the press, that ' Rome, before her intercourse with Greece, was indebted to Etruria for her chief lessons in art and science, for many of her political and most of her religious and social institutions, for the con-

'veniences and luxuries of peace,' and for the weapons and appliances of war.* But if the Etruscans taught the Romans so much, how comes it that they did not teach them more—that Rome herself did not become Etrurian? Were not the Latin cities continually at war with the Tuscan confederacy? Some of the walls disinterred by Mr. Parker are said to bear marks of an Etruscan origin; but we are not aware that any of those cemeteries or vestiges of primeval art which are so characteristic of the Etruscans, have ever been discovered or supposed to exist in the ambit of Rome. It is by the walls alone that the Etruscan period seems to be indicated.† Yet, as the legends speak of three successive Etruscan kings, and of an Etruscan domination at Rome extending over more than a century, so the remains themselves seem to indicate a considerable lapse of time, and a succession of events, the duration of which we have no means of calculating. The so-called Etruscan walls of Rome bear witness to four successive fortifications. First of all we trace the small oblong enclosure which Mr. Parker seems justified in identifying with the traditional 'Roma quadrata,' the earliest city. Until quite recently the antiquarians had concurred in supposing that the 'square' or 'rectangular' Rome of the historians, ascribed to Romulus, covered the whole summit of the Palatine, a level space, rhomboidal in shape, which has been compared in form and size to the area between Oxford Street and Conduit Street in London.‡ But recent excavations have disclosed a consider-

* See Dennis' 'Etruria,' Introduction, where the reader will find this subject copiously illustrated in a work of singular beauty and interest, to which large additions have been made since the original publication in 1843. It would be unjust, in dealing with this subject, not to advert also to Mr. Robert Burn's important work on 'Rome and the Campagna,' in which the plans and illustrations are on a larger scale than the size of Mr. Parker's volumes admits of. Mr. Burn's volume was published in 1871, but the discoveries made subsequently to that day appear to us to confirm generally the soundness of his opinions, though he is a less enthusiastic archaeologist than some of his successors.

† M. Ampère, in his chapter entitled 'La Rome Etrusque,' carries to great lengths his theory of the Etruscan influence on Rome. Mommsen, on the contrary, rejects it altogether, and in our judgment with more reason. The total absence of Etruscan art in Rome is in itself a proof that the 'littus Etruscum,' or right bank of the Tiber, was in truth the boundary of another people.

‡ The shape of the Palatine hill approaches to that of the diamond, its sides varying from three to five hundred yards. Its apex points N.N.W., and its sides do not exactly face the cardinal points of the compass. Hence some confusion arises in the statements of the topo-

able depression bisecting this level summit from north to south, and further examination has brought to light the remains of the line of wall which bounded it to the east. Mr. Parker assures us that these remains bear the character of Etruscan work, and correspond with the lines which have been also traced on the western and southern faces of the hill. On the northern side, indeed, no such remains can be discovered; but in the primitive time, when the area of the Forum was a swamp, such artificial defences may not have been required. Thus it would seem that the western portion of the Palatine, rather less than half the whole area, constituted the site of the original Roman fastness; and this position was, no doubt, the first to be seized, inasmuch as it fronted the nearest rival eminence, and was the most accessible from the bank of the river. It is true that this original Rome was at an early period enlarged to cover the whole hill, and when the transverse wall was lowered and partly built upon, and the fosse more or less filled up, the inhabitants gradually forgot its distinct existence, and conceived that its second stage of extension, when it reached to the edge of the Palatine on every side, was in fact the original one. Such was evidently the idea of Tacitus when he described Romulus laying out the plan of his fortifications; but it is curious to observe that the local points he specifies all refer to the original and not to the extended area, and show that he was making use of a true tradition, though he himself misunderstood it.

Some fragments of this second wall have been also brought to light, from which the extent of the enlarged city may be traced, and these, too, are constructed in the same Etruscan style as we have already noticed. But as the flourishing community outgrew its still narrow limits, this second wall became in turn superfluous or inconvenient. Opposite to the western flank of the Palatine, and separated from it by a swampy hollow about 300 yards across, stood the hill which, to pass over its earlier legendary designation, has become famous in history as the Tarpeian or the Capitoline. If the Palatine was, from its sharp outline and the steepness of its sides, a place of great natural strength, the Capitoline was no less a natural fortress, rising as it did abruptly from the plain on three sides, and only attached by a depressed neck of land to the Quirinal at its northern extremity. As long as the two eminences con-

graphers. We designate the face which fronts the Forum as north, that opposite to the Circus the south, the others east and west respectively, as the nearest approximation to the exact orientation.

fronted one another in a state of chronic hostility, their power was equally balanced, and allowed no further development on either side. The legends spoke of constant war between them as the only imaginable condition of their co-existence. But nature, which thus made them enemies, found the means of reconciling them. Instead of destroying one another they formed a mutual alliance. So said the legends; but the legends only interpreted what would be the natural course of events. The next step would be to combine in a common means of defence. The fact that they did so is implied in the narrative of Livy, and is expressly stated by Dionysius, though there seems to be no intimation of it in the existing legends. It seems to be further ascertained by our recent explorations that the Palatine and the Capitoline were, in those early times, encircled by a common line of fortification. If the united city was protected at the gorge of the Velabrum by the marshy character of the soil, it was defended in more vulnerable quarters by walls of stone or earthen ramparts, which encroached upon the base of the hills round the Forum, and embraced the outlying ridge of the Velia, from whence the waters are drained to the Forum and Velabrum on one side, and to the area of the Coliseum and the Circus on the other. The lines thus widely extended included of course the Forum in their circuit, and this became the centre of the city and the place of meeting for the two associated communities.

The Capitoline exhibits at this day specific traces of an Etruscan occupation. The substructions of the wall which encircled it, and of the fortress and temples which crowned it, mark it as the abode of a warlike tribe, while the cell of what is almost certainly the historic Mamertine prison, of no less early date, seems to point to an era of social security. As the wanderer on an unknown coast hailed the sight of a gibbet as a familiar token of civilised life, so the antiquarian, when he lights upon a veritable dungeon, may be assured that he is face to face with an era of peaceful and enlightened institutions, when life and property are held in proper respect. Mere savages kill their captives and criminals, and ignore the existence of debtors. In this view the Mamertine prison presents us with one of the most interesting features in Roman antiquity. We may suppose that the original *arx* or keep of the Palatine would soon fall into disuse and be forgotten, as the later Romans seem to have forgotten it, while that on the Capitoline, the loftier and bolder position of the two, would be maintained as the common stronghold of the combined tribes. The united city, thus developed in strength and numbers, would become

more and more formidable to the feebler communities around it. It would rapidly enlarge its borders by the annexation of the adjacent hills. On the left bank of the Tiber seven eminences, as we know, lay closely clustered together. The seven distinct clans which originally occupied them would in time coalesce, and the legends seem again to interpret truly the natural course of events, when they assure us that, the Palatine and the Capitoline having concurred in assuming the name of Rome, the other hills submitted one after another to their superior power, and were proud to accept from them the common designation by which they have been known in history.

We now take another step forward. The legends attribute to Servius Tullius, reputed the second king of the Etruscan dynasty, the continuous line of fortification by which the whole of the seven hills was next encircled, and which formed, in fact, the fourth of the successive walls of Rome.* The documentary evidence in support of this tradition may be of little value in itself, but it is just so far countenanced by visible landmarks that a wall of Etruscan construction may now be traced more or less completely throughout this circuit, about seven miles in extent, a wall of solid masonry in parts, furnished with openings for gateways and presenting the remains of some of its towers, but supplemented in other places by earthen mounds, of which faint traces may yet be discerned. The so-called Agger of Servius runs for about a mile in a straight line on the level summit of the Esquiline, where it marked for centuries the legitimate boundary of the city.† This work has been much cut up by the approaches to the modern railway terminus. It was, as the name implies, a rampart of earth, surmounted no doubt by palisades, and possibly

* We notice that Mr. Parker, in speaking of 'four' walls of Rome, specifies—1. The Roma quadrata; 2. The wall which united the Palatine and the Capitoline; 3. The Servian wall which embraced the seven hills. His fourth wall is that of Aurelian in the third century of the Empire, which he with much probability supposes to have been then erected in masonry, but upon lines which had been laid out less distinctly in earlier times. But he is inconsistent with himself in omitting from the list the wall which extended the original city so as to occupy the whole of the Palatine. This we must count as the second, and the Aurelian accordingly as the fifth.

† This mound formed the western limit of the great cemetery which occupied the portion of the Esquiline beyond the city bounds. Augustus converted this mound into a public promenade, and seems to have purified the indecent burying-ground on which the corpses of the lower class were cast out in the time of the commonwealth.

by a slight wall of stone, and it is said to contain in some places a core of masonry. The legends, it will be remembered, fix the date of Servius about half a century before the expulsion of the kings. Of his actual origin various traditions were circulated, and we may be content to leave both his date and his personal existence in uncertainty. But he may not the less fitly represent to us the culminating epoch of the Etruscan domination at Rome, when the city was advanced to a size and importance it had never before attained, and presented within a single line of defence an agglomeration of cities such as might rival the whole confederation of the twelve states of Etruria beyond the Tiber.

Here then at least, it would seem, is solid ground on which the historian may take his stand. He has ocular testimony before him to the fact that there was a time when real men performed the complex acts of human life upon the spot, when they erected fortifications for the defence, it may be presumed, of their homes and altars, of their laws and usages. From the skill and power with which these solid works were raised, we may safely argue that their authors were well advanced in some branches at least of human culture, that they enjoyed the blessings of a social polity, that they lived in mutual relations with neighbours in circumstances much like themselves—in short, that they had already floated down the great stream of human existence from many generations. Can we fix at least approximately the date of the works we have just reviewed, or define the period when the race which constructed them held sway on the site of the Roman city? If we make any attempt in this direction, some postulates at least must be conceded to us.

First, we must assume that the date of the capture of Rome by the Gauls is a real historical landmark of or near to the year B.C. 390.

Secondly, that this event was preceded by a period of republican government, during which many permanent institutions took their rise, while the Romans were constantly engaged in war with the tribes around them, and in the consolidation of their civil polity. For this development of their commonwealth some length of time must be allowed. The old traditions extend this period to about 120 years, and such an interval can hardly be deemed too long for it.

Thirdly, we must assume that the commonwealth succeeded to a period of kingly rule. Such, of course, is the old tradition, but upon this tradition in itself we are not entitled to lay any stress. We find it, however, to be a general law that primi-

tive tribes place themselves under the rule of a chief or monarch, the bravest or the craftiest among them, and commonly suffer his children to succeed to his authority over them. In process of time, however, some accident perhaps, or the natural growth of self-reliance among them, induces them to overthrow a power which is pretty sure to have been abused. Such again is the tradition of the Regifugium, and so far it seems to be confirmed by the very nature of the case.

Fourthly, that prior to this catastrophe, which is assigned to the year B.C. 510, the kings at Rome belonged to an Etruscan family. The structures which we see actually before us pertain to the Etruscan civilisation ; they are just such as monarchs powerful and despotic might raise by the hands of an unarmed and helpless population. The earliest walls of Rome are ‘imperial works and worthy kings,’ of kings at least of the old barbaric type.

Once more, these works, we must repeat, were not completed by a single effort. They indicate progressive design, and require a series of years for their accomplishment. The tradition assigns for the Etruscan dynasty about a century, and in the absence of any surer notes of time we may conclude that the Etruscans ruled on the site of Rome for at least that period ; possibly their domination may date from far higher antiquity.

For as we look back from this point, six centuries before our era, into the depths of past existence, the glimmer of light in which we have thus far felt our way becomes clouded over, and our retrospect is utterly obscured. The primitive traditions of Rome with which we are so familiar, the many sparkling legends which have charmed us from our boyhood, with all their genial vigour, their moral force, their poetic lustre, are suddenly found to have no foundation. They have not even impressed material traces on the soil ; there is nothing pertaining to them that can speak to the eye and lay hold on the senses. The Romans, if we may venture so to call them, who dwelt on the seven hills or on any one of them, before the Etruscan occupation, have left behind them no monuments of their career. Between the age of the Pelasgians, who had, as far as we know, no direct connexion with Rome, and the age of the Etruscans, who have left, as we see, such abundant witness of themselves, we possess no certain traces of the existence upon the Roman soil of any other race whatever. The photographs of large fragments of these ancient walls which Mr. Parker presents to us do not seem to render very clear testimony to their history. For the most part their structure is very coarse and irregular, combining frequently on the same founda-

tion a mass of squared blocks of stone, another of oblong slabs, some fragments of wide, some of fine jointed masonry, mingled with layers of concrete and even of brick. But of all these fragmentary remains the squared stones and the wide-jointed masonry alone correspond with the recognised character of Etruscan architecture, and these, it will be observed, lie generally at the lowest level, the other remains being piled up in no regular sequence above them.

Now Mr. Parker, with the natural enthusiasm of one who has taken himself no small part in the recent discoveries, would persuade us that they correspond with the ancient traditions of the spot, and that they accordingly verify them. These monuments, he says in the remarks prefixed to the new edition of his work, ‘were not visible when Dionysius and Livy, Plutarch and Tacitus, wrote. The legends, therefore, could not have been written to fit them, and when we see that they do fit exactly, the only explanation possible is that the legends must be true.’ He is not indeed so positive as this when he gives the account of the finding of the twins in the cave of the Lupercal. He tells us with great satisfaction how a certain cave or grotto may now be seen with its spring of water still flowing under the Palatine, the same undoubtedly which the Romans of the historical period thought fit to identify with the den of the famous she-wolf of the legend. Its situation, he assures us, agrees so exactly with the description of the Lupercal, the name by which it was called, as given by Dionysius, and with the casual notices of it by other classical authors, that it seems impossible to dispute its identity. It lies at the south-western angle of the hill, just where the stream of the Tiber would reach the slope at a period of high inundation. But of the legend connected with it he speaks in a lower tone.

‘The cradle would float naturally down to Rome, and it is quite possible that an eddy in the water in such a flood might carry it into the small harbour at the mouth of the streams that were afterwards collected in the Cloaca Maxima, which was called the Velabrum. As the water subsided it might rest upon the edge of the platform at the north-west (more properly south-west) corner of the Palatine hill on which the church of S. Anastasia now stands, and on which stood the hut of the shepherd Faustulus, afterwards called the house of Romulus. . . . The cave might very well be a wolf’s cave at that period. It was on the margin of the swamp then called the Vallis Murcia, and would be entirely concealed by the reeds or canes that grow in all swampy ground about Rome to the height of ten or twelve feet, affording an excellent shelter to wolves, with which we know that the country was then much infested. Suppose a wolf to have had cubs in the cave at the

time of the great flood, the cave would be full of water, and the cubs must be drowned; but the mother *might* scramble up the hill to the platform above, near the shepherd's hut, and finding infants there she would be only too glad to suckle them to relieve her teats. The ground was covered with wood and shrubs, and they *might* be concealed for some days before they were found by the shepherd.'

Mr. Parker refers us further to the well-authenticated instances which were collected by Major Sleeman in India thirty years ago of boys carried off by wolves and nurtured by them. Some such stories are no doubt genuine—at all events they have been persistently credited in many countries and in many ages. 'My only intention in giving these extracts,' adds Mr. Parker, 'is to show that the story [of the twins] *may possibly be true*. . . . Improbable as the story is, it is *not impossible* that it *may* be true; and it is less improbable in Rome than it would be anywhere else, owing to the particular situation of the place.' Does it not occur to him that where the local circumstances are so favourable the imagination may naturally have worked out the corresponding legend for itself? How often, may we not say, has the sight of objects on which to frame a story caused a story to be framed accordingly?

But, granting the possibility, and even the probability, of the existence of a Romulus, the founder of a commonwealth on the spot his story has made illustrious—a story which the persistency and the substantial uniformity of tradition seem to favour—we would next enquire whether Mr. Parker's 'discoveries' in regard to the walls of Rome in any way assist in establishing even this as a fact. We have seen that a line of fortifications has been traced enclosing the space which may fairly be regarded as the primitive city. This area, we are willing to believe on Mr. Parker's showing, corresponds with the original tradition of the walls of Romulus. We will admit that the primitive founder, whom we will still call by his historic name, did actually thus draw his line of defence, so as to embrace not the whole but the lesser half only of the Palatine—space, that is, for a fortress or a camp rather than for a city. The foundations and some portion of the superstructure of the earliest known wall of Rome have, it seems, come to light; but is it therefore the identical wall which Romulus built? We have seen that it bears substantially the characteristic stamp of an Etruscan structure. We have seen that Rome was held for an indefinite period of at least a hundred years, and possibly many more, before the sixth century B.C., by a dynasty of Etruscan rulers. It was by this dynasty then, as we infer, that the actual wall was erected. Was the builder, then, really no more than the

first of this Etruscan dynasty? If so, the traditions of 150 years must be altogether cast away; the traditions of the Latin kings and the Sabine kings, of Romulus and Tatius, of Numa, Tullius, and Ancus, must all be dropped into the limbo of patriotic fiction. We have got the actual walls of Romulus, but we have lost Romulus himself and all the legendary stories connected with his individuality. But the alternative solution is not less obvious. There may have existed an Alban or Latin Romulus, who founded Rome, as legends say, some generations prior to the Etruscan occupation. He may have marked out for his city the exact area which we now find to have been enclosed in an Etruscan fortification. He may have erected some kind of defences along the whole of that identical line; but the actual walls of Romulus, if such there were, whatever their slight primitive construction, have evidently perished and given place to the more solid structures of the mightier builders who succeeded him. The early history of the city is thus thrown back again into utter obscurity, and the walls of *Roma quadrata*, now made apparent, do not help in any way to prove the existence of a Romulus, still less the genuineness of the stirring adventures with which his name is associated.*

Does then nothing remain on which the imagination at least may speculate during the interval between the dawn of human existence on the soil of Rome and the advent of the Etruscan domination? Are the graceful legends or myths with which it is filled unworthy of a thought, and incapable of suggesting any ideas on the primitive history of man? We may refer in reply to the vestiges of archaic language, to the impress of civil and religious usages, to the names of objects and places, which be-

* We will throw into a note, rather than dignify with a place in the text, the solution to which we allow ourselves to incline. *Roma quadrata*, we would say, is the earliest known specimen of the Roman camp, and was originally fenced with an earthen rampart for present security. A wooden stockade and a wall of masonry may have followed in due succession. Such was the history of hundreds of Roman camps, which eventually developed into little cities. Many of these may be seen at this day along the Roman wall in Northumberland, containing within their *enceinte* miniature cities, furnished with a miniature temple and forum (as in the case of Chesters), with traces of suburban habitation beyond them. Others, such as Chester, Exeter, Colchester, &c., were capable from the first of containing a considerable population; but these too were originally garrison stations, and became walled cities at a later period. So, we apprehend, it was with the primitive Rome. The so-called Romulus constructed the camp. The Etruscans built the walls in a later generation.

speak an earlier occupation of the spot than the Etruscan. There can be no doubt that such nations as the Siceli, the Ligures, the Pelasgians, for instance, must each have had their day there, and have left some trace of themselves in the memory of their next successors. It would be unreasonable to dispute the concurrent voice of ancient tradition to the belief that the Palatine and the Capitoline were occupied by rival fortresses, that the name Saturnian indicates a faint reminiscence of the first clearing of the primitive forests and cultivation of the virgin soil, that the Janiculus attests the worship of a pre-Etruscan divinity, that the Palatine bears the name of a Sabellian rural goddess. We may believe further that the Greeks, who roamed from the remotest times through every clime both East and West, did actually set foot on the shores of Latium in ages far beyond the dawn of history, though the Roman legends which speak to their coming there are justly discredited by the proneness of the national antiquaries to refer to a Grecian source the origin of all civilised life. We should say, for instance, that the story of Evander, his son Pallas, and his mother Carmenta, who represent in the most venerable of Roman traditions the descent of the Roman people from Arcadia, is an accommodation to Grecian names of some shadowy Sabellian or Pelasgian reminiscence, attesting just thus much, that there were dwellers on the Palatine hill in ages before its occupation by the Etruscan kings of Rome.*

But these traditions touch no more than the skirts of the legendary story of ancient Rome. Our historians trace their authorities no further back than some two centuries before our era. These authorities, long since lost, appealed at best to records of a very obscure and dubious character, such as the reputed registers of the priests, the family documents or traditions of noble families, and in one or two instances only to accredited copies of ancient treaties. Of these pretended sources, the first at least would be obviously liable to easy and gross perversion, and its uncertainty may be further inferred from the variety of the accounts which may be supposed to have been derived from it. Comparing the stories of Livy with those of Dionysius, for instance, we see how discordant were the records on which they respectively relied, and how easily these records lent themselves to conflicting views according to the bias of those who sought to use them. We cannot

* M. Ampère has pointed out that Evander is no more than a Greek version of the Italian Faunus, the favourable power or patron, from 'favere.'

call into court as witnesses the chroniclers who would flatly contradict one another on the story, for instance, of the infancy of Romulus, or his quarrel with Remus, or his relations with Tatius, or the manner of his death ; or again on the story of Tarpeia, on the opening and shutting of the gates of Janus, on the combat of the Horatii and the Curiatii, &c. If these diverse statements were all found in the pontifical books, if they were all recited, as some imagine, in popular songs, the testimony of the books and the songs must be accounted equally fallacious. If the priests' tradition was one, the people's tradition another, we could not pretend to judge between them ; we should rather reject them both as equally inadmissible. Before we give credence to the legend we must know which legend we are to believe.

The second source referred to is of a different kind. But the family records, if such there were from early times, can hardly be supposed to go back to the period of the kings, unless we indulge ourselves with the pleasing conceit that the deeds of Brutus and the wrongs of Collatinus were commemorated by their descendants from their children downwards. If, however, at a later period, the Romans wrote family records, they wrote them with a purpose. They simply meant to magnify the glory of their ancestors and kinsmen, and truth, we may be sure, was quite a secondary consideration with them. We may test their real scope and value by what we know of the memoirs of the magnates as late as the Imperial period, which they undoubtedly composed for the most part either 'in 'hatred or favour,' to glorify their friends or to vilify their enemies. The history of the Caesars is, we believe, honey-combed with lies ; and so, judging from analogy, though probably, we may allow, in a less degree, was the history of the commonwealth. Of such family records, indeed, there may have been no lack from the earliest use of writing at Rome, but when did writing begin ? We can readily allow that the Romans from the first were deeply imbued with the historic sentiment. All aristocracies are so. They depend so much on the documents by which they would verify their descent and the merits of their ancestors, that they naturally betake themselves to whatever means may offer for perpetuating the memory of earlier generations. But besides their pride of birth, and the political need for this constant self-assertion, the Romans were possessed also with a social instinct, a love of anecdote, even of gossip, a fondness for living and conversing together. They were essentially egotists, and loved to make much of themselves in the eyes of their associates, just like the

modern French, whose upper ten thousands have left us from day to day such innumerable narratives of their individual careers, and furnished us unconsciously with such ample materials for the compilation of a more or less dubious history of their times. We can believe that the early historians of Rome had at hand a considerable store of such materials, dating far back in the obscurity of the past, but of course of a very meagre description and of the most questionable authenticity. Granting, however, that, as the career of the victorious people advanced, they cherished a keener recollection of the deeds of their ancestors than is the habit with human nature in general, and took a livelier interest in their own history than is commonly found among primitive and little-cultured peoples, we must still allow that such family records as they may have possessed must, besides their intrinsic untrustworthiness, have been the product of ages in which they had already made some literary progress, and could have no value whatever for the primitive period to which their legendary history pretends to ascend. They could be of no value for the history of the kings, whether of the Latin, the Sabine, or the Etruscan dynasties. It is hardly to be supposed that they could be of any value even for the period of the early commonwealth. We can place, in short, no sort of reliance upon them in support of traditions that refer to the presumed era of the Etruscan or earlier fortifications.

It is with the story told by the mute witness of these primitive structures only that our paper has been concerned, because from them Mr. Parker claims to have brought forward, partly from personal exploration, and throughout from personal inspection, fresh evidence for the substantial truth of the legendary history. We are obliged to confess that we are not able to take his sanguine view of the results of the recent discoveries; but that discoveries have been made, and some of considerable importance, throwing light upon the character of the primitive occupation of the site, and realising to some extent our conceptions of its primitive inhabitants, we very gladly admit. Perhaps, if we had had the fortune to visit the spot ourselves during the recent excavations, and had subjected them to our own 'faithful eyes,' and examined for ourselves the masonry of the walls instead of having to trust to photographs which seem after all to give but a blurred representation of it, we might have learned to yield a more facile reception to theories which are so interesting and attractive. We trust that, veteran though he is after serving, as he seems to say, fourteen campaigns among the ruins of the city, Mr.

Parker drank once more of the fountain of Trevi, those who remember to drink of which on departing (*eheu!*) return again to Rome, and that we may look to his yet revisiting them more than once to verify or correct the conclusions to which he has been thus far led.

But Mr. Parker's examination has not been altogether confined to the fortifications which he gives as the title of his book. If the authorities at Rome, excited partly by his enthusiasm, have got the start of him in their explorations, he has followed closely, and has been sometimes invited to direct their operations. The discovery of a number of chambers in connexion with the two which were long supposed to constitute the whole of the famous Mamertine prison is of considerable importance. How many a visitor has been thrilled at beholding the upper and the lower den, in one of which Jugurtha and Perseus were starved to death, and Catiline and Cethegus strangled, in which St. Paul, if we may believe the Christian legend, was confined. The tenants of this dreadful dungeon seem to have followed one another in quick succession. It would seem, however, that to the original structure, when the primitive Romans were content, as Juvenal hints, with a single prison for the whole city, spacious additions were made in later times, and it may be supposed that they were often filled, not with the leaders of party and hostile chieftains only, but with numbers of their less conspicuous adherents. The fall of Sejanus, who was hurried hither across the Forum, involved the detention and execution of a great many of his family and adherents. Mr. Parker suggests, from the style of the later buildings, that they were partly constructed by the emperor Tiberius, and it may perhaps be not too wild a surmise that it is to this enlargement that the satirist, who lived but half a century later, alludes in the well-known passage we have referred to.

Still more curious, and perhaps more complete, are the discoveries that have been made beneath the fabric of the modern Palace of the Senator, or the ancient Tabularium. The massive edifice which now crowns the eastern ridge of the Campidoglio and fronts the Campo Vaccino, or Roman Forum, was erected at the end of the fourteenth century on a still more massive substruction of Roman times, a building on the face of the Capitoline. This substruction formed the lower story or stories of the great building which was the palace of the public accounts, the Somerset House of Rome. Recent explorations have traced out the chambers in which the troops of clerks conducted their operations, and exercised the delicate

task of casting up sums in Roman figures.* These chambers have been found to be connected with the corridors which they daily thronged in coming and going, and the stairs, steep it seems and narrow, by which they ascended or descended. We thank Mr. Parker not only for the ground plans he has given us of this structure, but for the photographs also with which he has brought their remains so visibly before us. The Tabularium was no doubt in the immediate vicinity of the *Aerarium* or treasury, in which the Government stored its ready money. Payment both of the army and of the civil service was made in cash, and for the most part in brass money, which required ample space for storage. We may judge of this from the chambers we have from time to time unearthed in the Roman stations in our own country, with hoards of bronze and silver coins still lying in them, to discharge, as we presume, the stipends of the legionaries. We are told that the treasure of the State was kept in the temple, that is, in the vaults beneath the temple, of Saturn. Now the ruin which antiquarians have generally recognised as the temple of Saturn lies very close under the eastern face of the Capitoline, not absolutely contiguous to it, but separated from it by the *clivus* or ascent to the summit of the hill from the Forum, while another ruin, known as the temple of Vespasian, actually abuts on the cliff and the ground floor of the Tabularium. Mr. Parker is tempted to believe, and he follows therein the respectable authority of Becker, that this latter temple is the real *Aerarium*, and temple of Saturn, rather than the other. No doubt it lies the more convenient of the two in respect of the chambers in which the accounts were kept. Nevertheless, it seems impossible to accede to this conclusion. The well-known passage in Statius asserts expressly that the temple of Vespasian looked upon the back of Domitian's statue in the Forum; nor are there wanting several other notices of antiquity, especially that on the *Monumentum Ancyranum*, which favour the common opinion. The remains of the inscription on the pediment of the temple itself lead, we think, unmistakeably to the same

* We may refer to a paper in the eighteenth volume of this Journal, in which the mystery of Greek arithmetic is elaborately explained, and sums worked out for the enlightenment perhaps of a few consummate mathematicians; but the writer evades the problem of multiplying and dividing with Roman numerals. Becker, however, has not shrunk from the task, and has shown how we may divide, for instance, the sum of 3323329 by 1823, by the help of the abacus, or sanded frame, divided into squares like a chessboard. See his 'Roman Antiquities,' part v. division 1, p. 110.

view. Finally, the temple of Vespasian seems far too diminutive to have been used as the receptacle of the treasure of the world-wide empire, nor does it possess the capacious vaults for which, among all the temples at Rome, that of Saturn is the most conspicuous. Nor is it necessary that there should have been a direct communication between the Tabularium and the *Aerarium*, any more than between Somerset House and the Bank of England. At all events they lay very close together, and it is not impossible that there may have been some underground communication between them.

The labours of Mr. Parker, valuable as they are in themselves, are all the more interesting from the prospect they seem to open to us of further discoveries. We may not be sanguine enough to expect that the cloud which hangs over the cradle of Roman history will be ever dispelled, or even sensibly lightened, by the disclosure of any rude fragments of prehistoric walls and towers which may yet be made for us. The legendary stories of the primitive city, even where they are not supernatural or otherwise incredible, must still to all appearance ever remain unsusceptible of reasonable proof. They will, however, assume a greater air of probability if we become accustomed to people the long periods of time which preceded accredited history with generations of human beings who built themselves dwellings, and protected their social life with regular and well-planned defensive works. The explorations of such discoverers as Dr. Schliemann have tended to familiarise us with the fact that not brave men only, but thoughtful, skilful, civilised men, lived before Agamemnon. Though there may never have been a Romulus or a Numa, a Tullus or an Ancus, yet we have already found reason to believe that there lived on Roman soil chiefs of disciplined warriors, and leaders of civil society, in ages more or less corresponding to the epoch vulgarly assigned to them. The tradition which traces the earliest military and the earliest social usages of the Roman commonwealth to the institutions of the kings may have a solid foundation, however impossible it may be to trace it, and however futile to insist upon it. The so-called history of early Rome is still, and to all appearance must ever be, ‘un grand peut-être.’

Although, as may be seen from the foregoing remarks, we are not able to place implicit reliance on the inferences Mr. Parker draws from recent discoveries, we think that the sceptical writers on Roman history, such as Niebuhr, Dr. Arnold, and Sir George Lewis, have not given to the monumental evidence of antiquity all the weight it deserves. They rely almost exclusively on the absence of contemporary literary

evidence at a period when literary evidence could hardly exist, or on the conflicting statements of early writers. Thus Sir George Lewis passes over the monumental and topographical evidence altogether, and affirms that the Etruscans had no literature and no annalists, and that if they had any such records they would be worthless, although the Emperor Claudian expressly stated the contrary. It would seem highly improbable that a people which had arrived at the degree of perfection in the arts of civilised life which the Etruscan monuments demonstrate, should be without a literature, although their language and their arts, which had nothing in common with those of Greece, have undoubtedly perished. When pictorial and architectural remains, still extant, coincide with later historical narratives and corroborate them, they afford precisely that contemporary evidence which Sir George Lewis desiderates ; and that is the value of the discoveries made within the last few years, whether in Egypt, Troy, Mycenæ, or Rome.

There is something peculiarly attractive in the attempt to trace the career of an ancient people in the material monuments which it has left behind it. There are sermons in stones, and other things not less eloquent and impressive than many sermons. Nothing can be happier than the conception of M. Ampère's work which he entitles '*L'Histoire Romaine à 'Rome'*', and the execution of it, though not without some defect in critical precision, is on the whole well worthy of its design, for the clearness and forcibleness which are characteristic of the best class of French historical dissertations.

'I believe,' he says at the commencement, 'that I have caught the history of the Roman people in a new light, in contemplating it from the bosom of Rome itself. Greece is the natural land of poetry, and I formerly studied the Greek poetry in Greece; Rome is the land of history, and I come to write the history of Rome at Rome. . . . The disposition and physiognomy of the places themselves are not without interest for their history. Events considered on the spot are thus rendered more distinct and life-like. Our recollection of them acquires a precision and a reality which make them present, and as it were visible to us. . . . For myself I acknowledge that I had never had a clear view of the scenes which took place in the Forum, till I had ascertained exactly the respective positions of the Comitium where the patricians assembled ; of the Forum, properly so called, reserved for the plebeian tribes ; of the Curia, the place where sat the Senate, overlooking the Comitium ; of the tribune which stood between the Comitium and the Forum. When this arrangement was well comprehended, then the history of the fierce debates between the two orders, which comprise the whole internal history of Rome during the Free-state, appeared

before me as a living drama, no incident of which, with all its agitations and vicissitudes, escapes the eye of the spectator.'

The ingenious writer goes on to explain more particularly the materials from which he would draw his conceptions of 'Roman affairs.' 'Architecture,' he says, 'just like inscriptions and medals, is a contemporary witness which deposes to what it has actually seen, and often gives the lie irrefutably to the conclusions offered by the patrons of a theory on questions concerning the past, which are always under discussion at the tribunal of posterity. One may deny the existence of 'Romulus in a German university'—it will be seen that M. Ampère still glances wistfully to the ancient legends—but it is more difficult to do so when one sees before one's own eyes a wall which cannot be other than the wall of the little Rome 'on the Palatine; ' a piece of sentiment, however, which we think we have disposed of in the foregoing pages. Again, as with the actual existence of a Romulus, so the author sees an actual wall of the early kings anterior to the walls of the Etruscan dynasty, and draws his definite conclusions from it. But though we may question the accuracy of these conclusions, his principles of historical enquiry are sound and suggestive.

'Under the republic,' he continues, 'every temple recalls a victory, on occasion of which it was vowed and consecrated; the creation or the extension of the roads which start from the city in every direction, marks the progress and the route of its conquests. The history of the tribune is the whole chronicle of Roman liberty; placed as at first it was nigh to the patrician Comitium, towards which the orators turned themselves, even when addressing the plebeian Forum, till the time of C. Gracchus; thence transported by Cæsar to the lower part of the Forum, when he sought to detach Rome in every respect from her past history, and to make the commons independent in order to buy them the cheaper.'

And as with the architectural monuments of Rome, so with its sculpture also. The statues and busts of the ancient heroes bespeak their character and testify to the account we have received of their actions. Unfortunately we possess no such lapidary records of the great men of the Free-state, except, perhaps, of Cicero, the most interesting of them all; even the bust which is ticketed with the name of M. Brutus can hardly be accepted as certainly genuine.*

* No credit is now given to the one or two busts which have been supposed to represent Scipio Africanus. A statue, found at Rome, which is now at Milan, has been called a Cincinnatus on the strength

The object of Ampère's work leads him to sketch many of the most striking scenes in Roman history in connexion with still existing monuments. Thus he traces, for instance, all the local incidents of the death of Cæsar. Some remains are yet to be seen of the famous theatre of Pompeius in the Campus Martius, near the southern end of the Capitoline. To this place of popular resort was appended a porticus, or open corridor for public convenience, and thereto was added a curia or hall, as a place of public assembly. After the burning of the accustomed Curia on the death of Clodius, this hall might be convenient for the meetings of the Senate, and as it was just outside the walls it would be specially convenient for Pompeius, who generally kept his place at the head of his troops in the Campus, and under such circumstances was forbidden by law to enter the city. This hall was adorned with a statue of the hero its founder, but after his death it had been displaced from its pedestal, according to our author's interpretation, that it might not offend the eyes of his conqueror. Cæsar had been expected to meet the senators here, but his own superstitious fancies as well as Calpurnia's fears had induced him to put them off. Means were employed to induce him to change his mind. Brutus and Cassius lingered in the portico behind the theatre. Cæsar at last approached. He descended into the Via Sacra from his pontifical residence, the Regia; he entered the Forum under the arch of Fabius. From the further end of the Forum he followed, says Ampère, the line of the Vicus Tuscus, and mounted the southern or Tarpeian summit of the Capitoline, passed in front of the Capitoline temple, again descended and issued from the city into the Campus by the Porta Carmentalis. On his left he passed hard by the temple of Fortune, the spot at which his chariot had broken down on the day of his triumph. We cite this passage as a specimen of the author's manner, but it is not a favourable one. He multiplies his effects unduly. Cæsar would not have mounted the Capitoline only to go down it again, even though his way had led him in front of the temple of Jupiter, whereat his triumph had culminated. His shortest as well as his easiest way

of a ploughshare carved beside it, and of one foot being bare while the figure is binding a sandal on the other. The hero is supposed to be carried off from his work in the fields to assume the dictatorship. It is a pretty guess; but we read in Pliny how Jason was also called from his plough on another occasion, and forgot in his haste to put on his left shoe, and thus made his appearance half shod before his uncle Pelias, solving thereby an oracle of deep import. The Greek legend was more likely to attract a sculptor than the Roman.

would have been into and across the Velabrum to the Carminal gate, but not by the Vicus Tuscus, which is now ascertained to have led across the Palatine from the Velia to the Circus.

Omitting the circumstances of his assassination, we find that he fell before the pedestal of Pompey's statue, whether the statue itself was standing on it or not. It was the pedestal, we are told, not the statue, that was bedewed with his blood. But what more is known of this historic effigy? Augustus, we learn, removed it from the scene of the fatal deed, and paid it due honour by placing it in a marble corridor opposite to Pompeius' house, which was not far from his theatre. It was in just this locality that a statue was discovered, which has naturally been claimed for the historic effigy of Pompeius himself. But there are great difficulties in the way of such identification. The figure is naked, a peculiarity of Greek art which, it is said, appears among the Romans only in statues of gods or divine personages. Pompeius was indeed himself divinised in some of the oriental cities, but certainly not at Rome. But a further objection, if correctly stated, is conclusive. The head, it is asserted, does not belong to the body, it does not fit exactly to the muscles of the throat, it does not bear the headdress which is indicated by some appearances at the back of the neck, it is of a somewhat different style of art, and betokens also a somewhat older personage. To whomsoever the head may belong, the body, it is perhaps loosely conjectured, is that of Domitian.

M. Ampère's book is not a very recent publication, and readers who are interested in the subject are, no doubt, already acquainted with it. We pass on to notice, in connexion both with his and Mr. Parker's labours, a work of less pretension but of kindred character, Mr. F. M. Nichols' 'Roman Forum,' which is conceived in a like spirit, and executed, as far as its limited sphere extends, with more really critical acumen than either of those we have been considering.

'The surpassing interest of the topography of ancient Rome is derived,' he says, 'from its connexion with the history of the dominant nation of the world. It follows as a consequence that this interest has its principal seat in the place which was the centre of the public life of the Roman people. A host of stirring associations, such as belong in our own history to many different localities, gathered around the Roman Forum. There the Senate sate in its Curia, the people met in their Comitium. There laws were passed which reformed the constitution of the sovereign state, decrees were made which determined the fate of subject populations. The judicial business of an empire was there transacted; statesmen were attainted, and civil causes deter-

mined ; while at another tribunal the police of a great city was conducted, and ordinary criminals sentenced and punished. The state prison and the place of public execution were close at hand. The same area, which was the Westminster Hall, the Old Bailey, and the Tower Hill, was also the Lombard Street and the Exchange of Rome. . . . The great religious festivals of Rome were celebrated in the same area, which was overlooked by the principal temples of the national deities ; and the popular spectacles which, in imperial times, filled the great amphitheatre, had their earlier home in the Roman Forum.'

No other city of antiquity has a local history which can be compared in interest with that of Rome, not Antioch or Alexandria, not Naples or Milan ; nor are the existing remains even of ancient Athens encircled with more thrilling associations than those of Rome.

'The identification of historical sites,' continues Mr. Nichols with due enthusiasm, 'is the first business of the topographer. . . . Ancient Rome lies buried at various depths below the surface of the modern city. . . . Within the last few years the shovel and pickaxe have been busy, and a large part of the ancient Forum has been reduced to its original level by the removal of from twenty to thirty feet of accumulated rubbish. The effect of this revelation upon our topographical knowledge has not yet been estimated. The fruits are still to be gathered, and the sight of such a harvest lying open to the first comer has tempted the present writer into the field.'

In examining and explaining successively all the architectural objects of which history takes note within this glorious area, Mr. Nichols has given the reader the assistance of some very clear engravings, representing both the area itself and a presumed restoration of its edifices in various groups. Nor do these views of the Forum as it may be supposed to have been in its grand days, noble though they are, appear to us to be exaggerated or overloaded with decorative features. We do not suppose, indeed, that the august scene ever looked altogether so clean and bright as it does under the artist's pencil. There was no time probably when there were not some old and squalid edifices in it, that peeped out between the more obtrusive novelties which each generation was in turn supplying. Rome was never finished ; even the centre of Rome was never finished till the knell of her decay and dissolution sounded. Hadrian and Aurelian, Maxentius and Constantine, each added in his day to its splendours. When at last the spirit of reconstruction and disturbance ceased, Rome fell rapidly into dirt and discolourment, such as disfigure so many fine cities of modern Italy. When Honorius descended to pay his deserted capital a visit at the end of the

fourth century, it required a spasmodic effort, which the poet compares to the mother's care in adorning her daughter on the arrival of her suitor, to furbish it up for his reception.*

But the various points of discussion upon which Mr. Nichols enters relating to the exact position of the historic sites of the Forum could not be made intelligible to the ordinary reader without the reproduction of the plans themselves which he has given us in his volume. We are glad to see that he lends his authority to the view, which after many oscillations is again in the ascendant, that the temple of Jupiter stood on the southern summit of the Capitoline hill, and supports the common opinion regarding the site of the temple of Saturn, and that of Rome and Venus, which has been also lately called in question. There is, however, one recent discovery which Mr. Nichols brings prominently forward, and which may perhaps be sufficiently explained even without a drawing, however much an ocular representation of it would add to its interest.

We must suppose the reader to be able to realise the position of the Phocas column, the most conspicuous object in the Campo Vaccino, about a hundred yards in front of the eastern side of the Campidoglio. This spot was almost the centre of the ancient Forum Romanum. It is very near to, if not the exact site of, the great equestrian statue of Domitian, which, standing with the basilicas Julia and AEmilia on its right and left and the temples of Vespasian and of Concord in its rear, constitutes one of the most clear landmarks of Roman topography. Near to the 'eastern corner' of the base of this column the excavations in September, 1873, brought to light two walls of white marble sculptured with bas-reliefs on both sides, and surmounted with a rich cornice. We are not informed at what depth these remains were found, but they must be supposed to have occupied the level of the Forum as it was in the time, as will be seen, of Trajan.

'The sculptured spaces,' to follow our author's exact words, 'when complete, were about seventeen feet in length, and five feet and a half in height. Each wall is formed of several pieces of marble of unequal size; and some of the pieces have been lost. The stone bases on which they had been mounted were found *in situ*, placed parallel to each other, at a distance of about nine feet, and upon them the marble fragments, which had been more or less displaced, have been put together. Thus restored in position they form a double screen with an intermediate passage in a line crossing the open area of the Forum. Why the monument was constructed in this form, and what

* Claudian, 'De VI. Consul. Honor.' 523.

purpose beyond a commemorative object it served, it is difficult to determine. It seems possible, when we look at the subject of the sculptures, especially the sacrificial animals, that it formed a sort of avenue leading to an altar and statue of the emperor, in whose honour the monument may have been erected after his deification by the Senate.

The sculptures on the two interior walls represent the three animals used in sacrifice—the boar, the bull, and the ram—whose names were combined to form the title of the great lustral ceremony, *Suovetaurilia*. The beasts are adorned with ribbons and *vittæ*, and move on both sculptures in the direction of the Basilica Julia. The sculptures on the outer walls of the screens present a far greater variety and interest, consisting of a number of human figures in more or less high relief, about half life-size, with a background of architectural and other objects indicating the locality of the scenes represented. . . . The screen placed nearer to the Capitol displays, to the right of the spectator, a group which has furnished a key to the probable meaning of the entire monument by its resemblance to some of the medals of the emperor Trajan. These medals represent the emperor seated, with Italy and her children before him, and bear the inscription, "ALIM. ITAL. S.P.Q.R. OPTIMO PRINCIPI." They commemorate the provision made by Trajan for the children of poor or deceased citizens, who were called *pueri et puellæ alimentarii*. The same figures are seen in the bas-relief. The torso of an infant remains on the left arm of the female figure, and another child probably stood under her right hand. To the left, a distinct group represents a personage standing on the rostra, and addressing a crowd of persons, who evidently receive his words with pleasure and applause. Unfortunately the head of the principal figure in each of these groups is missing, owing to its having been in high relief; but there can be little doubt that we have here an allusion to some other public act of the same emperor.'

We have thus brought before us the representation in sculpture of an actual incident in Roman life. The other screen of which we have spoken commemorates another incident in the same striking fashion. The historians have told us that the emperor Hadrian, when, on a certain occasion, he remitted some large sums which were due to the imperial treasury, caused the accounts to be publicly burnt in the Forum of Trajan for the greater satisfaction of his debtors. There is evidence, however, of a like remission of taxes by Trajan also, and there is reason to think that the sculpture before us refers to the act of this emperor rather than of his successor. One front of the piece represents a number of people carrying what look like heavy ledgers, piles of wooden tablets, and the like, and laying them in a heap before a more majestic personage, whose head again is unfortunately missing, and who, it may be supposed, is superintending the generous sacrifice. We have thus brought before us two sculptured incidents much the same in character as the sculptures on the column of Trajan,

where troops are seen marching and fighting and laying out their camps and bridges just as in a picture. Such were the combat and the procession on the frieze of the Parthenon, and such some of the much earlier sculptures on the palace walls at Nineveh. The chief interest, however, in these remains is to be found in their backgrounds, which in both cases represent the scene, as Mr. Nichols says, which was actually before the spectator, namely, the Forum Romanum, in which no doubt the incidents themselves took place.

'The locality of the burning of the registers is most easily recognised. In the foreground, *to the left* of the spectator is a fig-tree, and next to it a statue on a pedestal. In the background, behind the figures, were five arches of a building divided by piers with half-columns or pilasters of the Tuscan order. At a short distance from the end of this building is a hexastyle Ionic portico with a pediment. Then, after a short interval, through which an arch is seen in the further distance, is another hexastyle portico and pediment with Corinthian columns. A part of the bas-relief *to the right* is lost; but in the foreground is a portion of the rostra, upon which the emperor was seated. In order to identify the scene it is only necessary for the spectator to turn from the sculpture to the ruined buildings before him. In the Corinthian columns of the temple of Vespasian he will recognise the remains of the Corinthian portico, in the portico of Saturn the Ionic portico of the bas-relief. The arch seen in the distance between the two porticos would probably be a part of the loggia of the Tabularium. The long line of arches, with piers between them, will be found in the Basilica Julia with the ornaments of Tuscan architecture. The whole of the background may thus be explained by the aid of the ruins which remain.* . . . On the other bas-relief, which is more perfect than the first, the same statue and fig-tree are seen in the foreground *on the right*, and next to them, behind the figures, are seven arches with intermediate piers, similar to those of the first sculpture. Then, after an interval of some width, is a Corinthian portico, which is represented as having five columns; and finally, *to the left*, an arch, which appears nearer to the spectator than the portico. In the foreground are the rostra, from which the emperor is speaking.'

We italicise the words 'right' and 'left' throughout to make it clear to the reader that the two scenes presented to him are turned different ways. In the first case he is supposed to be looking towards the Capitol, and the objects in the background are such as would meet his eye in that direction; in the second he looks towards the Velia, and the temples of Vesta and of

* Hadrian's burning of the registers took place, as specified by Spartianus, in the Forum of Trajan. It is on this account that the sculpture before us is with more probability ascribed to some similar act of an earlier emperor.

Julius Cæsar. In both cases the statue and the fig-tree are seen in the same relative position. In the first we distinguish the northern, in the second the southern, portion of the Basilica Julia, the one to the left, the other of course to the right. The portico of Corinthian columns in the second may represent the façade of the Julian temple, though we must suppose there is one column too many. The temple was probably tetrastyle. In this design we perceive also an arch behind the rostra, on the left, which may correspond with the position of the arch of Augustus, of which we have an obscure indication recovered for us by Mai.* 'The two sculptures,' concludes Mr. Nichols, 'are united by the recurrence of the statue and the fig-tree in a similar relative position in both scenes, and present us with a partial panorama, comprehending the south-east, south-west, and part of the north-west side of the Forum, as seen from the neighbourhood of the rostra.'

Mr. Nichols proceeds to identify the objects visible in the foreground. The rostra, we know, was removed from the edge of the Comitium, where it had stood during the period of the Free-state and placed by Cæsar somewhere in the Forum, but its exact position was not known, as it is now shown by its relation to surrounding objects. The statue of Marsyas stood in front of the rostra, and its exact place is thus determined also. The fig-tree which is here introduced is also an historic object, but it is not to be confounded with the *ficus Ruminialis* of the ancient legend, which stood originally at the foot of the Palatine near to its northern angle, but a slip from which grew at a much later period in the Comitium. Another such slip, as appears from a curious note in Pliny, unless the plant were, as he seems to imply, self-sown, grew also in the mid Forum at the spot where Curtius leaped into the chasm, and this no doubt is the plant here represented, and its position is hereby ascertained.† The rostra, the Marsyas, the Lacus

* Mr. Nichols cites a note from Canina, 'For. Rom.' 134, 139. 'Haec . . . Augustus. Hujus facti notæ repræsentantur in areu qui est juxta ædem Divi Julii.' Mai. Interpret. Virgil. Aen. vii. 6, viii. 666.

† Tacitus says, speaking of the year of the city 811 (Ann. xiii. 58): 'Eodem anno Ruminalem arborem in comitio, quæ octingentos et quadraginta ante annos Remi Romulique infantiam texerat, mortuis rama-libus et arescente trunco deminutam, prodigii loco habitum est, donec in novos fœtus reviresceret.' But, according to the legend, the original fig-tree stood hard by the Lupercal under the Palatine; and there was a story that the augur Attus Navius caused it to remove spontaneously to its later position. Pliny goes on to suggest at least a more rational explanation: 'Illic crescit, rursusque cura sacerdotum seritur.' (Hist. Nat. xv. 18.)

Curtius, and the later fig-tree all stood near together, and occupied a central part of the Forum between the temple of Julius Cæsar and the foot of the Capitoline.

Now all these are actual historic sites, and as they now appear for the first time before us—these and many others which have been brought to light by the excavations of the last few years especially in the Forum, the very centre of a famous history of a thousand years—they may naturally seem to bring before us the image of men and things with far more life and reality than the mere book knowledge we have hitherto had of them: The area of the Forum has been excavated, as we have seen, almost throughout to a great depth. We have cast off the accretions of many centuries. We have rid ourselves of the successive strata of Rome, modern and mediæval. We have penetrated far below the surface on which Rienzi, or Charlemagne, or Gregory and Leo once trod, we have scattered to the winds even the dust which Constantine cast from his feet when he quitted the city of the Cæsars to plant himself on the Bosphorus. We may say with confidence that we can now tread the very stones on which Hadrian and Trajan trod, perhaps even those which resounded to the tramp of Cæsar's legions, or echoed the oratory of Cicero. There is indeed no other spot in Rome which is so crowded with reminiscences of the ancient world as the Forum, yet there remains still much room for exploration, and for the discriminating examination which should attend upon it in other quarters, and above all on the Capitoline hill; but our author seems to be casting his eyes first in another direction.

'Our researches,' says Mr. Nichols, in concluding his work, 'have led me up to the boundaries of the Palatine, upon the two sides which were nearest to the Roman Forum. The topography of the Palatine hill constitutes a separate subject, into which it is not proposed to enter in the present work.'

We hope that these words may intimate that another work is in contemplation, and whether it deal with the Palatine or the Capitoline, we are confident of its warm reception by all who are interested in the 'History of the Romans at Rome.'

ART. IV.—1. *Oeuvres complètes de FRÉDÉRIC BASTIAT.*
Mises en ordre, revues et annotées d'après les Manuscrits
de l'auteur, par M. PAILLOLET ; et précédées d'une Notice
Biographique, par M. DE FONTENAY. 2nd edition. Paris :
1862.

2. *Lettres d'un habitant des Landes.* FRÉDÉRIC BASTIAT.
Paris : 1877.

THE history of knowledge in all its forms, the opposition and incredulity that have attended the birth of new discoveries and the assertion of new laws, may have taught the world, it is to be hoped, some wisdom and humility, but by no means yet enough. There are still plenty of ‘the faithful’ who hold that scepticism regarding God’s natural laws is the best proof of respect for His revealed laws. The persecutions that befell the earlier martyrs of science may be things of the past, but the spirit of disingenuous and self-sufficient ignorance still flourishes. In the words of M. Arago, we may always expect from a certain class the same verdict on a new discovery: firstly, that it is not true; secondly, that it is against religion; thirdly, that they knew it before! Even with good and earnest people, whose sincerity is unimpugnable, it is constantly put forth as a warning against the snares of materialism, that all the science and steam in the world will not convert the evil heart of man, nor teach him the things that belong to his peace. Who will not reverently endorse this in a certain sense? But the heart of man is intended by God’s mercy to be reached in various ways—even by the blossoming of an almond-tree, as with Brother Lawrence—and all ways that reach it at all are good. It is therefore but a questionable tribute to religion which refuses to perceive, or is afraid to acknowledge, the moral as well as the utilitarian importance of every fresh revelation of the laws of the universe. Tested by their inherent merits, they are as obviously intended for the precept and example of man as for the lower purposes of his use. When do we find them—when the human co-operator has faithfully performed his subordinate part—either refusing, neglecting, or abusing their appointed duty? The action of light on the prepared plate can as little add as omit a feature of the picture presented to it. The electric spark, which spans an empire in a minute, can as little falsify as forge the message entrusted to it. The humblest natural force, which the patient persistence of man has enlisted in his service, is in itself no less proof to evil influence—whether of man or Satan—than the stars in their heavenly courses, and like them as loudly proclaims ‘the Hand that made us is divine.’

If, therefore, we contrast the teachings of these laws with those which history reveals of the devices and inventions of man, we are tempted to wonder why it is that some people are more anxious to warn us against the perils of material science than against those which proceed from perverse and unjust human legislation. The general effect of nature's gifts is to promote help, union, enlightenment, and compensation ; like the foggy atmosphere which impedes sight, but transmits sound the clearer. The known result of man's most favourite and time-honoured institutions—such as protection and privilege—has been to entail war, waste, poverty, oppression, and hatred between classes and nations. The one may be said to give the best of education to the human race, the other the worst.

The operations of the physical laws of nature are now so multiplied, utilised, and irrefragably proved, that no honour is to be got by throwing doubt or contempt upon them. The struggle for the future will be in the vindication of the *social* laws of nature, equally as inflexible in their kind, and as indispensable for the progress of the world. Foremost among this class are those which govern the wealth and prosperity of nations, as embodied in the law, the institution, the system, or whatever other term modern theorists are inclined to apply to what has hitherto been denominated the science of Political Economy. It is the fault of modern phraseology if the word 'Science' has been restricted to the definition of particular forms of knowledge. In its real and large sense it is knowledge of all kinds. We see therefore no just grounds to renounce the use of the term in the case of political economy. At all events, by whatever name acknowledged, this now leads the van in the conflict with those prejudices to which we have adverted, and which are the more difficult to overcome from the fact that it differs from most others in demanding some immediate sacrifice—or rather penalty—though that generally more apparent than real. The fact that the earth revolved on her axis impugned the teaching of a Church which, in order to vindicate its own dogma, required the Creator of the universe to be in the wrong; and was therefore condemned as heretical. Still, as it involved no forfeiture of vested interests, and threatened no diminution of the financial balance, it was a matter of perfect indifference to the commercial class. But the application of sound economic principles requires the surrender of those artificial advantages by which the few—whether classes or individuals—have profited, at the cost of the many, and, rightly considered, at the ultimate cost of all. And though this fact be as patent as the earth's diurnal revolutions, and as necessary and beneficial to the earth's inhabitants as the

warmth and light of the sun itself, yet the immediate loss or gain to the few, who cannot see beyond their own narrow counter, is sure to appeal more forcibly to the common understanding than any amount of general prospective good. There is always the trying interval between the uprooting of the old error and the growth of the new truth ; while the laws of political economy, though the surest and easiest to prove, for they prove themselves, are among the most puzzling to trace and understand. A political economist, like a poet, is born, not made.

Every science has its appointed period and conditions. That social law, inherent in the nature of things, which goes by the name of political economy—chiefly representing the idea of free trade between nation and nation—is not intended to rise above the social horizon until heralded by that light of freedom without which neither intelligent rulers nor enterprising people can be formed. The institution of slavery and the practice of free trade are incompatible facts. Where slave-labour degrades man to a machine those principles can have no exercise, the first condition of which is that he should be free. The ancient world, therefore, as little suspected the existence of economic laws as it did those of magnetism and electricity ; and though the citizens of the New World are in one sense free, yet the abundance of their food and the extent of their virgin soil have contributed to delay their appreciation and need for freedom of exchange with other countries. Nor is it pretended that because absolutism, as a rule, is opposed to free trade, democracy is necessarily favourable to it. We have but to look at our own colonies, as well as at America, to perceive the same system, arising doubtless from the same cause. That liberty is the secret of public wealth both know well, but the time is not come for them to acknowledge that without free trade liberty itself is incomplete.

To a tyro exploring the secrets of this natural system every step in succession offers strange facts, and the first step perhaps the strangest of all. When we enquire into the nature of that union of natural and human forces which supplies the needs, comforts, and luxuries—in other words, the commerce and exchange—of the world, we are astonished at the simplicity of its rudimental conditions. The bounty of nature extends on all sides, around and beneath us. The earth—whether land or sea, mountain, or plain—is one vast reservoir of wealth. Yet not one atom, except the air we breathe, does she bestow gratuitously upon us. Nature is a stern political economist. No matter what the plea, she gives no alms. The commission she has received to return naught for naught she never infringes,

but bides her time, until sown and reaped in the appointed sweat of the brow. The simplest needs of mankind, wood and water, she supplies in abundance; but these even not gratis; for the hewers of the one and the drawers of the other have been from time immemorial the types of the labour she exacts from all. The work is all man's; the capital all hers. 'For nature ' is made better by no mean, but nature makes that mean.'

And what on the part of man is required to fashion and adapt the materials thus latent around him?—materials he can as little destroy as create. His operations, however, elaborate, are in their turn reducible to the simplest formula. Literally speaking, man is a being whose power over nature extends no further than that of moving particles of matter from one place to another, and putting them in juxtaposition, by a variety of further movements, with other particles similarly moved from their original position. He can arrange, adjust, mix, and complicate; he can ring the changes of infinitely varied contiguities and propinquities, but all and only by the same law of fetching and carrying; and when he has done this he can do no more. He can put a curiously compounded substance into the oven, or launch a cunningly contrived machine into the ocean, but he can as little bake the bread or float the ship as he can give growth to the plant he has moved into a hole whence he has moved the earth. And if he gets other forces to do a part, and even the greater part, of the work for him, it is but a distinction without a difference. The horse or the ox may drag the plough which moves the clods, or wind or water propel the wheels which move the millstone, but in either or any case the powers he thus employs are set in motion by countless previous motions on his part. The partnership also between nature and man, however unequal in power, is of the strictest reciprocity, and never dissolved. Where he leaves off she again takes up, and receives back the materials he has manipulated and tossed about into the vivifying bosom of her own elementary forces, and there perfects them finally for his use.

It has been said that the principles of political economy are hard to be understood; and nothing can be truer. There is in them the inherent difference between the knowledge that applies to men and that which applies to things. Social laws start from practice to principles; physical laws the reverse. We must proceed in political economy as in the exercise of charity; that is, we must act from certain impulses before we can ascertain the results to be right or wrong. The results may be clearer and more immediate in political economy, but the reasons for them are not so easily understood. A man finds he is suc-

cessful in following certain instincts of self-interest, but why he is successful he does not know, and generally does not care. The reasonings through which the proof has to be traced are among the complex things which 'are not as they seem.' We are met at every turn by causes and effects of which the real sequence differs widely from the apparent one. We have, as it were, to reverse what is placed before us in order to perceive it rightly. In this paradoxical study two and two no longer make four. You lessen by increasing, and you increase by lessening. But precisely in the non-importance of these difficulties lies the proof of the all-importance of the science for the welfare of man; since, for all practical purposes, these are difficulties which he is not required to overcome. Jeremy Bentham said of political economy that there was much to learn and little to do—a phrase, like the science itself, as misleading as it is true—which may be interpreted, that the much to learn throws no impediment in the way of the little to do; a thing any man can understand, for he has only to consult his own interest and do that which is most worth his while.

It hardly needed the testimony of history to prove, as we have said, that true economic principles can only flourish in an atmosphere of personal and national freedom. No tyrant or despot has ever been a freetrader. The Sultan of Turkey may be credited by his partisans with exceptional liberality in this respect, but it is on behalf of a commerce which his predecessors and he have well nigh annihilated. Napoleon, who reprobated all liberty of action, whether in individuals or communities, had even a horror of free trade, the principles of which, he said, would grind an empire to pieces, even were it built of granite—opinions, or rather the obstinacy and ignorance with which he enforced them, which by a natural retribution contributed to his fall. Still, he never descended to the level of his august nephew, who, emulating the practice of the Caliphs of Bagdad and the Popes of Rome, ordained, at the beginning of his reign, that the price of bread should always be kept at the same level, the bakers in dear times being indemnified from the Treasury. How the Treasury was indemnified in cheap times by the bakers does not appear.

We shall be here reminded that Louis Napoleon grew wiser with time, and forms a conspicuous exception to the rule we have just laid down. In the paucity of his claims to the gratitude of France, far be it from us to derogate from the credit due to him for the Commercial Treaty concluded with us. What the mixed motives in that curious mind may have been—whether as much, or more, prompted by the desire to propitiate

a powerful neighbour as to benefit the country—the historian may determine; at all events the act which has provoked the jealousy of Spain has not earned the suffrages of the French. And for this also Louis Napoleon must be held answerable; for though the partial liberty of trade in France be owing to him, yet it will be long before the enslaving effects of his government in other respects can disappear.

And if liberty be admitted to be the indispensable concomitant of that which the French paraphrase as '*la science du droit naturel*' and Cobden as 'the International Law of God,' it follows naturally that its theories have been chiefly brought before the public by men of the largest sympathies as well as the clearest heads. Adam Smith was a man of warm affections. Senior laboured indefatigably on behalf of the overworked factory children. Cobden's love of his fellow-creatures, if no other evidence were there, is sufficiently proved by the love they bore him. And the list of the benevolent might be shown to be co-ordinate with the chief writers on the subject. But, of all these, Frédéric Bastiat, the once obscure economist from 'Les Landes,' stands foremost in the enthusiasm of his humanity. With him the cause of free trade was a religion as well as a passion. He saw no bounds to the benefits it promised to the human race. Its unimpeded course offered to his ardent pre-vision a sort of millennium. He saw in it not only the reign of peace and plenty, but that of love and goodwill from man to man. In his ardour for its reception, dry facts and arguments were insufficient for his purpose. He knew there was no infection in them. He therefore went further and caught the imagination of his readers. No pleader against abuses or wrongs ever called more skilful weapons to his aid. He was witty, where others were dull; playful, where others had been caustic; practical, where they had been theoretical; and logical and brilliant alike in all. He threw his arguments into aphorisms and paradoxes, but decked them forth with all the sparkle and vivacity of the true French writer.

His 'Sophismes Economiques,' which amuse as much as they persuade, and first contributed to bring him into notice, are the quintessence of his peculiar style. He owns to a little vexation that a few jokes which he had 'slid' into the work had taken more effect than the more serious part, but admits later that 'banter and allegory have more success and influence than the best treatises.' He starts with the query, 'Which is best for man and for society—abundance, or scarcity? But who can ask such a question? Did anybody in his senses ever maintain that scarcity can contribute to the welfare of man? Yes,

'that has been maintained, and is being maintained every day,
'and I am not afraid to declare that the theory of scarcity is
'by far the most popular.'

Bastiat then proceeds to lay down the true axiom that 'the riches of men consist in the abundance of things.' Nevertheless M. Bugeaud, the deputy for 'La Dordogne,' stands up in his place, and says 'the dearer the bread, the greater the gain of the farmer.' But bread can only be dear when it is scarce. The deputy, therefore, pronounces in favour of scarcity. The press, also, unanimously exclaims: 'Keep out foreign goods, or other countries will drown us with their productions.' The press, therefore, is terrified at the idea of abundance. The highest desire of every seller's heart is that of a limited supply in his own particular line. The wine-grower would not grieve if frost fell upon every vineyard except his own. The iron-master would not take it to heart if, by some interruption in the carrying trade, no iron could be brought into the market but his own. They must be both shrewd enough to see that the consequence would be less wine and less iron for the use of their fellows—indeed that is the very consequence they covet—therefore, they cannot deny that their *beau idéal* consists in the theory of scarcity. And, stranger still to say, in default of partial frosts, or interrupted communications, the government of the country itself comes to their aid, and by restrictions and prohibitions, calculated to produce the very effect these gentlemen all desire, proclaims its own deliberate preference for the theory of scarcity.

Governments, it is well known, defend these laws on the plea of 'protection' of their subjects' interests—or, in other words, on the pretext that by these means more work is thrown into the hands of the traders and manufacturers of their own country. But if more work be the advantage proposed, governments are bound not to stop here. Every improvement should be strictly forbidden, for every improvement the world has seen has tended to diminish some labour, and to supplant some previous labourer. Sails should therefore be encouraged to forbid steam, oars to forbid sails, the pack-mule should protest against the horse, and the walking pedlar against the pack-mule. And next in logical order the roadway itself would have to be interdicted. Indeed Adam Smith tells us that not more than fifty years before he wrote some of the counties contiguous to London petitioned Parliament against the extension of turnpike roads into the remoter counties. But one of the grossest instances of tyranny and ignorance regarding roads comes down to the recollection of some of our readers. A late King of

Denmark was determined to force the inhabitants of Hamburg to use his port of Kiel instead of the neighbouring free port of Lübeck for all commercial purposes. Between the two free Hanse Towns there was and is Danish territory. Where, therefore, the present railway now takes passengers and goods in less than two hours, there was a road, if road it could be called, purposely kept by his Majesty in a condition which it was thought no vehicle could traverse. Impediments, concave and convex, of equal height and depth, marked the track, whence there was only a rare escape into deep sand. Still, the difference in the distance was so great that even this break-neck road was defied, and sixteen hours of torture to man and beast endured to save time and expense. Travellers were warned to bind up their bodies tight in order to protect the more vital parts, and two blacksmiths' shops, the only *hospices* on the way, did their best to repair dislocated vehicles. In due time this king died at Eutin, and his funeral procession passed through the streets of Hamburg, where it was received with hisses and other marks of opprobrium. This might be unbecoming, but it was a natural consequence of most barbarous tyranny.

Let us hear now how Bastiat exposes the fallacies which underlie the pretexts for Protection :—

‘A radical antagonism exists between the seller and the buyer. .

‘The seller desires that the object should be of *limited supply*, therefore rare and dear.

‘The buyer desires it *abundant*, ample in supply, and therefore cheap.

‘The laws, which should be at least neutral, take the part of the seller against the buyer—of the producer against the consumer, of dearness against cheapness—and therefore of scarcity against abundance.’

And again :—

‘But I now ask if, under the protection of your laws, the people are better fed because there is less bread, meat, and sugar in the country?—better dressed because there is less cotton, stuffs, and clothes?—better warmed because there are less coals?—and better aided in various manufactures because there is less iron, copper, utensils, and machines?

‘But they say, if foreign countries inundate us with their productions, they will carry off all our cash. And what would that matter if they did? Man is not fed with coin, he is not dressed with gold, nor warmed with silver. What matters it how much money there is in a country if there be more bread in the cupboards, more joints on the hook, more linen in the presses, and more wood in the basket?*

* These arguments were repeated last December in a Free-trade de-

'A government of restriction must be always in a dilemma if questioned as follows :

'Either you admit that you produce scarcity, or you do not admit it.

'If the first, you admit that you do your subjects all the harm you can. If the second, you deny having restricted the supply, raised the prices, and favoured the producer at the expense of the consumer.

'The truth is, you are either injurious or superfluous—useful you cannot be.'

Scarcity being thus put for abundance, Bastiat proceeds to analyse another fallacy—that of an obstacle being put for a cause.

Man, in a state of nature, is destitute of everything. Between this state and the satisfaction of his human needs there exist a number of *obstacles* which only labour can overcome. By some strange process of reasoning, however, these very obstacles have become in the eyes of some legislators the causes of his prosperity, and therefore require to be multiplied. A man wants to go to a place a hundred leagues distant. Between him and that there are mountains, rivers, bogs, robbers, &c., in other words, *obstacles*, and these only to be removed by immense exertions on his part, or by his paying others to remove them. It is therefore clear that not only would he have been in a better position had there been no obstacles to his journey at all, but that all society would be benefited if there were as few as possible, instead of the reverse. This being obviously the case, we must look more closely into the social conditions of man to discover why such truisms have been so curiously misinterpreted. In the division of labour resulting from mutual interest and convenience, every individual who works for a livelihood, instead of struggling with *all* the obstacles that surround him, has, in point of fact, only to struggle with *one*; and struggles with that not only for his own good but for that of his fellow-creatures, who, in their turn, do the same for him. Thus a man who overcomes the obstacle of *hunger* by baking bread for his neighbours, is, in turn, relieved of the obstacle of *cold* by the clothes his neighbour makes for him. To his view, therefore, the obstacle of hunger by which he earns his livelihood becomes the cause of his wealth. It is his interest, accordingly, that the cause should be increased, instead of

monstration in Paris under the auspices of the newly formed Association for the Defence of Commercial and Industrial Freedom. 'What,' it was asked, 'was this so-called protection? Protection of whom? 'Protection from what? Simply protection from cheap clothes, cheap food, cheap iron; protection from obtaining many comforts of life.'

diminished, since the dearer the bread the greater his profit. Such a mode of reasoning can be pardoned in a baker, but what shall we say to the statesmen who found a system of legislation on the same cry? Needs, according to them, are wealth; work, riches; obstacles to prosperity, prosperity itself; the multiplication, therefore, of obstacles the best way to encourage and protect industry. To expose this fallacy it is sufficient to remind the reader that human labour is not an *end*, but a *means*. As fast as one obstacle is overcome, man will find another. To fear that human ingenuity will fail of employment is tantamount to fearing that humanity will cease to meet with obstacles. But, were that the case, labour would not only be at an end—it would be superfluous. We should have nothing to do, because we should have all we want.

But to return to the theory of obstacles. Seeing that there are many between our needs and their satisfaction, the principle is established that the labour which overcomes them is ‘an ‘effort, followed by a result.’ But to which of the two—the effort or the result—is our wealth owing? Both of these theories have been in turn maintained, and, in truth, they divide the domain of opinion on this subject, and divide it very unequally. According to the one, riches are ascribed to the proportion held between the result and the effort; as where the effort is diminished, the result is relatively increased. According to the other and the larger party, the reasoning is reversed, and riches are ascribed to the greater effort and proportionally less result. In the nature of things the first theory welcomes every device that tends to diminish labour and increase production—such as machinery, free trade, intelligence that finds, experience that endorses, competition that stimulates, &c. Equally true to itself, the second theory summons to its aid all causes that tend to increase labour and diminish production, such as privileges, monopolies, restrictions, suppression of machines, and, pushed to its extreme conclusions, can only tend to the sterile labour of Sisyphus himself. At the same time Bastiat calls attention to the fact that the universal practice of men in their private affairs—whether monopolists, protectionists, or what not—is directed by the first theory. We have only to appeal from M. Bugeaud speaking for his country to M. Bugeaud speaking for himself. Standing in his place as deputy, he says: ‘I know ‘nothing about the theory of cheapness. I would rather see ‘bread dear, and work more abundant.’ But standing on his own fields he takes every means to economise labour and increase results. He employs a good plough instead of a bad one; he substitutes as far as possible the action of the atmosphere for

that of hoe or harrow ; and calls to his aid the latest inventions of chemical science to enrich the soil. To be consistent he should do just the contrary. He should sow his wheat on his worst land, he should use his own hands rather even than the worst plough, and, in short, resort to every clumsy and obsolete device by which his private practice can illustrate his political principles.

Let us hear him again upon the favourite aphorism of ‘equalising the conditions of production’—a phrase as false as the principle it advocates. For it is not true that any import tax can equalise the conditions of *production*. Those remain the same after the tax as before ; the conditions equalised by the tax are, at most, those of the *sale*. ‘It will be said that I play ‘upon my words, but I return the accusation upon my adversaries. It is for them to prove that *production* and *sale* are ‘synonyms.’

Bastiat gives the following example :—

‘ Let us suppose that some Parisian speculators have determined to invest their capital in the cultivation of oranges. They are aware that Portuguese oranges are sold in Paris for ten centimes apiece, but the expense of raising a French-grown orange can only be defrayed by the charge of a franc apiece. They therefore petition Government to impose a duty of ninety per cent. on the Portuguese orange. According to their mode of reasoning, this duty will equalise the conditions of production ; and Government accordingly imposes this duty. Well, what I say is that the conditions of production are in no respect changed. The duty has not diminished the heat of the sun at Lisbon, nor the severity of the frost at Paris. The ripening of oranges continues to go on *naturally* on the shores of the Tagus, and *artificially* on those of the Seine. The only equalisation is in the conditions of the sale. The Portuguese merchant now sells his orange in Paris for a franc, ninety centimes of which are paid by the French consumer. And mark the perversity of the result. On every Portuguese orange France loses nothing, for the ninety centimes paid by the consumer go into the national treasury. There is a displacement of money, but no loss. But upon every French-grown orange there are ninety centimes of loss, for the buyer decidedly loses them, and the seller does not gain them ; since the cost of production is so great that he only receives the ten centimes profit. I leave it to *MM. les Protectionistes* to draw their own conclusions. . . . And if I have insisted upon what they will call this paradoxical distinction between the conditions of production and sale, what will be said to a paradox stranger still, to which the foregoing has only been the introduction, viz. : that the only way really to equalise the conditions of production is to grant free trade ? “Oh !” I hear them say, “this is for once too much of a good thing—you carry the joke too far.” Well, hear me to the end of the argument—it will not be long. We will assume that the mean daily wages of a French workman are a franc. The cost of a French orange

is therefore equivalent to a day's work, while for that of a Portuguese orange only the tenth or less than the tenth is needed—which means in other words that the sun does that for an orange in Lisbon which man does in Paris. It follows that if I buy a Portuguese orange in Paris with the tenth of a day's work, I am placed, as regards the production of that orange, on the same footing with the Portuguese grower himself, all excepting the carriage, which is rightly charged to me. Thus, if equality of production be the aim desired, liberty of exchange is the only means; and if further, equality of enjoyment, of benefit, and—what is most essential of all, and least kept in view—equality of consumption be the final aim, liberty of exchange is again the only means. That alone could enable us to enjoy a Portuguese sun, and the fruits it ripens; as that alone would also place the inhabitants of Havre, for instance, as regards the coals of Newcastle, exactly on the same level with those of London—both cities being equally distant from the place of production.

' And, as I am in a paradoxical humour, I will go further still, and maintain that if two countries are placed in unequal conditions in point of production, the country least favoured by nature has most to gain by free exchange. All production, namely, is the result of a combination between nature and man. That part of it which is due to the work of man constitutes the object of exchange, and consequently its *value*—that part that nature gives constitutes its *utility*. Still, it is not less true (and in no way contradictory to what has been said before) that the supplies of nature, being open to all, go for nothing in the price of the production. We pay, for instance, nothing for the air we breathe, though it is so *useful* that we could not dispense with it for two minutes; and why we pay nothing for it is because no work of man is required to furnish it. But if we wish to separate one of the gases of which it is composed—to fill a balloon for instance—then it becomes an article of *value*, because of the human labour engaged for the purpose. If again the water that supplies my house were to be charged according to its absolute utility, my whole fortune would be insufficient to meet the price; as it is, I have only to pay the expense of the labour incurred in bringing it for my use. Thus the tropical countries are favoured in the production of sugar, coffee, &c.; which means that nature plays the greater part in bringing them forth. But which are the countries which most reap the advantage of these natural gifts? Not the inhabitants of these tropical lands, for there the slight labour which man contributes is alone remunerated; but those—or rather it would be those—who are not so favoured, for, by a self-adjusting scale, in other words by free trade, they would only pay the price asked on the spot, and that of the carriage. Thus Nature's gifts which are at once useful and gratuitous are, or should be, the heritage of all humanity; and the countries which do not possess them have all to gain by the exchange with those which do possess them—because it is not for the natural gifts they would pay, but only for the labour over and above these gifts, incorporated in them. This being the case, no words can express the absurdity of laws, which, in a country not of producers, but of consumers, directly and purposely deprive the people

of the interchange of those natural advantages which, by the right of liberty, God intended for all His creatures.'

Let us hear a little apostrophe on the side of the consumer, illustrative of Bastiat's style :—

' A poor countryman in the Gironde had raised a vine on his little plot. After great labour he had at length the happiness to reap a certain quantity of wine, and in his joy he forgot that almost every drop of this precious nectar had cost a drop from his brow. "I'll sell the wine," he said to his wife, "and with the money I'll buy sufficient cotton for you to weave a *trousseau* for our daughter." The good man went to the town, and there met a Belgian and an Englishman. The Belgian said, "Give me your wine, and I will give you in exchange fifteen packets of cotton." The Englishman said, "Give me your wine, and I will give you twenty—for we English can spin more cheaply than the Belgians." But a custom-house officer now stepped forward and said, "It is my duty to prevent your exchanging with the Englishman, but you are welcome to exchange with the Belgian."

"What!" said the countryman, "you want me to be satisfied with fifteen packets from Brussels, when I can have twenty from Manchester?" "Certainly," replied the officer. "Don't you see that France would be the loser, if you were to get twenty packets instead of fifteen?" "I don't understand that," says the poor man. "Nor can I explain it," says the other, "but the thing is certain; for all the ministers, and the deputies, and the newspapers are agreed that the more a people receive in return for their goods the poorer they become." So the countryman had no choice but to conclude with the Belgian. His daughter only got three-quarters of her *trousseau*, and these good people are still wondering how you can be the poorer for receiving twenty instead of fifteen, or the richer for having three dozen towels or chemises instead of four.'

Let us hear now what he says for the producer, which reminds us in its absurdity of the supposed petition of the wooden-leg makers in the time of George III.: 'The petition of the makers of candles, wax lights, lamps, chandeliers, reflectors, snuffers, extinguishers, and of the manufacturers of tallow, oil, resin, spirit, and generally of all that has to do with lighting.' It has often been cited and published before, but such a masterpiece of irony—worthy of Swift himself, and not unlike his style—deserves to be reproduced for the benefit of each succeeding generation.

' TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

' Messieurs,—You are on the right road. You reject all abstract theories. Abundance and cheapness have no attractions for you. Your interest is with the producer—your desire is to emancipate him from all external competition, and to reserve the national market for the national labour.'

' We now offer you an admirable opportunity for the application of your—what shall we call it? Your theory? No, nothing is more misleading than theory. Your doctrine? your system? your principles? But no, you hate doctrines; you have a horror of systems; and, as for principles, you maintain there are none to be found in social economy. So let us call it your practice; without theory, system, or principles.

' We are suffering from the intolerable competition of a foreign rival, placed, as it would seem, in a condition so far superior to ours, as regards the production of light, as to inundate our market with it at a fabulously low price. The moment he shows his face all chance of our sale ceases. The buyers all go over to him, and a branch of national French industry, with innumerable ramifications, becomes suddenly paralysed. This foreigner, who is none other than the Sun, wages such relentless war with us, that we suspect that he is backed up by *perfidious Albion*; the more so as he displays towards that haughty island a forbearance in which he is utterly wanting to us. What we desire is that you should pass a law commanding the shutting of all windows, skylights, dormers—of all shutters, inside and out, bull's-eyes, curtains, blinds—in short, of every opening, hole, chink, and crack, through which the light of the sun can pierce, which he only does to the prejudice of the various ingenious manufacturers specified above.

' And it is not ourselves only who will profit by the exclusion of this intrusive light, but almost every French trade that can be mentioned. If more tallow be consumed, more oxen and sheep will be required, and if more oxen and sheep then richer pasture grounds, and with more pastures a larger production of meat, wool, hides, and especially of manure, which is the basis of all agricultural wealth. . . .

' Deign, gentlemen, to take this subject into your consideration, and you will immediately perceive that there is not a Frenchman, from the wealthiest holder of gas shares to the humblest trader in matches, whom the granting of our petition will not benefit. We can anticipate your objections; but depend upon it you will not quote one that does not already exist in the well-worn publications of your opponents—the partisans of commercial liberty. You will tell us that were you to grant our petition France would gain nothing, because the cost would fall upon the consumer. But you have no right to invoke the interests of the consumer, which you have systematically sacrificed whenever they came into conflict with those of the producer. When you have been reminded that the consumer was interested in the free admission of iron, coal, grain, stuffs, &c., your invariable answer has been "very true, but the producer is interested in their exclusion." This is now a case in point, for if the consumer be interested in the admission of light, the producer is equally so in keeping it out.'

Among the various fallacies which Governments supply for the ridicule of the political economist, Bastiat is not slow to expose that which in the medical profession is called 'bad

'practice,' consisting, namely, in giving one thing which requires to be neutralised by another. He instances cases where millions of francs have been spent to build railways in order to lessen the transport and facilitate the transmission of goods ; while at the same time an army of custom-house officials have been stationed along the line to intercept the same goods and levy dues upon them—thus undoing with one hand what they had done with the other. It reminds us of the debate in Parliament to ask for a grant of nine millions to increase our defences just at the time when our French Commercial Treaty was being concluded. Mr. Bernal Osborne then remarked : ' I gave my humble support to a commercial treaty with France under the idea that we were promoting good and substantial relations with that country. Now, after taking off all the duties on French manufactures, we are asked to vote nominally nine millions, though I believe it will be nearer twenty, for the construction of defences to keep out our friends and customers. Now, Sir, if this were not an expensive amusement, it would be the most ludicrous proceeding ever proposed to a deliberative assembly.'

It is time now to give a short account of the life and character of the man whose influence as a political economist is as much alive now as when he himself lived, and is destined still to increase. For such men in their foresight of causes and effects come to be honoured more and more as their foresight attains the character of fulfilled prophecy. Of such alone true statesmen are formed.

Frédéric Bastiat was born at Bayonne in 1801—thus swelling the number of those Southern Frenchmen distinguished, as Mrs. Grote used to remark, for fine minds and tender hearts. He became an orphan at an early age. At school he formed a friendship for a schoolfellow of very delicate health, and to keep company with him he renounced the more active plays of boyhood, to which he was passionately addicted. This friendship was even respected by the masters, who allowed the two to do their tasks conjointly—on the same sheet of paper—signed with both their names. Thus united, their joint *Essay on Poetry* obtained the gold medal. 'Keep it thyself,' said Bastiat ; ' thou hast father and mother, and they have a right to what thou hast earned.' This friendship lasted for Bastiat's life. The studies of the young lad, as he emerged from school, embraced a wide range—foreign languages, French, English, and Italian literature ; music, religious questions, and finally, from his nineteenth year, the problems of Political Economy. The death of his grandfather in 1825 put Bastiat into posses-

sion of a small estate at Mugron on the Adour, where his lot was cast for some years. Farming was not to his taste, but the residence at Mugron led to another friendship, which greatly influenced the direction and cultivation of his mind. M. Calmètes, the quondam schoolfellow, was the comrade of his heart, M. Coudroy, the neighbour at Mugron, the friend of his intelligence, and our Richard Cobden the guide of his political career. His correspondence with all three constitutes the materials of his biography. With M. Coudroy he discussed and fought the usual questions and ideas—historical, religious, poetical, political—which occupy the opening minds of gifted men; and these conversations, endorsed by much solitary meditation, serve to explain the almost improvised rapidity with which in later life, in spite of interruptions of illness and a fatiguing public career, he threw out the mass of varied and digested ideas contained in his works.

In 1832 Bastiat became ‘Membre du Conseil’ of the ‘Département des Landes,’ and in that position was invited from time to time to offer himself as deputy. He took advantage, as he would laughingly relate, of the few opportunities when the provincials read, to distribute, ‘under the cloak of candidature,’ a few useful truths on political economy. As time went on, he also published works of local bearing, ‘Le Fisc et la Vigne,’ ‘Un Mémoire sur la Question Vinicole,’ &c. In the little town of Mugron, there was a circle who aspired to some intelligence. Politics also found place among them, ‘based on a fierce hatred of England,’ a sentiment which Bastiat, who was much drawn to English ideas, not seldom contested. A circumstance occurred which showed how unscrupulously the French press ministered to this national dislike. One day the chief *Anglophobe* of the party thrust a French journal angrily into Bastiat’s hand; ‘Read for yourself,’ he said, ‘and see how your friends the English speak of us.’ It was the translation of a speech by Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons, terminating thus: ‘If we were to adopt such a course, we should fall, *like France*, to the lowest rank of nations.’ Still Bastiat, on reflection, could not believe that the Prime Minister of England could have entertained, and still less expressed, such an opinion. To convince himself, he ordered the numbers for a month of the English paper whence the quotation was made. The ‘Globe’ arrived in a few days at Mugron. Sir Robert Peel’s speech was read in the original, and the words ‘*like France*’ were not there!

But the perusal of the ‘Globe’ opened the eyes of Bastiat to other facts. He convicted the French press not only of mis-

translating, but of not translating at all. England was then violently agitated by the question of free trade, and no one in France knew or suspected that such was the case. With the help of the ‘Globe,’ Bastiat now followed the course of the great movement, and became possessed with the most ardent desire to rouse a like interest in his own country. With this aim he wrote his article ‘Sur l’influence des Tarifs anglais et ‘français,’ and others, and sent them to the ‘Journal des ‘Economistes’ in Paris. The unknown signature, ‘Frédéric ‘Bastiat,’ noways recommended or enlightened by the obscure locality whence it was dated, consigned these writings to neglect, when an accident drew the editor’s attention to them, and astonished him by revealing the hand of a master thinker. So great was the sensation produced by them in the circle of economists, that the next step was to invite the author himself to Paris. His appearance was as original as his style. The then prevalent fashions of Mugron were curiosities of the past, but such were the piquancy of his expression and the charm of his intelligence, that his hearers, male and female alike, were soon as indifferent to the peculiarities of his costume as the wearer himself.

Bastiat had at this time begun to write the history of the struggle going on in England, and had also entered into a correspondence with Mr. Cobden. He explains in a letter his objection to entitling the work ‘The Anti-Corn-Law League,’ as presenting sounds not only ‘un peu barbares’ for French ears, but a meaning too narrowly English; ‘whereas the ‘cause is humanitarian, and the most humanitarian of all ‘which have agitated our century.’ He therefore allied the title ‘with a name which is the idol of the agitation,’ and called his work ‘Cobden et la Ligue.’ To obtain precise information he came over to England, and shook the great agitator by the hand. A tender intimacy rapidly ensued: the formal ‘Mon-‘sieur,’ heading his first letters, rapidly passed through successive grades into ‘Mon cher Cobden.’ Bastiat now began the work of organising associations. The first spark was struck, in February 1846, among the great wine interests of Bordeaux. But Paris continued the chief centre of his labours and of his obstacles. He writes to Cobden: ‘I suffer from ‘my poverty. If, instead of rushing about on foot, muddled ‘up to the shoulders, and finding of those I want to see only ‘one or two at home, and getting evasive or tardive answers, ‘I could gather them all together at my own table in a hand-‘some *salon*, how many difficulties I should be spared!’ Meanwhile he had had no time to get a new tailor or a new hatter,

and is described as making his calls with his long hair, high collars, and little hat, his ample great coat, and his ‘family umbrella, like an honest countryman seeing the sights of the capital.’ But the labour of introducing his new ideas—visiting Cabinet ministers, canvassing merchants, organising meetings, speechifying (which he did admirably), corresponding, supplying articles to three newspapers at once, touring in the provinces, and conjuring up ways and means—rapidly bore fruit. The deep convictions of the ardent, logical, and unworldly mind acted electrically upon his hearers. In every other business of life he was as simple as a child, and as absent as a man absorbed in one thought. Bound to preside at a meeting at Lyons, he found himself in the depths of the Vosges Mountains, and would own, laughing, that he had never walked from the Rue de Choiseul to the Palais Royal without losing his way. Especially in all matters that concerned his own interests he was incurably indifferent—could never be induced to use the commonest precautions either for the preservation of his health or the success of his works; and was so averse from all that savoured of intrigue or jobbery that, after spending five years in Paris, he did not so much as know a single writer in the daily press.

How far Bastiat would have succeeded in leavening the lump, had France remained undisturbed, it is impossible to say. The Revolution of February 1848 arrested the movement, though it could not destroy its effect. His influence and example had raised up a school of young and vigorous thought, which, more than has been acknowledged, helped to stem the torrent of Socialist ideas, and to prepare the ground for the Commercial Treaty with England in 1860.

It is needless to say that the exposer of fallacies and the reformer of abuses became an object of enmity to those who profited by either. His own Mugron even looked coldly on her gifted child. But Bastiat was proof to such discouragement. He had counted the cost and pronounced his object worthy of them. He writes to Cobden: ‘It is not so much free trade that I desire for my country as the spirit of free trade. The one means only a little more wealth: the other means a reform of the human intelligence itself, and that is the source of all reforms.’

After the revolution of February, Bastiat gave his frank adhesion to the Republican Government. In the same year he was elected Deputy for the ‘Département des Landes,’ and took his place in the Legislative Assembly on the Left. His peculiar speciality soon enlisted him in the labours of the

Finance Committee, of which, on eight successive occasions, he was chosen Vice-President. But the admonitions of declining health soon began to curtail his powers for public activity. The first signs of the malady which shortened his days showed themselves in a feebleness of voice which interdicted the use of the tribune. An analysis of the conflicting elements between the bodily powers and public career of such a man as Bastiat—elements which end by extinguishing between them the forces of life—is so strikingly given by his biographer, that we do not hesitate to transcribe it:—

' When a man at the age of forty-five severs himself, as Bastiat did, from all the habits of his previous life, and, without a shadow of ambition, exchanges a meditative solitude for the burning atmosphere of public action, you may be sure that this man's work will only cease in the grave. There is something a hundredfold more terrible and implacable for all purposes of rest than ambition itself—and that is the fanaticism of an idea and the sentiment of a mission. The strength of an ambitious man is watched over and protected by his very egotism, but in the man who serves an idea, self is annihilated and gives no warning of the exhaustion of the powers. A higher will has installed itself as sovereign in his will—another conscience, in his conscience—and this sovereign is *Duty*. This stands on the confines of the former life, like the angel with the fiery sword on the confines of the garden of Eden—shutting the door on all dreams of return to happiness and rest. . . .

' Now the mission which Bastiat had chosen, or rather, which events had imposed on him, was above the strength of one man. By the misfortune of a too richly endowed mind Bastiat was at once a man of advanced theories—a creative genius; and a man of external action, an eminent propagandist. A choice between the two parts should have been made. One may be at most an Adam Smith and a Richard Cobden by turns, but not at one and the same time Adam Smith never attempted to inoculate the masses with the new truths evolved in his closet, nor did Cobden do more than infuse into public opinion and reduce to fact well-known and long-accepted axioms. But Bastiat threw his own doctrines into the tumult of public discussions, and improvised his own system in the midst of action. To clear the virgin lands of pure science, to carry the axe into the jungle of government prejudice, and in time of full revolution to manipulate that public opinion which is a soil the most ungrateful, the most harassed, and the least calculated to give a speedy return—this was to undertake threefold the office of the pioneer, and this office, as is well known, is a mortal one.'

To Bastiat the doctrine of free trade was, as we have seen, no matter of interest or expediency. To him it had all the dignity of a science, the sanctity of a principle, and the right of a natural inheritance. To interfere with this great law was

to him not only presumptuous and hurtful, but, recognising in it a Divine appointment, it was impious too. The law was good—good for relief, prevention, and cure, and good in itself. He felt that those who presumed to interfere with this beneficent ordinance for the supposed benefit of one trade after another, would equally interfere with the course of the seasons themselves with the same object, if they could. To some crafts it would be more profitable to have more summer, or less winter, or all spring. Those to whom such natural regulations conveyed no idea of a Divine harmony, lacked only the power, not the will, to upset them. Free trade might be the wisest institution for a nation's interests, but to Bastiat the question was not of interests but of rights. He took the highest view of any writer. The duty, the necessity, and the faculty of exchange, was to him the prerogative of man, as distinguished from the brute. He looked on 'the exchange of services' between all nations as the appointed way of exterminating war, extinguishing prejudice, fostering good-will, introducing the Gospel, and so fulfilling the original mandate of subduing the world. The fact that the law of free trade harmonises with the other moral laws of the Creator, was to him, as it must be to all, a proof of its truth. This idea filled his mind, and, ill as he was, he gave his last powers to elucidate this doctrine in his work called 'Les Harmonies.' He shut himself up for three months in order to write it. He felt, he says, the want to concentrate in one 'bundle' those ideas, which, having been till then only presented to the public in scattered scraps, had not been fully comprehended. The work is too close and vast in form and scope to permit even of an outline. The main idea is the natural working together of all moral and social laws under the conditions of moral and social liberty. A passage on competition shows the greater breadth of thought and style developed after the publication of his 'Sophismes.'

'What, after all, is competition? is it a thing existing and acting by itself, like the cholera? No. It is evident that competition is liberty. To destroy liberty of action is to destroy the possibility, and therefore the faculty, of choosing, judging, comparing—to destroy intelligence, thought, man himself. From whatever point they start, modern reformers always end here. To ameliorate society they begin by annihilating the individual; and that under the pretext that all evil things come from him—as if all good things did not come also from him. Rightly considered, every man in this world is responsible for providing for his own satisfaction by his own efforts. But services are intended to be exchanged for services. If a fellow creature therefore spares us an effort, we owe it to him to spare him one in return—his effort confers a benefit on us, and we are bound

to do the same by him. But who can weigh the comparison and adjust the balance? for among all these efforts, pains, and exchange of help, some comparison must be instituted in order to arrive at what is equivalent and just. For such a purpose society requires a judge, or judges, and who can fill the chair? Is it not more natural that in every case *needs* should be judged by those who experience them—*efforts* by those who exchange them—*satisfactions* by those who seek them? And for this natural and universal vigilance on the part of those interested is it seriously proposed to substitute an arbitrary authority, favouring now one and now the other, and charged with deciding in all parts of the globe the delicate conditions of these innumerable interchanges? Is it not evident that such an authority would be the most fallible, galling, inquisitorial, intimate, intolerable, and, let us add, fortunately, the most impossible of all the despotisms that ever the brain of pasha or mufti conceived? I do not hesitate to declare that competition, in spite of the dislikes she excites—the reprobation with which she is denounced,—is essentially the most progressive, the most equalising, the most just of all the laws to which Providence has committed the advance of human society. She it is who throws successively into the common stock the enjoyment of those gifts which nature has limited to certain countries. She it is who throws into the common stock all the conquests with which the genius of each century swells the treasure of future generations. She it is who by her insensible but ceaseless action creates an equilibrium, sanctioned by justice, more exact than could be obtained by the fallible sagacity of any human magistracy. Far from competition acting unequally, as she is accused of doing, it may be affirmed that all factitious inequality is imputable to her absence. . . . Where competition has no exercise; where he who utilises a gift of nature is master of his secret, his gift may be gratuitous to him, but it is not common to all; his conquest is realised, but only for the benefit of one individual or one class. If things remained so, every new invention would introduce into the world a fresh element of inequality; but it is not so: God who has lavished on all his creatures, heat, light, gravity, air, water, earth, the wonders of vegetable life—electricity and other benefits more than can be enumerated—God who has endowed the individual with the sentiment of *personal interest*, which, like a magnet, attracts all to itself—God, I say, has placed in the bosom of social order another force, charged with the duty of fulfilling for mankind the original intention of His benefits—namely their gratuitousness, their universality. This force is *competition*. Thus, while personal interest is on the one hand the irrepressible instinct in the individual which impels him to progress and spurs him on to fresh discoveries, while it also urges him to monopolise them, competition on the other hand is the instinct in society which snatches each new form of progress from the hand of the individual, in order to make it the common heritage of the great human family. These two forces may be criticised apart, but, taken together, the play of their combinations constitutes the balance of social harmony.'

Bastiat said of a book destined to live, that it should not contain a word that was not weighed. Its contents should be formed like a crystallisation, drop by drop, and, like that also, in silence and darkness. It was in silence that he indited his ‘Harmonies.’ His voice had left him, and impeded respiration and other difficulties followed. In the spring of 1850 he sought the waters of the Pyrenees with no success. Later in the year the doctors sent him to Pisa, and thence to Rome, where he died on December 24, aged forty-nine. He had been born a Catholic, and in that confession he died. ‘I discuss no dogma,’ he said, ‘I accept it. In looking round me I see that the most enlightened nations are Christian, and I am glad to be in communion with this portion of the human race.’ The last word that could be caught from his lips was ‘*la Vérité*.’ He had been no less in a general than in a special application the faithful votary of truth, and had given all he had to her service and that of his country.

The man who preaches a new doctrine, in whatever form, cannot expect early recognition, and accordingly the respect of that small section of French society who adopt his views only found expression last April—twenty-eight years after his death—in a modest statue erected to his memory in the little town of Mugron.

It is quite natural that in a country like Germany, where the functions of true national liberty have still to be developed, a period of commercial depression should suggest no other remedy to a semi-absolute Government than that which will be only an aggravation of the very ill. Nor is it unnatural that even in England the temporary distress of a large class should be attributed by some persons to that policy of free trade in which we stand almost isolated. More than thirty years have elapsed since the great battle of free trade was fought, and, as we thought, won for ever, in this country. That interval of time has been one of unequalled national prosperity, due, in great measure, to the principles of Adam Smith and the policy of Sir Robert Peel. But error, based on self-interest, is not so easily extirpated. At the first check given to the progress of the nation the old fallacies leap once more into light, and we are reminded that they are addressed to a generation of men who only know of the triumph of free trade as an historical event, and who are not familiar with the process of reasoning by which it was accomplished. Strange as it would appear to the men of 1846, the cause of free trade might be endangered even here if it rested on the crude opinions of the uneducated classes. It will be saved by the

convictions of statesmen who, whether free-traders or Protectionists of old, are now unanimously pledged and determined to persevere in the true principles of public economy. It is not, therefore, to them, but *ad populum*, that the foregoing remarks are addressed. We will not yield the welfare of the country to a popular delusion; and we hold it to be a duty to endeavour to make the arguments in favour of freedom of trade intelligible to the simplest capacity. For this reason we have now reverted to the subject. The causes of evils are least discernible by the masses suffering under them, and history is read in vain unless it teach us how wide of the mark have been the reasons assigned by popular panic in times of public visitation. ‘The question of free trade is, next to the ‘Reformation, next to the question of free religion, the most momentous that has ever been submitted to human decision.’ These were the words of Nassau Senior more than fifty years ago, and time, far from changing, has only confirmed their truth. ‘Nations,’ as Mr. Bright writes to his American friend, ‘learn slowly, but they do learn.’ The period is therefore sure to come in the progress of the world when protection and restrictions in commerce will be considered as barbarous and ineffectual for the true welfare of a country as the application of the rack was for the true confession of crime.

ART. V.—*The Ancient Sculptures in the Roof of Norwich Cathedral, which exhibit the Course of Scripture History from the Creation to Solomon, and from the Birth of Christ to the Final Judgment*, described and illustrated by EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBURN, D.D., Dean of Norwich, and HENRY SYMONDS, M.A., Rector of Tivetshall. To which is added *A History of the See of Norwich from its Foundation to the Dissolution of the Monasteries*, by EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBURN, D.D., and EDWARD HAILSTONE, Esq., jun. London and Norwich : 1876.

THERE are few subjects of which the great mass of educated Englishmen exhibit more profound ignorance than the history of art in their own country. Side by side with a dilettantism which can discover something to admire in the earliest efforts of semi-barbaric painters and sculptors at Byzantium or at Arles, and cherishes the rudiments of art in Italy or Belgium, there is a disposition to treat early English art as a superficial gentleman of the last century treated mediæval learning, when he said he ‘knew nothing of those

'ages which knew nothing;' though, as was shrewdly retorted, it was difficult to understand 'how he came to know so curious and important a fact about ages of which he knew nothing.' There is a certain want of patriotism in the contemptuous way men speak of our native art, as though it were something not worth the trouble of research. They seem to imagine there never was an English painter before Lely or an English sculptor before Chantrey. Even our glorious mediæval architecture is vaguely supposed to be in some way or other the result of foreign schools—a view strongly combated by M. Viollet le Duc. Our monumental brasses, we are constantly assured, are Flemish, although the more they are compared with Belgian workmanship the more evident does the difference between the one and the other appear. The tapestry that remains to us here and there is allowed to exhibit some evidences of English looms; but as for the glass, that, we are told, all came from Venice or Lorraine. Yet, as early as the reign of Henry III., the *Vitrarius* is an officer in the royal household. A century later one Nicholas Hoppwell is empowered to lay his hands upon all the glass he could find in the counties of Norfolk, Northampton, Leicester, and Lincoln, and to impress all the glaziers 'as well within liberties 'as without, saving the fee of the Church'; and in another fifty years, John Prudde, who had succeeded Roger Gloucester as King's glazier, contracted to glaze the windows of the Beauchamp Chapel at Warwick, though in this case it is true that the terms of his contract, which debarred him from using 'any glass of England,' prove that though English glass existed, it was held by the fastidious in but light esteem.

That there was an enormous aggregate of art treasures gathered together in our ecclesiastical buildings when the hordes of iconoclasts were let loose among them in the sixteenth century, no one would now dispute; that for centuries vast sums had been spent upon the ornamentation of cathedrals, and churches, and chapels, and shrines, no one doubts. But how this taste for art should have continued to exist as a mere exotic—should have gone on satisfying the demand for works of art at so vast and lavish an expenditure, without creating anything like a home market; how the daily and hourly contemplation of forms of loveliness should have failed to awaken the passion to imitate, perhaps to surpass; how the creative faculty should never have been aroused when the æsthetic instinct was so prodigally appealed to; or how 'the intelligent foreigner' should have been allowed to have it all his own way, and the Englishman—never too fond of the alien—should

have been content to leave to him all the glory, and the joy, and the solid profits which, confessedly, the artist has at all times received among us—these are questions which do not seem to have occurred to people to ask. The truth is, that until a man has achieved for himself a reputation which separates him from the multitude, we find it hard to believe in him. To some among us it seems a thing not so much incredible as inconceivable that there ever should have been a time when land was owned and cultivated in common. We look with disdain upon any work which is the result of joint authorship. We expect a man to assert himself who is good for anything, and what we cannot tabulate as the product of a single mind, and connect with the sound of a single name, for the most part loses its intrinsic value in our eyes. Put a name on a picture, and it sells. Describe it as of the ‘Venetian school’ or the ‘Spanish school,’ or by any other such indefinite term, and it hangs heavily on a dealer’s hands.

It is because we know so little of the personal history of English artists before the seventeenth century—because their very names have passed away—that we find it difficult to believe there could have been among them men of real genius, or to bestow upon their creations a due amount of patient attention and study. If only some English Vasari could tell us here and there a trifling incident in their lives, we should be far more ready to pay a fabulous price for their works. But as it is, that which comes down unconnected with any distinct personality seems in some measure shut off from our sympathy by the misty veil of an unknown past.

There is another reason for our ignorance of early English art. The tremendous magnitude of that catastrophe known as the ‘suppression of the monasteries’ has up to the present moment been very inadequately estimated. The frightful pillage not only of abbeys and priories and convents and chantries, but of churches and colleges and chapels and shrines, *went on for eighteen years*, and only came to an end when nothing more was left to be seized and destroyed, and was so sweeping and thorough that it effected a complete *solution of continuity* in English art.

Talk as we please of the Elizabethan literature, the Elizabethan age knew nothing, and cared nothing, for art. It is to the Stuarts we owe the true English Renaissance. For more than half a century the very traditions of art in Great Britain were forgotten. How could it have been otherwise? Leaving the monasteries out of account, the ecclesiastical corporations and the parish churches throughout the length

and breadth of the land were at once schools and libraries and picture-galleries and museums. Untold and incalculable treasures were assembled within those buildings (themselves in many cases miracles of artistic skill, the despair of architects of a later age); the goldsmith's craft has never surpassed the delicate workmanship of those jewelled chalices, and crosses, and reliquaries; every rood-screen had its carved work, on which the artificer had devoutly striven to spend his best efforts to the glory of God and Mother Church. Pictured saints with their conventional symbols appeared upon the panels in robes of gorgeous colour, though it may be sometimes with hands and feet grotesquely out of drawing. Vestments, whose splendour the moderns examine with envy, dazzled the eyes of rustics in country villages as they knelt before the altars—the very walls were covered with frescoes, often rude and almost barbaric, but which yet were ‘better than bare-ness,’ and served to train the eye and the taste by impressions of colour and form. When the robbers were let loose upon this immense accumulation of treasure, the havoc was all the more ruthless because they did not know what to do with it; the market was soon glutted, and there was actually no place for the spoil. Domestic architecture, in the first half of the sixteenth century, was in its infancy in England. The houses of the wealthy burghers in the towns were rarely large or substantial. In the country, the squire's hall was usually constructed of timber; only the very wealthiest nobles thought of building of stone or even brick. The mansions of the laity in England at the time of the suppression could certainly not have contained the plunder of the monasteries. A huge proportion of it must simply have been given to the flames. The artist's vocation was gone. But, until this devastation swept over the land, art culture in England was far more generally diffused, and painting and sculpture had for ages been practised with far more assiduity and with far greater success than is usually supposed; and it is quite time for us to investigate more reverently and more intelligently than heretofore the vestiges of our early art which still remain, though they be mere ‘footprints on the sands of time.’

By a curious coincidence, at the moment when these reflections were suggested to us by the sculptures in Norwich Cathedral, we receive from a parish church in a remote part of Western England fresh evidence of the great perfection the arts of ecclesiastical decoration had attained in the fifteenth century on the eve of the Reformation. The Rector of Plymtree, Devon, has just given to the world a monogram

from a group representing the adoration of the Three Kings on the chancel screen of his church, which is a work of some importance. The personages represented are supposed to be King Henry VII., Prince Arthur, his eldest son, and Cardinal Morton, who played so great a part in the politics of the fifteenth century, and was made Lord Chancellor in 1486. Morton was a great builder, and whilst he held the see of Ely he caused a magnificent roof to be placed in the church of Berc Regis, in Dorsetshire, near which he was born. This roof is remarkable for its heavy tie-beams, mullions, and huge bosses. The quaint carvings are executed quite in the spirit of the East Anglian artists, and probably came from the neighbourhood of Ely.

It is from this, the artistic point of view, that we hail with satisfaction the appearance of the magnificent and almost too pretentious volume chiefly devoted to the sculptured bosses in the nave of Norwich Cathedral, on which Dean Goulburn has bestowed so much cost, labour, and research. The work as a whole suffers from having had too much care bestowed upon some of its details. That portion of it for which the Dean and Mr. Symonds are exclusively responsible has been carried out with very great diligence; the minute and elaborate description of the sculptures leaves nothing unnoticed, and is often rendered extremely interesting by scraps of curious and recondite learning. But the history of the cathedral and see of Norwich seems to have been entrusted to a coadjutor who had no special qualification for such a task, and exhibits some strange mistakes on which we do not care to dwell, for we are not now concerned with the merits of the book as a history, nor do we purpose to bestow upon that portion of it the criticism which it might challenge. It is rather as a contribution to the literature of art that it claims our attention, and as such it must be regarded as a publication of interest.

The cathedral at Norwich is remarkable for the length of its nave, the longest in England except that of St. Albans. From the great west door to the central tower it measures over 250 feet; to the north and south of this tower are the transepts, and beyond it to the east is the choir, with its splendid clerestory, the work of Bishop Goldwell in the reign of Henry VII. Over the whole of this space, covering not far short of 20,000 square feet, a stone roof was erected in the fifteenth century, the original timber roof, part of which had suffered from fire, having been removed. The vaulting of the nave is divided into fourteen bays, each of the transepts into four bays. At the intersection of the stone ribs and arches the bosses or key-

stones are elaborately carved with groups of figures about one-fourth the size of life. These sculptures were evidently executed in the artist's workshop and placed in their present position as they were finished. Several of them have recently been taken down and exhibited in the cathedral. The figures were in the first instance made conspicuous by a liberal use of colour and gilding, which was the more necessary as they hang at a height of seventy feet above the pavement.

In 1806 the Dean and Chapter of that time bestirred themselves to cleanse, beautify, and 'restore' their noble church; and among other acts of vandalism they bestowed upon this stone roof a thick coating of yellow wash plentifully mixed with lime and plaster, and laid it on with so heavy a hand that the painting and gilding of the sculptures were effectually obliterated. Only with a glass was it easy to detect the existence of sculpture at all; and to make out the subjects represented on the several bosses was to anyone with only average eyesight next to impossible.

When Dr. Goulburn was preferred to the deanery of Norwich in 1866; he found the roof in the condition in which it had been left sixty years before, and one of his first undertakings was the removal of the incrustation which had hidden the sculptured bosses. An ingeniously constructed platform was thrown across the nave, resting on the clerestory, and capable of being moved from one end to the other, and the work of scraping off the lime-wash was carried on with exceeding care. Where the carving was most delicate, and where heads and hands had been thrown out into boldest relief, there the clumsy plasterer's brush had wrought most havoc. In the central boss of the tenth bay there is a representation of the Last Supper, on which the sculptor evidently bestowed his utmost pains. The table, by a quaint device, serves as a field on which to display what may be regarded as 'a study of hands,' so minutely and so delicately are they chiselled; here the labourer paid so much a day for daubing with untempered mortar knocked off three of the apostles' heads and injured others, not from any malignity, but simply because they came in his way. Yet on the whole it is surprising and encouraging to find that so little harm has been done.

Not only have the sculptures themselves been cleared of their whitewash, but the original paint and gilding are brought to light, and this too in some instances with so little loss of brightness that it would be easy to reproduce the exact colours, and, in the best sense of the word, to *restore* these curious works of art in all their brilliancy as they looked down

gorgeous and lifelike from the overhanging vault. Indeed, the experiment has already been tried in three of the bays with remarkable success, and it is to be hoped that the same munificence which has induced Dr. Goulburn to carry the work thus far may lead him to complete it, at any rate as far as the nave extends, and thus earn for himself a name among those dignitaries of Norwich who in previous ages spent so much upon the cathedral.

While the work of cleansing the bosses was going on, it occurred to Mr. Sawyer, an eminent photographer, to utilise the platform which had been raised at a heavy outlay, and to attempt the reproduction of the whole series of bosses by photography. It was a bold experiment, and was found to be attended with extreme difficulty, the more so as the dangerous condition of the west front of the church had necessitated the temporary boarding up of the large west window, from which alone sufficient light could be obtained. The result is not entirely satisfactory, but the photographs are at any rate distinct enough to enable us to arrive at a very fair judgment of the style and finish of the sculptures themselves; and it is sufficient to turn to the views of the cathedral and its architectural features to be assured that the photographer is a master of his art, and where he has failed no one else was likely to succeed better.

But Dean Goulburn's sumptuous folio does not profess to deal with more than a small portion of the mass of sculptures of which Norwich can still boast. The roof of the nave alone exhibits an aggregate of 256 bosses, representing scenes from the Old Testament history and some of the principal events in our Lord's life. The bosses in the transept roofs are just as profusely sculptured with groups of figures illustrating other Scriptural stories. In the roof of the choir, which was finished some twenty years later, the ornamentation is more formal, and the bosses exhibit little else than the *rebus* of Bishop Goldwell. But when we come again to the Beauchamp Chapel, as it is called, we find the designs of the same character as in the nave and transepts; and here the bosses represent scenes from the life of the Virgin, the gilding and colour on which are still easily discernible, and were so brilliant in Sir Thomas Browne's days that he speaks of the 'noble gilded roof,' then undefaced by the spoiler. Nor is this all; the vaulted roof of the magnificent cloisters is studded from end to end with sculptures precisely of the same character and of equal richness, representing scenes from the Revelation of St. John, and apparently legends of the saints; while again, if the sixty seats

in the stalls, known as Misereres, are turned up, they are found to be carved with similar groups, the subjects in this instance being illustrations of stories from the mediaeval Bestiaries and other such popular literature of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It would probably be a small estimate of the whole number of these sculptures which should give their aggregate as exceeding a thousand; while some notion of the mass of human figures delineated may be gained from the fact that in the eleventh bay of the nave alone there are no less than forty-two representations of the human form.

Until a much more complete and careful scrutiny of these remarkable works of art has been made than is as yet possible—such a scrutiny as Dean Goulburn has so judiciously begun, but only begun—we can be in no position to estimate fairly the significance of these Norwich sculptures, either from the historical or the aesthetic point of view; but thus much seems clear, that we have to deal with a series of works presenting a certain unity of design, on which much care and deliberation were bestowed. The mere drawings for these bosses must have taken some years to complete, and the execution, however rude, formal, conventional, or grotesque, implies a command of educated skilled labour—of art culture in fact—which suggests the existence of a school of trained artificers, possibly under the discipline of one or two directing and inventive minds.

It would be idle to claim for these sculptures, even the best of them, merit of a very high order; they can bear no comparison with the exquisite angels in the choir of Lincoln so admirably described and illustrated by Mr. Cockerell; they are deficient in that refinement of feeling which characterises the groups at Salisbury; they are insignificant if set beside the solemn and majestic statuary of Wells; they are almost mean and vulgar if matched with the sumptuous *bas reliefs* in the lantern at Ely; but they have an interest and value of their own to the student of our native plastic art, and, separated as they are by a wide interval of time from all these earlier sculptures that we have referred to, they are to be judged, if judged fairly, by a different standard. Moreover, of the Norwich bosses—at any rate those in the nave and transepts—it must be remembered that they were set at so great a height above the floor that the elaborate finish which was quite suitable for a shrine or a pulpit would in their case have entirely destroyed the effect which the artist aimed at producing. If his work was to be understood, and if it was to retain its didactic character, there must be no folds in the drapery, no confusion in the grouping, no contortions of

attitude. It was necessary that the figures should be simple and in repose, and the outlines unbroken, distinct, and easily followed by the eye; and all this is exactly what we find.

On the other hand it is not a little significant to notice in these works signs of that taste for portraiture which, according to Lübbe, is distinctive of English sculpture. In the case of the Misereres Mr. Harrod long ago remarked that the faces 'looked like portraits,' and the variety of expression and striking difference of style in the heads and features irresistibly suggest the same thought as we examine the carving of the bosses. Thus the David in the seventh bay, which is really fine in its way, must be a portrait, so are the faces of Manoah and his wife in the sixth bay; and in the same way the grotesque group representing the Nativity exhibits a certain prosaic tone from which all *idealising* is absent, while, as for the face of the Virgin, it is the 'fallen' face of a woman of forty-five—all smoothness and freshness eliminated, with sunken checks, thick lips, and a coarse plebeian brow.

When we come to enquire into the date of these sculptures, we find ourselves somewhat perplexed by certain traditions, the source of which nobody seems able to trace, and which, if we give them too much credence, might lead us astray. Hitherto it has been vaguely rumoured that the earliest bosses in the cloisters date as far back as the beginning or middle of the fourteenth century, while those in the Beauchamp Chapel were the work of Bishop Nix, who died in 1536. We must express a very strong opinion that this theory or tradition is altogether untenable. Against any such view is the extreme improbability of the sculptors of the cloister bosses choosing the Revelation of St. John as the subject of their illustrations before any of the Old Testament or Gospel stories had been dealt with. The series must be regarded as a whole, the several portions of which bear intimate relations, each to each, and so far as we can at present judge, though the execution is unequal, the style of the grouping is one and the same. It was no uncommon practice for the early architects to sculpture scenes from the Mosaic cosmogony, the patriarchal history, or the life and miracles of our Lord, in the interior of churches. Salisbury contained such a series executed in the thirteenth century; St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, was enriched in the same way; and the sumptuous profusion of sculptures in the cathedral of Chartres affords the most splendid instance in Europe.

But the Norwich sculptures have no claim to rank either in

point of date or in merit of execution with the pure mediæval glories of these churches. They undoubtedly belong to a much later period. The term *ancient* sculpture cannot with propriety be applied to them. Nor are they mediæval. It is extremely curious to trace the degeneration of mediæval art in works of this character, as well as in architecture, between the thirteenth and the fifteenth centuries. For as to the date of the stone vaulting of the nave and transepts, it was undoubtedly erected by Bishop Lyhart between 1450 and 1472, and as certainly the vaulting of the choir was carried out by his successor, Bishop Goldwell. But in Goldwell's roof there are no sculptured figures to be found; there the bosses are simply carved with the bishop's crest, as though the original series of designs had been completed, and as though the artist who had conceived them had passed away without having contemplated any probable extension of the field of his labours. We dismiss the story of Bishop Nix having anything to do with the bosses as not worthy of serious attention, and we hold it to be certain that the whole series of Norwich sculptures belong to the fifteenth century, and were all in fact executed and set up during Henry VI.'s long reign. Nor are we without evidence to support this view. The priors' and sacrists' rolls at Norwich are in a very perfect state, and may be referred to without much difficulty. They are as minute in their entries as such documents invariably are. From them and from other evidence it seems as if the cloisters were covered with a timber lean-to roof till the end of the fourteenth century, and that the work of vaulting them with stone was not commenced in earnest till after the death of Bishop Wakering in 1425. Twenty years after this, Bishop Lyhart was promoted to the see, and soon began to indulge his passion for building. Allowing that the vaulting of the cloisters was finished before his episcopate, it by no means follows that the bosses there were carved in his predecessors' time, and a diligent examination of them would settle the question if the internal evidence which they afford were carefully sifted. The testimony derivable from costume must be received with caution. We should not expect to find here such sure indications of date as the ladies' head-dresses furnish us with in the case of monumental brasses, or such as may be gleaned from the fashion of armour; but the presence or absence of the beard, and its form where it is represented, give us some trustworthy notes of time. The wearing of the beard, or indeed of any hair upon the face except a moustache, went out of fashion in the reign of Henry IV., and did not come

in again much before the reign of Elizabeth. Among all the effigies figured by Cotman in his monumental brasses, there is not a single instance of a bearded personage, lay or cleric, after the year 1423, down to the middle of the sixteenth century. Mediaeval art would have been shocked at any departure from the time-honoured representations of the patriarchs, church doctors and saints being exhibited as shorn, and in these instances the old traditions would be kept up, that the people might not be confused or fail to read the story intended to be told. Accordingly we should expect, in a series of sculptures like this, to find the Old Testament heroes set forth in an antiquated costume, and so they are for the most part. From the presence of hair upon the face we can conclude very little; from its absence we may fairly conclude that at the time the sculpture was executed the new fashion had come in. And it is not a little significant that in the twelfth bay, as shown in Mr. Sawyer's photographs, the two soldiers are beardless, that in the fourth bay in only one of the eighteen bosses is there a single instance of a bearded face, and that the same is true of the fifth bay, with the notable exception that here the patriarch Jacob receiving Joseph's coat is represented with a beard while his sons have hairless faces. Probably an expert in costume might be able to detect additional evidence; but this may be taken as good as far as it goes, and it would be by such that the date of the cloister bosses would be satisfactorily settled.

But who were the men whose dexterous chisels worked so busily at Norwich while Joan of Arc was being burnt at Rouen—while the English were being slowly driven out of France, and the hundred years' war was coming to an end—while Jack Cade's rebellion was running its course, and all the bloody work of Wakefield and Towton and Barnet and Tewkesbury was going on? Unhappily the names of these fifteenth-century craftsmen have gone down into silence, though their memorial has not perished with them. From the rolls of the priory now and then we do glean a meagre note, but such notes are brief and tantalising. Long before the time of Bishop Lyhart, and almost before the cloisters were begun, 'Master Adam the sculptor' appears as a personage at Norwich who carves 'twenty-four little images for the clock,' but we meet with no successor to him for upwards of a century, and then once more we find the entries of payments made to John Horne and William Repp for 'graving six keys' in the north vault of the cloister, and about the same time two brothers, John and James Woodrowfe, are mentioned as engaged upon the

same work. It is not improbable that a closer scrutiny of the fabric rolls might lead to the discovery of other names, and throw some light upon the history of these Norwich sculptures, and even, it may be, give us some glimpses of the lives of those who wrought them. Perhaps it is too much to expect that any such record as that which existed till recent times at Lincoln, and which the whitewasher's brush has so effectually obliterated, should reveal to us the names of all the band of men concerned in the work; but that they were foreigners there is not a tittle of evidence to show, and all the probabilities of the case point the other way. Indeed, it looks as if in East Anglia during this age of manufacturing and commercial prosperity, when the Norwich citizens were making money, and the seaports on the Norfolk coast were carrying on a thriving trade, that the wealthy merchants and manufacturers became in a small way—if indeed it was a small way—patrons of art, and that the demand as usual created a supply. It may be that here or there a fastidious burgher sent for a brass or a picture ‘from abroad,’ but it is evident that there existed something like a school of Norfolk artists in the fifteenth century—the intellectual, possibly the actual, forefathers of that ‘Norwich school’ of landscape painters whose works have only recently attracted the admiration and honour they are entitled to receive; and if it indeed was so, it is easy to account for the hundreds of brasses which were formerly the pride of East Anglian churches, many still *in situ* telling their own tale, nor is it necessary to resort to the improbable hypothesis that all decorative art in the fifteenth century was imported into England from the other side of the Channel. Here, too, there were local and provincial artists with a genuine love for their art, working devoutly, not for filthy lucre only, nor very anxious for notoriety or even the fame ‘which goes to guerdon after-days;’ they painted saints or Madonnas after a fashion of their own on the rood screens in village churches, carved quaint figures on stalls and panels, sculptured solemn abbots or bishops on their tombs, dumb and motionless, yet with a silent eloquence that tells a tale for ever to such as have the heart to feel that a message from the past is there; and if these men were less refined in feeling, less imaginative, less devout, had meaner aspirations, and were feebler than their sires of two centuries before, it was only because they lived in the fifteenth century and not the thirteenth, and that the latter could bear no comparison with the earnestness, simplicity, and enthusiasm of the earlier time.

We are unwilling to take leave of this subject without a passing notice of the delightful Lectures on Mediæval Architecture by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, which have just been published. They are a worthy memorial of a great architect and a most excellent and accomplished man. They breathe throughout a genuine enthusiasm for his art, in addition to a marvellous practical knowledge of its details; and they evince a peculiarly discriminative sense of the characteristics of English art, as displayed in our mediæval buildings, which it has been the object of this paper to bring before the reader.

ART. VI.—*Le Secret du Roi. Correspondance secrète de Louis XV avec ses agents diplomatiques. 1752–1774.* Par le **Duc DE BROGLIE.** 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1878.

THE book whose title we have just written down is one of very singular interest. It is nothing less than the history of the secret diplomacy of Louis XV. fully told for the first time: for, though the existence of the secret was suspected during the lifetime of the king, and was certainly known during the early days of his successor; though its nature has been more or less correctly guessed at and discussed by later writers; and though, only a few years ago, M. Boutaric was able partially to lift the veil and to give a general idea of what the secret really was, it still remained enveloped in mystery, which is only now cleared away by the labour and skill of the Duke de Broglie, the great grand-nephew of that Count de Broglie who is the principal actor in the remarkable drama presented to us.

The fortunes of the documents on which this history is based have been, in their way, almost as curious as the secrets they reveal. On coming to the throne and being made acquainted with their purport, Louis XVI. gave stringent orders for them to be collected and burnt. His orders were only partially obeyed; the papers were collected, but were not burnt; they were, on the contrary, stored in the Archives de l'Etat, from the dusty recesses of which they have now been dragged, to give up so much of the secret as bears the signature of Louis XV. But these, by themselves, were imperfect and unmeaning. To interpret the instructions given by the king, the letters addressed to him in reply were still necessary. It is these, or copies of them, which have been now found, buried in the Ministère des Affaires Etrangères.

Whence they came is doubtful ; all that appears is that in 1810, Giraud Soulavie, a chronicler of doubtful repute, announced to the Government of Napoleon that he had in his possession a large mass of important papers, which he was willing to give up for a fair price. Soulavie died whilst the negotiation was pending, but his widow eventually received the modest sum of 20,000 francs in exchange for them. They seem to have been stowed away without examination, and to have been forgotten ; but by the perseverance of M. de Broglie they have been again disinterred, and prove to be the missing correspondence. How they ever got into Soulavie's hands is quite unknown ; whether they had been preserved by the Count de Broglie and lost after his death, on the breaking up and emigration of the family, or whether they were stolen from some public office during the storm of the Revolution, must probably for ever remain undetermined. It is, meantime, sufficient for us to know that they are now in the archives of Paris, and that an interpreter so capable as the Duke de Broglie has had access to them. To these materials the duke has been able to add a good deal of corroborative evidence from the family papers at Broglie.

The institutions of Poland, based on the absolute freedom of every man of noble birth and on the abject slavery of the mass of the people, had, long before the beginning of the eighteenth century, reduced that once powerful kingdom to a mere nullity in the balance of European power. Without a standing army, without a revenue, and practically without a government, it had maintained a helpless neutrality during the wars of the Austrian Succession, and had witnessed, with a careless eye, the changes which the energy and ability of the King of Prussia were enforcing in its immediate neighbourhood. Still, the country was a great fact, existing not only on the map, but on the face of the earth, and might at any time resume the political influence to which its geographical extent and position entitled it. From the point of view of existing circumstances, the office of its king was one of trouble and mortification, of civil discord and violent brawl ; but to hold it was still to be a king ; to have, for the easy-tempered, the pomp of royalty ; for the ambitious, the chance of making a large kingdom a great one.

This may be described as the state of things when, in the year 1745, a deputation of Polish nobles visited France, with the express though secret object of inviting the Prince de Conti to become a candidate for the throne, which, from the

failing health of the reigning sovereign, Augustus III., Elector of Saxony, seemed likely to be vacant before long. The Prince de Conti—of a rank too high to permit him willingly to serve, of abilities too moderate to permit him to force his way to that command which the king was loth to entrust to him—ambitious and brave, but light-minded and vacillating—seized eagerly on the idea, and at once laid the matter privately before the king. The French Government, disgusted with its many failures in Poland from the time of Henry III. downwards, had, years before, with an almost ostentatious display, relinquished its political alliance with that country; but the king, possibly by attachment to old traditions, probably by friendliness to his kinsman, was disposed to enter into the intrigue. To do so, however, was difficult; for the hope of the House of Saxony was that the throne of Poland might descend, by hereditary succession, to the son of the reigning monarch; and to oppose this would be not only to offend that monarch's illegitimate brother, the illustrious Marshal whose genius for war had stood France in such good stead, but, what to Louis was of still greater consequence, would raise a domestic turmoil, by wounding the family sympathies of the Dauphine, the daughter of the Elector. France was virtually pledged, so far as she concerned herself at all in the matter, to support, at the forthcoming election, the claim of the Saxon prince; and Louis was driven to reverse the avowed policy of his government, to crush the hopes of the Prince de Conti, or to enter on the very singular plan of intriguing against his own ministry. This last was what he decided to do. He undertook to provide the requisite funds; and under his own signature ordered the French Resident at Warsaw, acting without the knowledge of the ambassador at Dresden, to pay the subsidies and to conduct the correspondence.

To strengthen his position, the Prince de Conti succeeded from time to time in having his own personal friends nominated to the different embassies—Stockholm, Berlin, Constantinople—as they became vacant; and, though these were not as yet admitted to share the secret, they quite understood that they owed their promotion to Conti, and corresponded as regularly with him as with the government. The letters so written, full of gossip and racy anecdote, were duly retailed to the king, who took a lively pleasure in the feeling of being thus better acquainted than his own Minister of Foreign Affairs with what was going on all over Europe. The *quidnuncs* of the French Court, as well as the ministers, were meantime

vainly curious as to the frequent business of the Prince de Conti with the king; but speculation was useless, and when, by the treachery of a courier, the prince's despatches to Poland fell into the hands of the Marquis d'Argenson, the Foreign Minister, a suspicion that the king was concerned with them prevented his investigating the affair. 'Nothing could be worse for you,' said his brother, 'than to catch the king with his hand in the bag.' He contented himself, therefore, with writing to the ambassador at Dresden a very strong despatch, instructing him to support the views of the House of Saxony as to the throne of Poland. This he showed to the king, who, to his complete discomfiture, read it to the end without changing countenance, and gave it back without remark. M. d'Argenson's suspicions were for the time dispelled, and, as he was displaced shortly afterwards, nothing further came of them.

In 1752, an opportunity offered for the Prince de Conti to take more decided measures than had yet been possible. The ambassador at Dresden was transferred to Turin, and the prince determined that the vacancy should be filled up by a man entirely in his confidence. At the same time, the march of European diplomacy rendered the post one of peculiar and unwonted importance. If, as seemed more and more possible, war should again break out between Austria and Prussia, the alliance of Poland might, by reason of its commanding situation in advance of a Russian army, have a strategic value far beyond that given by its own military resources. With the Empress-Queen were allied the King of Great Britain as Elector of Hanover and the Empress of Russia, and to these it became an object not only to secure the passage of the Russians, but to interpose a continuous chain of hostile States between Prussia and France. The Court of Dresden already inclined to the Austrian alliance, and Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, the English ambassador, a man of wit and ability, was winning favourable opinions there. It was necessary to oppose to him a man of versatile talent, of tried courage, and, from the Prince de Conti's point of view, one to whom the charge of his personal interests could be entrusted. The prince's choice fell on the Count de Broglie, a younger brother of the then Duke de Broglie, and, though barely thirty-two years old, a brigadier-general in the royal army.

For many generations the De Broglies have been distinguished by their military genius, their ready wit, their sharp tongue. It was one of them, then advanced in years and feeble in body, who commanded that most desperate of for-

lorn hopes, the garrison of St. Elmo, during the great siege of Malta. Another, the founder of the French family, followed Mazarin from Italy, played a distinguished part in the troubles of the Fronde, and would seem to have been, in some respects, the prototype of that dear friend of our boyhood, the Chevalier d'Artagnan. He died whilst still comparatively young ; but his unswerving courage and presence of mind descended to his posterity, and won, for successive generations, the military rank of Marshal of France, and the high distinction of a dukedom. A grandson of this original De Broglie, a brother of the second marshal and first duke, was the Abbé de Broglie, the Nestor of the French Court, celebrated for his tact and his keen wit, at home with all parties, the confidant alike of the sanctimonious Dauphin and the very unsanctimonious King, a sort of connecting link between virtue and vice. He had thus not only considerable influence, but extraordinary opportunities for gaining intelligence, which he used entirely for the advantage of his favourite nephew, the Count de Broglie, now appointed ambassador to the Court of Saxony or of Poland—‘ a ‘little bit of a man,’ according to D’Argenson, ‘with a pert ‘set of the head like a bantam cock, passionate, lively, and of ‘some ability. His appointment seems curious.’

To no one did it seem more so than to De Broglie himself, for the career of which he had hitherto dreamed was that of a soldier ; and he could at first form no idea why diplomacy should come out of her way to seek him. His surprise was not lessened when, a few days later, after receiving from the hands of Conti an autograph note from the king, directing him to ‘ pay every attention to what the Prince de Conti tells him, ‘ and not to speak of it to any living soul,’ he was made acquainted with the secret which was added to his avowed mission. The young ambassador was but moderately pleased with the prospect ; he at once realised the difficulty of the task assigned him, and quite understood that in serving two masters he would probably displease both, and could certainly not count on the support of the king, to whom his allegiance was due, against the displeasure of the minister, whom he was bound to obey. In addition, he had learned from his uncle to consider himself and the house of Broglie specially under the protection of the Dauphin, or still more of the Dauphine, whose most tender interests he was instructed to oppose ; and above all he was poor, the younger son of a family which was not rich—he had not the means to defray the expenses of the position which was thrust on him. The Prince de Conti had, however, made up his mind, and De Broglie’s objections were

overruled. The king's order was absolute. To shrink from the task, now that he had been entrusted with the secret, would be assuredly to incur a displeasure more to be feared than the ill-will of any minister; but, in fact, none, even if he discovered the secret, could reproach a French gentleman for having obeyed their common master. As to the money, the king had thought of the difficulty, and had provided for it. As soon as he heard the count's name, he had said: 'Ah! he is not rich: it will be necessary to help him.' And finally, the friendship known to exist between the Dauphine and the Broglie family was a fortunate occurrence, which would dispel all suspicion, whether at Dresden or Versailles; for no one would expect to find in the *protégé* of the Princess of Saxony the agent of a policy hostile to the interests of her brother.

Whether convinced by these arguments, or carried away by the prospect of adventure and by ambition, De Broglie yielded, and the appointment was confirmed and made public. The immediate effect was as Conti had foreseen. Suspicion was extinguished. 'This is altogether adverse to the views of the "Prince de Conti,"' wrote D'Argenson in his journal; 'it is clear that the king will not assist in any such attempt.'

It was towards the end of summer, 1752, when the Count de Broglie left Paris, provided with two sets of instructions, of curiously opposite tendency. By the minister he was ordered to oppose, by every possible means, the entry of Poland into alliance with the Imperial Courts; and, in order to do this more surely, he was to bring about the speedy dissolution of the Dict at which the proposition should be mooted; but in all cases without appearing, masking his action behind one or two grandes supposed to have great influence. Then, delicately touching on the possibility of a vacant throne, the instructions continued:—

'Many of the Poles will certainly endeavour to find out what are the ideas of his Majesty on the subject of the election to the crown, and whether he would wish to see it fall to the electoral Prince of Saxony after the death of the king his father. The Count de Broglie ought to restrict himself to answering that the life of the king is too dear to his Majesty to permit him to speculate on its end; that the liberty of Poland is precious to him; that he will, on all occasions, sustain it and protect it; and that whatever prince they shall freely and unanimously elect will appear to him the most worthy to command them. The Count de Broglie should limit himself to discourses of this kind, and never allow it to be understood that his Majesty will determine for the house of Saxony rather than for any other candidate.'

The instructions of the Prince de Conti were not only of a

different tenor, but entered into minute detail. The several means of effectively influencing the future election were reviewed and discussed. The agents with which the prince was in correspondence were named and characterised; and the various chances of support amongst the neighbouring powers were carefully pointed out. Nothing was omitted that could stimulate the zeal of the ambassador, to whom the question might well occur as to how this activity, secretly recommended by the king, was to be made to accord with the cold prudence ordered by the minister. The difficulty did not escape the Prince de Conti, and he added:—

‘ It would be well, by suitable representations, to goad the minister into taking an interest in the affairs of Poland, and doing, on behalf of a scheme of which he is ignorant, what he would do if he was acquainted with it and had charge of its success. The king is desirous that, whilst carrying out his intentions, you should procure the permission to do so from those to whom you are naturally responsible; this would save him from embarrassment. However, there are cases in which such a plan would not be free from inconvenience.’

All which, to a young diplomatist, might not seem either satisfactory or easy.

The Count de Broglie arrived at Dresden just as the Court was setting out for Grodno, in Lithuania, where the Diet of Poland was to assemble. He immediately followed, and joined the king at Bialystock, the seat of Count Branicki, the general-in-chief of the forces of the kingdom. From Versailles to Bialystock, from the height of known civilisation to the primitive barbarism of the Polish camp, the change was extreme. The constitution of Poland could be compared to nothing but that of the early Goths or Franks. Of the million and a half of nobles, all were legally equal, had equal voice in the government of the country, and had preserved such a measure of personal freedom that no one was legally bound by the will of the majority. Any measure brought before the Diet was legally rejected by one dissentient voice; and as, in such an assembly, unanimity was impossible, the passing or emending of any law was out of the question. The only remedy to this evil was another of no less danger to the State: the effect of the *liberum veto* was checked by the *pacta conventa*, the agreement amongst the majority to quell the dissent of the minority by force. Hence a continual state of anarchy and civil war, the land uncultivated, and the great number of even the nobles rude, illiterate, and ignorant paupers; in startling contrast to whom were the grandes of the kingdom, with princely revenues, and a tinge of Parisian fashion.

'From amidst the sooty hovels of the peasants sprang up splendid palaces, such as Pulawi, vying with the best European models, or as Bialystock, whose glittering cupolas called to mind the minarets of the Bosphorus. In the drawing-rooms or gardens of these magnificent abodes, women of the most refined manners, in the most elegant costumes, received their company, and conversed in the best possible French. One might easily have imagined himself at Madame de Sévigné's or Madame de la Fayette's, were it not that the talk was of political faction rather than of court gossip, or that there was something affected in the way of speaking, a certain slight drawl in the tone, which, from rosy lips, was an additional charm. But at the same time, in the courtyards and halls, thronged the rude partisans, making the arches reecho with the clanking of their arms or the swell of their patriotic songs, and wearing away the night in never-ending carousals, at which quarters of beef roasted whole were washed down by floods of Hungary wine.'

The hospitalities of Bialystock were on the grandest scale.

'Its owner,' wrote De Broglie, 'must certainly be regarded as one of the most powerful uncrowned men in Europe; and, indeed, he has more extensive prerogatives than many princes, and an income of 1,200,000 livres. I am assured, however, that this is not sufficient to meet his expenditure. I can compare his manner of living to nothing except to what we see at St. Cloud, when the Duke of Orleans gives a *fête*; to which must be added a military court composed of an enormous number of officers, whom his post of General-in-Chief gathers round him.'

To this noisy, festive, intriguing life the Count de Broglie settled down with all the vigour of a soldier, the grace of a courtier, the penetration of a diplomatist; and he seems to have won golden opinions by his hearty good-fellowship.

'As our way of living in the army,' he wrote, 'is not very unlike what is here the ordinary course, I have less merit than another in accommodating myself to the national customs. It is a way of carrying on negotiations which answers as well with the grandes as with the lesser nobility; for they are sensible enough to be pleased if foreigners, and more especially Frenchmen, join in their noisy gatherings, the chief part of which is feasting. It would be silly to neglect a means of success which requires such a small amount of talent, though, indeed, it tells heavily on the health and on the purse.'

But underneath this feasting, the serious work of the ambassador was to prevent the projected treaty with Russia, to counteract the efforts of Williams and the interest of the powerful family of Czartoryski, then entirely, and beyond doubt, honestly in favour of the alliance, by the aid of which they were convinced they would be able to reform the anarchical institutions of their country, though probably enough

to their own advantage. De Broglie's instructions were, to take measures to ensure the Diet being broken up, if possible before the question of the treaty could be brought forward. But as he began to see better into the working of the *liberum veto* and the *pacta conventa*, the two institutions which in Poland occupied the place of a government, he came to understand that the breaking up of the Diet by the first—a most easy and natural operation—would assuredly lead to his small party being overwhelmed by the second. Had money been forthcoming from France, the third national institution, bribery, might perhaps have secured a sufficiently strong majority; but, in the utter want of funds, nothing could be done. It was therefore the interest of the French party, according to the ideas of the Count de Broglie, to make no attempt to disturb the Diet. They did not; and when day after day went by without provocation, the Czartoryskis, anxious to bring matters to a crisis, were reduced to do so by setting up a fictitious and violent opposition. On this they proceeded to action; declared the prerogatives of the king insulted, the liberties of the country endangered, and called on the nobility to band themselves together to maintain and defend them. The king accepted the scheme as likely in any case to strengthen his hands; the senators hastened to sign the pact; and Count Branicki, the lord of Bialystock, the general-in-chief of the army, whether urged by the king's example, or persuaded by his young wife, herself of the house of Czartoryski, gave in his adherence, and put the forces of the kingdom at the service of the confederation.

It was at this critical juncture that De Broglie appeared on the scene, in the person of one of his friends, one of the earliest partisans of the Prince de Conti, a young nobleman, whose name, Mokranowski, became afterwards conspicuous in the annals of his falling country; a man described as equally remarkable for personal beauty, strength of body, and vigour of mind; excelling in the use of arms and in all manly exercises; impetuous, vivacious, eloquent; the admiration of his friends, the terror of his enemies, the spoiled darling of the women, and supposed at this time to have especial claims to the favour of the Countess Branicka.

The deed of confederation was lying on a table in a large tent, round which were crowding numbers, eager to sign. Mokranowski forced his way through these, as though himself about to sign; but having once gained the table he seized the paper, and, clutching it to his breast, carried it off to the general, whom he addressed in a loud, impassioned voice, pointing out the terrible consequences of the step that was being taken;

that civil discord would but give Russia that pretext for interfering, which her troops, massed on the frontier, were eagerly waiting for. Mokranowski's rude eloquence, bursting from his heart, carried the assembly before it. Murmurs of approval swelled into a roar of applause, and Branicki, stepping forward, folded the young orator in his arms, and hailed him as the saviour of his country ; while Mokranowski tore the paper into fragments, and scattered them under the feet of the crowd. The Diet was indeed broken up ; but in a very different manner and with very different results from what the Czartoryskis had wished ; for the one thing evident was, that the French party was re-established, and as the defenders of the national institutions.

De Broglie's conduct in this affair might well alarm his timid and cautious Government. He therefore judged it advisable at once to give his own account of it to the Marquis de Saint-Contest, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. And this he did skilfully enough, clouding his own share in it, whilst accepting the result as most consonant to French ideas, most favourable to French interests ; as one requiring only to be fostered to lead to most important conclusions. The merit of it was altogether with Mokranowski, whose courage and readiness should, he recommended, be acknowledged, not by a secret payment, but by openly sending him the cross of St. Louis and a commission as general in the French army. To the Prince de Conti he was more explicit in describing not only what he had done, but his embarrassments, his hopes, and his fears.

'What I find most difficult,' he says, 'is to give the minister the official account of what I have done and seen, in terms conformable to the wishes of your Serene Highness, and the objects which his Majesty has directed you to keep in view. This forces me to conceal many things which I do see, and to imagine many things which I do not—a line of conduct far from agreeable to me ; but if I was to write to him with the same frankness that I do to your Serene Highness, it would certainly lessen his interest in the affairs of Poland, and consequently also the pecuniary assistance which we must have from him in order to maintain our party. M. de Saint-Contest, in his last letter, for instance, says that, from all he hears, he is led to believe that the health of the King of Poland is failing fast, and desires me to keep him informed regarding it. If I had answered according to what I see and think, I should have said that his health is very good ; that he eats well and looks well ; but as I understand that your Serene Highness wishes his death to be considered as impending, I answer that the King of Poland is not exactly sick at this particular moment, but that he is so fat, and has such a short neck, that he is in imminent danger of a fit of apoplexy. I had not the wit to think of anything else ; and on reflec-

tion, I fear lest what I have said may cause M. de Saint-Contest some anxiety, for his own neck is not long.'

To his two despatches De Broglie received two very different answers. The minister pointed out to him that the interests of France neither demanded nor permitted that she should intermeddle in the affairs of Poland; being, with respect to that kingdom, on a totally different footing from the conterminous empires of Russia and Austria; that the Government did not wish to have any party which it might be called on to support, and would certainly not give Mokranowski either the cross or the army rank. The prince, on the other hand, wrote entirely approving of what he had done, but urging on him the necessity of caution, so as not to draw from the minister any precise and positive orders, which, if they should be—as was most probable—contrary to those of the king, might be the cause of very great embarrassment. Though De Broglie grumbled somewhat at the ambiguous and difficult position he was placed in, he could get no further satisfaction.

The Court of Saxony was at first no less startled than the French Government by the unexpected action of the French ambassador. But they had so thoroughly persuaded themselves that the marriage of a Saxon princess to the Dauphin had done away with all possibility of French opposition, that they were soon convinced that the scene at Grodno was merely a wild frolic of a scatterbrained young ambassador, whose conduct would meet with neither approval nor support from his chief; and the Dauphine, not being led to suspect any political meaning, felt hurt that a De Broglie should have played this prank on her family. She spoke of it with some bitterness to the venerable abbé, who passed on the reproof in what his nephew described as 'an uncle's letter, and no mistake.'

Meantime, whilst still smarting from the annoyance arising out of the false position in which he was placed by the necessity of serving his two masters, cautioned by the minister, and receiving no encouragement from the king, the Count de Broglie was suffering also from the embarrassment of debts incurred as ambassador, the payment of which, if it fell on himself, involved his pecuniary ruin. He had been specially promised sufficient assistance from the king through the Prince de Conti, but he had received nothing. He was unwilling to revert to the royal promise; but he wrote officially to the Marquis de Saint-Contest, stating that his necessary expenses, as well in travelling as in attending the Diet, had been very heavy, and that he considered he ought to be reimbursed to the

extent of 100,000 francs. The sum, he urged, though large, was not so in respect to the country and the establishment he was obliged to keep up; that he had lived decently, and in a manner suitable to his position, but without magnificence or ostentation. And some time later, describing in general terms the retinue which the barbaric splendour surrounding him made a social necessity, he wrote:—

'I can never go out without some six-and-twenty or thirty mounted attendants. My secretaries or the gentlemen whom I have to send on the smallest complimentary errand, even my stewards doing their marketing, will not stir out except in a carriage.'

The count had certainly no expectation of getting his 100,000 francs from M. de Saint-Contest; but trusted, probably, that the letter would be laid before the king, as indeed it was. The king, however, appeared not to understand it; and the minister replied that his Majesty did not see fit to increase the ambassador's allowances. Without a moment's hesitation De Broglie wrote, resigning his appointment, on the ground that his salary would not enable him to meet his debts, and that he did not wish to contract new ones. 'I regret,' he added, 'that I am unable to devote to the king's service the leisure which the peace gives me.' And not till this letter was well on its way to Paris did he communicate his determination to the Prince de Conti. The prince was horror-struck. He hastened to urge on the ambassador that his conduct towards the king was ill-judged and impertinent, such as the king was not used to, and would be highly offended at. De Broglie would not withdraw from the position he had taken up.

'I can only submit,' he replied, 'to whatever the king may please to order. My time and my life are absolutely at his disposal; your Highness very well knows that I have always so held them. What little property I had was equally so; it is now gone, and you will, I hope, do me the honour to believe that I am not one of those who would wish to live on other people's means.'

He went on to say that if the king insisted on his remaining, he would reduce his establishment to such as would suit his modest purse better than his exalted station; though of course, by doing that, he would cease to be on a par with the ministers of England, Austria, or even Holland, and would certainly be classed with the representatives of the petty courts, who were held in but small esteem. After which, on the prince's representations to the king, it was arranged that Saint-Contest should reprimand De Broglie; that De Broglie

should take the reprimand meekly, and offer suitable excuses ; that he should be officially informed that the king would not increase his salary, but had no objection to his reducing his establishment ; and that De Conti should secretly send him the 100,000 francs. This was done ; and so the business was settled.

To follow in detail the political events in which the Count de Broglie was a chief actor, the social intrigues, the plots and counter-plots of which he was the soul, would lead us far beyond our necessary limits. As his party gathered strength so did the importance of his secret mission increase ; he was put by the Prince de Conti in communication with the French envoys at Stockholm, Copenhagen, Berlin, and Constantinople ; and the petty princes on the shores of the Black Sea, or the banks of the Danube, who looked to Warsaw for support against the threatening ambition of Russia, turned to De Broglie as their natural protector. His correspondence grew enormously, so that four secretaries were constantly at work copying or deciphering his letters ; and he himself was not unfrequently engaged dictating for sixteen or seventeen consecutive hours. But amidst all, he could never lose the uneasy feeling that this edifice of party and credit was built as on sand, and would be almost certain to tumble down, if he was called on to perform the promises which he had given, or to realise the hopes which he had inspired. The question never absent from his mind was how he could support his friends, the patriots, if any emergency arose ; and though he dwelt on the all-important problem in every letter to the Prince de Conti, he got no answer. Accident at last solved it for him.

The domain of Osrog, bringing in a revenue of more than a million francs, and important by its frontier position near the Ukraine, had lapsed to the crown about a century before ; none of the collateral heirs being willing to accept it, subject to the feudal condition of supporting 600 horsemen always ready for service against the Turks. The administration had meantime been successively held by the different branches of the family which might have some claim to the inheritance, and for two or three generations had remained in the family of Sanguszko. The present administrator, being deeply in debt, and conceiving that this was his own property, sold it to Prince Czartoryski for a very considerable sum paid down. But as soon as this became known, there was a general outcry :—the transaction was a flagrant violation of the rights of property and the fundamental laws of the kingdom. All the possible heirs were loud in their protests : every noble held that such a

transfer deprived himself of a possible chance of the administration, and was doubly unwilling to see the Czartoryskis, who were already possessed of dangerous wealth and power, aggrandised in this manner. Even Branicki, although connected with them by his late marriage, yielded to the influence of Mokranowski, and warmly embraced the popular cause. De Broglie, of course, threw all his interest into the scale against the Czartoryskis; and bringing forward some shadowy claim of Marie Leczinska, the queen of Louis XV., to the succession, was able to join openly in the agitation against the illegal sale. There was no doubt that in the Diet an enormous majority would vote against it. A majority, however, by no means decided the question: an armed confederation would be necessary; and to this the patriotic party was determined to have recourse. The Czartoryskis, on the other hand, were equally determined to resist; nor were they left unsupported: help was—it was believed—assured to them, from England in money, and from Russia in troops. To counterbalance these, the patriots turned to De Broglie; they reminded him of his promises, and very frankly named 60,000 ducats as the sum they needed.

Neither De Broglie nor even the king had anything like such a sum; and application to the Government was not to be thought of. M. de Saint-Contest had died suddenly, and had been succeeded by M. de Rouillé, a weak and simple-minded man, who was horror-struck at the prospect of civil war in Poland, and still more at the idea of his having anything to do with it. He besought, rather than ordered, De Broglie to do his utmost to keep the peace, a line of conduct that would be most pleasing to his Majesty as well as to the King of Poland. The Prince de Conti wrote to the same effect. The king was averse to the idea of the armed confederation of patriots; but if the Czartoryskis began the war, he was not indisposed to aid the opposition with a small sum of money. ‘These instructions,’ he concluded, ‘are most sound, and will put you more at ease than you have yet been.’ This De Broglie could not see, and, what between the Polish patriots and the French king, was at his wits’ end; when he made the fortunate discovery that the King of Poland and his minister, the Count Brühl, were by no means so well affected towards the Czartoryskis as he had supposed. Brühl had even said, in presence of Branicki, that, as the actual administrator of the estate wished to be free of the charge, the king was at liberty to resume his rights and appoint a successor. On this hint De Broglie acted; and, through the old general, a nego-

tiation was entered into, by the terms of which Brühl received a sum of 10,000 ducats, dissolved the Diet, and divided the administration of Osrog between two nominees of the general. De Broglie was to find the money ; he was anxious also to let Brühl know his share in the transaction ; but Branicki pointed out to him that to sell the king's favour to the Polish nobles was, with Count Brühl, merely the regular course of business, but that he might feel some scruples of conscience about accepting money from a foreign ambassador.

The public appointment of the two patriots to the disputed administration was, to the Czartoryskis and their supporters, a most unwelcome surprise. The Russian minister was, it is said, ‘literally floored :’ he was bound by promise to maintain the cause, and was ready to do so, under pretence of upholding the royal authority against rebellious subjects ; but was scarcely prepared to enter on what, in the eyes of all Europe, would be simply a war of insolent and unjust aggression. It was therefore he, and not De Broglie, who stood before his party as having made promises which he was unable to perform. The French interest was enormously increased. Mokranowski was appointed by the King of Poland to an important government ; and was, at the same time, named by the King of France a general in the French army : but that De Broglie was the prime mover in the affair was well understood, both in Saxony and throughout Europe. At Dresden, the little Count became the fashion of the day. From Paris, M. de Rouillé wrote to him, warmly commanding the manner in which he had carried out the king's orders ; and the King of Prussia wrote to his ambassador in France that ‘affairs in Poland have taken a most satisfactory turn ; which is in part due to the firmness of the general, but chiefly to the prudent and intelligent conduct of the Count de Broglie.’

De Conti alone was dissatisfied : he could not but realise that the action of the Saxon Court in favour of the Polish patriots had made the reigning family more popular, and had greatly strengthened their hand in view of any future election. Nor was he better pleased with a scheme which De Broglie put forward for detaching Saxony from its engagements with England, and uniting it, with Poland and Prussia, with Sweden and Denmark, with the Danubian Principalities and Turkey, in an alliance which might pen back Russia in the deserts of the north, and drive England out of Germany. All this, wrote De Conti, would but strengthen the Saxon power in Poland, and would necessarily give it a claim to the support of France. He would none of it : not from any political or

statesmanlike objection, but because it seemed to him, and no doubt was, injurious to his own personal and secret interests.

The French Government, however, took a different view of the scheme. The dispute between England and France in America was every day becoming more serious; and if it culminated in war, that war would, almost of necessity, spread to Germany. The alliance with Saxony, the whole project mooted by De Broglie, thus assumed a new value; and he was instructed to sound the Saxon Court on the subject of a treaty of subsidies. De Broglie's position was now curiously reversed; his official and secret instructions were, as before, of a very opposite tendency; but his inclination led him to work the will of his public rather than of his secret master. He was therefore now desirous of getting positive orders, such as hitherto it had been his great aim to avoid; but as it had been specially arranged by the king that all his public correspondence was to be secretly submitted to De Conti, he had no way of writing to the minister without the prince's knowledge. The only course open to him was to visit Paris in person; and this he did, having obtained leave from the king on the plea of failing health. After three months' absence he returned to his post, bearing positive orders to use every endeavour to negotiate a treaty with the Elector of Saxony as king of Poland; the basis of which was to be, on the part of France, a subsidy of two million francs; on the part of Saxony, to furnish, when called on, a contingent of 6,000 men, and to vote, in the Electoral College, as should be agreed on; on the part of Poland, to bar the passage of a Russian army, and to authorise the levies necessary to resist the possible invasion. These proposals had been submitted to the Elector's Government, and were being taken into consideration, when the state of affairs was radically changed, if we should not rather say reversed, on January 16, 1756, by Prussia, hitherto the ally of France, signing a treaty of neutrality with England. This treaty is a cardinal point in the history of modern Europe, for it changed the whole system of alliances of the continental states, and their relations to this country, and it was the immediate source of the Seven Years' War. Everything relating to it is, therefore, of the strongest interest.

The discussion of this action on the part of Prussia, however important in its bearing on the history of Europe, is only by its effects connected with the career of the Count de Broglie and the secret diplomacy of which he was the agent. It is therefore sufficient here to say that the author of these volumes considers the received account of the negotiations, and their deciding causes,

to be wholly or in the main false. He brings forward very strong evidence to show that the story, as related by Duclos or by Frederick himself, of Madame de Pompadour deliberately preferring the alliance of a sentimental empress to that of a sarcastic and cynical king, is, if not altogether untrue, at least so much so that the correspondence with Austria did not begin for more than a month after the negotiation between England and Prussia; and his inference is that, whatever weight Madame de Pompadour's soothed or injured vanity may have had, the real cause of the change of French policy was the known treachery of Frederick. In this opinion the Duke de Broglie is fully borne out by the more recently published memoirs and letters of Cardinal de Bernis; and, from a different point of view, by the State papers of Prussia quoted by Professor Schaefer in his admirable 'History of the Seven Years' War.' A sentence from one of these, a letter from Frederick to the Duke of Brunswick, September 1, 1755, will serve as a sample:—

'Although I will not make any other engagement before the expiration of the term stipulated in my treaty (of alliance with France), I will not disown your Highness if you choose to let the English Minister, with whom you correspond, understand—but always as from yourself and without implicating me—that, provided reasonable proposals on the part of the King of England are made to me, we may possibly come to an agreement as to the neutrality of Hanover. They need not, however, expect me to open the negotiation; it is indispensable that the first advances come from them.*'

Now the first meeting between Madame de Pompadour, Bernis, and Count Stahremberg, at the notorious Babioles, was on September 3; † the treaty of neutrality between England and Prussia was signed at Westminster on January 16 of the next year; that of Versailles, between France and Austria, not till May 1; and the existing treaty between France and Prussia, which Frederick refers to in the letter we have just quoted, did not expire till July 5. These later dates, however, are of little importance. Of all men living in the middle of the eighteenth century, Frederick was the least likely to be taken at a disadvantage, or to give his enemies time to mature their plans. But the earlier dates may be considered as establishing the fact that his negotiations with England did not spring out

* Geschichte des siebenjährigen Kriegs, i. 609.

† 'Mémoires et Lettres de Cardinal de Bernis,' par Frédéric Masson. (2 vols. 8vo, 1878), vol. i. p. lxvii. M. de Broglie accepts Duclos' date, September 21.

of those between France and Austria, but rather out of an idea that, under the existing conditions of the French Court, the French policy was peace at any price,* and that the French alliance in a very probable war with Austria was by no means so much to be valued as even the neutrality of Hanover.

And, meantime, Frederick had, or professed to have, a grievance in the French diplomacy at the Saxon-Polish Court. He was unwilling that the French party should become a power in the State; and more than two years before had offered to join with France in supporting the patriots of Poland, and to pay one-third of the expenses. This, in the name of his king, had been coldly declined by the Prince de Conti; and though the friendly intimacy between De Broglie and Count Maltzahn, the Prussian ambassador at Dresden, continued without a check, their official relations were far from cordial. From this circumstance sprang another entanglement. Whilst De Broglie was in Paris, absent on leave, the secretary of the legation was seized with a dangerous fever. Maltzahn, as a personal friend of De Broglie, sent off an express to the French ambassador at Berlin; and, pending further instructions, sealed up all the drawers and boxes of papers in presence of the secretary of the Swedish embassy. So far nothing could seem more friendly or in better spirit. But before doing this he had the run of the house for a clear hour, and turned the time to the profit of his government. Ten important papers, and; what was still more serious, the key to the secret cipher, had disappeared when De Broglie returned from his leave. 'There 'is no doubt,' he wrote to the Prince de Conti, 'that we are 'indebted for this to the King of Prussia. I am quite sure that 'Maltzahn would not have done it without an express order.' But, putting the morality on one side, it appears from this that, early in the autumn of 1755, Frederick had full acquaintance with the proposed negotiations between France and Saxony, the mere suspicion of which had roused his jealousy and called forth his angry protest. There is no reason to doubt the evidence of Frederick himself that this was an important cause of his change of front. On October 13 he wrote to Knyphausen, under charge of strict secrecy, that, 'if France links herself 'with the Court of Saxony, I shall certainly withdraw from 'the game, and will not take pen in hand to renew my treaty 'with her.'

The position of the Count de Broglie at Dresden was com-

* Schaefer: Frederick to Knyphausen, September 23, i. 603; and Knyphausen to Frederick, January 21, i. 612.

pletely changed by the diplomatic revolution. He could no longer ask Saxony to give up her old alliance with England, merely to incur the active enmity of a neighbour so powerful as Prussia; and the levies of Poland were no longer wanted, as the advance of a Russian army was no longer to be feared. Revolving this in his mind, the Count de Broglie conceived that whilst an alliance with Austria was a political necessity, the policy of bridling the Empire, which had been the keynote of French diplomacy and war for the last two hundred years, was not to be done away with; and that the two necessities could be linked by forming a confederation, not only with Austria, but with the smaller states of Germany, and especially with Saxony, with the plainly understood object of attacking Prussia. Austria would be content to have back Silesia; the Saxon territory would be extended; the title of elector changed into that of king; and the succession to the Polish throne—no longer an object of importance to the King of Saxony—would pass without difficulty to the Prince de Conti. Everybody would be satisfied, except, of course, the King of Prussia, the punishment of whose perfidy was a thing to be desired for its own sake, even without the contingent advantages. To his letters putting forth some such scheme in full detail, M. de Rouillé made no answer; the Prince de Conti, under date March 11, 1756, wrote that the proposed treaty with Austria was quite impracticable; and this, notwithstanding the fact that a similar but less complete one was then being negotiated, and was signed six weeks later. But of this De Broglie had no information, either official or secret; nor was it till May 25 that M. de Rouillé informed him that a treaty of neutrality, purely defensive, had been signed three weeks before. De Broglie's proposed active alliance and concerted attack on Prussia formed no part of De Rouillé's scheme. The policy and the financial state of France at that time were still pacific; though it is difficult to conceive that the result of her engagements with Austria should not have been foreseen.

If with no other claims, De Broglie's clear foresight as to the course of events would give him a high rank amongst the diplomats of his time; but though he could foresee and could warn, he could not act; and he was still at Dresden, without instructions, without assurance, when the war broke out under circumstances such as he had described them months before. Austria, strong in a defensive alliance with France, by her threatening attitude forced the King of Prussia to take the initiative. She was the party attacked; but it is impossible to doubt that the attack was, to the King of Prussia, a political

as well as a military necessity. With the Duke de Broglie, we would reject the story which Frederick afterwards published, of an offensive treaty between Austria and Russia, the direct object of which was the dismemberment of his kingdom; but, hated as he was by each of the two empresses, it may well be that some such idea was in their minds, though it had not taken form on paper; and it was at any rate certain that there had been unusual and threatening movements and gatherings of Austrian soldiers. As early as July 17 Frederick had expressed to Mr. (afterwards Sir Andrew) Mitchell, the English ambassador, his determination to anticipate the attack. Mitchell begged him to be patient: he would be putting himself in the wrong before Europe, and might provoke the intervention of France. ‘Look here!’ said the king, turning sharply towards him; ‘is that a nose to be pulled, do you think? By ‘God, no!’ Then, walking up and down the room, he stood before a picture of the empress, and said: ‘This woman wants ‘war, and she shall have it. My army is ready, and I must try ‘and break down this conspiracy before it gets too strong.’ But later on he sent for Mitchell again, and said:—

‘I’ve been thinking over the advice which you gave me so earnestly this morning, and will send instructions to my minister at Vienna to request an audience of the empress. Perhaps he may startle her out of an answer; but if she has time to prepare one it will be a mere piece of impertinence, and that I won’t put up with.’

And about the same time he wrote to Knyphausen:—

‘The French ministry is altogether too weak and narrow-minded to get out of the Austrian toils. Count Kaunitz will draw them on so far that it will be too late before they open their eyes. My position is in every way dangerous, and only by a bold stroke can I get clear of it.’

The questions asked by the Prussian Minister at Vienna having once and again been met by equivocation and arrogance, Frederick determined to act without further delay. On August 29, Count Maltzahn demanded, in his master’s name, permission to traverse Saxony with his army, so as to enter, through it, into Bohemia. The Saxon Court stood aghast. They had carefully avoided all part in the negotiations between France and Austria; they had not only not put their little army on a war footing, but had ostentatiously neglected to keep it at its usual strength; the fortresses were inefficiently armed, and were not half manned; and the country was without any possible means of defence against the force by which the King of Prussia supported his demand. It is difficult to say what

would have been the course of events if the Saxon Court had taken timely precautions to meet the danger with which, as they were duly warned, they were threatened; but it is almost certain that, had they frankly become a party in the defensive treaty between France and Austria, had they put their army on a war footing, and fully armed and garrisoned their strongholds, they would not have been subjected to the indignity and the loss which they now suffered. That Frederick was moved to the step which he took as much by the helpless condition of Saxony as by the possible danger of leaving a Saxon army on his rear appears from his own apology, which amounts to a confession, that if he could have suspected that France would interfere, and join in the war with a force of 150,000 men, he would have thought twice about beginning it.* As it was, Frederick anticipated nothing short of making himself master, without delay or hindrance, of the Saxon fortresses; of adding the Saxon army to his own; of advancing at once into Bohemia before his invasion should be known at Vienna, and of occupying Prague before the Imperial forces could be got together.

So far as the imbecility of the Elector of Saxony, or the incompetence of his minister Count Brühl, was concerned, there was nothing to oppose his plan. But De Broglie, a soldier before he was a diplomatist, seeing the importance to the anti-Prussian cause of even a short delay, suggested that the Saxon army, instead of withdrawing into Bohemia, as was proposed, should occupy the strong position in the neighbourhood of Pirna, and hold it until succoured by the Imperial army. It has been said that this entailed the total loss of the Saxon army. That it did do so, was mainly the fault of the Austrians, who, under Marshal Broun, were repelled by the Prussians at Lowositz. But, in any case, the war in Bohemia which followed, was of a very different character from the unopposed occupation which formed the basis of Frederick's plan; and, his end being so far attained, the surrender of 14,000 indifferent and neutral soldiers was not a thing which would cause De Broglie any very poignant grief.

He was, however, by the force of circumstances, thrust into a prominent position in the councils of Saxony. Persuaded that to strengthen the Saxon and weaken the Prussian power was the true policy of France, he endeavoured to urge it on both his official and secret correspondents: but the ministry

* *Oeuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. 279. Vitzthum, 'Geheimnisse des sächsischen Cabinets,' i. 369.

was averse to any active measures, and the Prince de Conti was little disposed to look with favour on any plan for supporting the house of Saxony ; nor could he understand the assurances of De Broglie that their misfortunes endeared them to the Poles ; that enlarging their German interest was the surest way to loosen their grip on Poland.

Meantime the public opinion of Germany was beginning to pronounce against the conduct of the King of Prussia, who, without any claim or grievance, had seized on his neighbour's dominions and subjected them to the lot of a conquered country. Frederick was anxious to justify himself in the eyes of Europe. He gave out that Saxony had conspired with Austria to effect his ruin. Some letters of Count Fleming, the Saxon ambassador at Vienna, which he had bought from a treacherous clerk, seemed to lend a colour to his assertions. He resolved to look for further evidence, and gave orders to seize the papers contained in the State archives at Dresden. This was done in the very presence of the Queen ; and, in spite of her tearful remonstrances, three large sacks of papers were carried off. These were interpreted into a '*Mémoire raisonné*,' published shortly afterwards, in which, by a judicious confusion of paragraphs and dates, the sentiments of hostility to Prussia, expressed in 1745, whilst war was still raging, were made to appear as those of Saxony in 1756.

All this time, whilst the Austrians were on the march to relieve the Saxons, besieged in their camp at Pirna, the French Government made no sign, and sent De Broglie no instructions. 'This may be flattering,' he wrote, 'but it is terribly inconvenient.' Not till September 27 did letters arrive ; letters of sympathy from the King of France to the King of Poland, of affection from the Dauphine to her parents, of compliment from M. de Rouillé to De Broglie, and of peevish reproach from the Prince de Conti. De Broglie was furious. He was annoyed beyond measure at the contradictory nature of his orders, which at such a critical moment might be perilous ; he was enraged at the querulous ill-humour of De Conti ; but most of all was he maddened by the intelligence which his courier brought him, that he had been spoken of at Versailles as the new ambassador to Vienna, but that Conti had opposed his promotion in order to keep at the Court of Poland an agent in charge of his personal interests. In this frame of mind he wrote. He had, he said, foreseen everything that had happened ; he had warned him of it, and had over and over again asked for instructions ; none had ever been sent him ; and, therefore, when the crisis occurred, he was obliged to act on

his own responsibility. Still, he believed that what he had done was for the best. During the two months' delay which had been gained by the step he had advised, the Empress-Queen might muster 120,000 men in Bohemia; Russia might have 70,000 in Prussia; and the French contingent might be wherever it was thought proper to send it. But as to advising the disbanding of the Saxon army, and that at the moment when an enemy was entering the country—as his Serene Highness seemed to think he ought to have done—he could not have supposed it possible for his Majesty to wish his ambassador to propose such a shameful step to the father of the Dauphin; and assuredly he was quite incapable of doing so without very clear and precise orders; and much more to the same purport. After which, he formally offers his resignation, and breaks out:—

‘I see now that all who are employed on this secret business of your Serene Highness are condemned to do nothing else all their lives. I understand that, for this reason, whatever changes may be made in the ministry can never affect me. The Abbé de Bernis goes from one end of Europe to the other, is loaded with favours, and charged with all those brilliant affairs which make a reputation. For me, I work on, like a convict in a quarry, unknown to the world, and employed on a mission which is admirably fitted to make my services undervalued. I beg your Serene Highness to judge if this is agreeable. I know for a fact that it is you who have prevented his Majesty appointing me to the Imperial Court, where, as I am informed by my brother, M. de Rouillé and Madame de Pompadour wished to send me. Though I am very sensible of the difference to my reputation and fortune which might result from my holding such an office, I do not complain of this opposition; but my continuous labours here have shaken my health, and I have pressing need of repose. . . . My life and all I have in the world are at the service of his Majesty, and he may dispose of me in whatever way I can be useful to him; but I would rather give up the honour of ever again serving him, than be the instrument of schemes as injurious to his interests as dishonouring to me. I have often had the honour of representing to your Serene Highness that I was unfit for ambiguous or crooked paths. You will not have any difficulty in finding others who are capable of playing the part; and you would do well, if occasion arrives, to employ them.’

On his receipt of the letters from the French Court, M. de Broglie had applied to the King of Prussia for a pass to visit the King of Poland, in the camp at Pirna. His request was refused, except on the condition that, once in the camp, he should stay there; it was quite impossible, the answer was, to permit him to go in and out of a blockaded place just as he liked. De Brôglie stood on his rights as ambassador; doubly so, as war had not been declared. He resolved to go, in spite

of the refusal; and on the 5th October he attempted to pass through the Prussian lines near Sedlitz. He was stopped; the officer in command could not let him pass without instructions, and till these could be received De Broglie was detained in the village. After twenty-four hours' delay, and being told that no orders had been received, he made another attempt, but was again stopped, and the Prince of Würtemberg, coming forward, said that without special orders from the king he could not pass. The ambassador pressed on. The prince implored him not to put him in such a painful situation, assuring him that he could not pass, and stretched out his arm, as though to bar the way. 'Prince,' said De Broglie, 'you arrest me?' 'Yes,' said the prince, 'by the king's order; that is to say, by the standing order to let no one pass.' De Broglie on this returned to Dresden, having obtained what he was disposed to think of more consequence than even the accomplishment of his journey—a diplomatic grievance, altogether French, one which would permit France to take up the quarrel as her own, and not merely in the train of Saxony or Austria. Right or wrong, he had certainly forced the hand of his Government, which was bound to take notice of the insult openly offered to its ambassador. The French minister was withdrawn from Berlin; the Prussian was ordered to quit Paris, and diplomatic relations between the two countries ceased. De Broglie would gladly have followed the King of Poland to Warsaw, whither he had gone after the capitulation of his army at Pirna on the 16th October; but the queen, now an old woman and in feeble health, remained at Dresden, almost alone, without money, and subject to daily privations and annoyances. She was the mother of the French king's daughter-in-law, and the French ambassador felt that, under the circumstances, his duty was to offer her such protection as his position afforded. But in addition to this he was unwilling to return to Poland without knowing how he was to meet his partisans, the patriots, or what measures were to be taken to prevent the Russian invasion, which, on pretence of waging war against Prussia, was now imminent. On this account he was anxious to visit Paris. He applied for leave; but weeks passed away, his leave did not arrive, and the Prussians in Dresden were tired of his presence.

On November 14, the Prussian king's aide-de-camp waited on him with an order from the king not to appear in his presence, for, though accredited to the King of Poland, to him he was only a private individual. The count, quite equal to the occasion, replied that he had never proposed to do himself

the honour of paying his court to the king, nor was he likely to try his Majesty's indulgence, not having received any instructions which would render it necessary to trouble him; but that, being where his duty called him, he counted on remaining undisturbed, under the shelter of the law of nations and the dignity of his office. Message after message came through the same aide-de-camp, hinting or suggesting a speedy departure, to all which he answered that he expected his orders from Paris, but that till they came he should not move. Then came a notice to prepare rooms for some soldiers, as, in the scarcity of lodgings, no house could be exempted. De Broglie protested against this as contrary to all decency and established rule; if they used force, he must submit, but he would never give his consent to anything so irregular. The Prussians were, however, quite as obstinate as the ambassador, and cleared the upper story of his house, where they billeted some twenty men. Five days later the Count de Broglie learned that his leave had been granted; he immediately applied for his passports and set out; leaving, contrary to the express command of the King of Prussia, his secretary, M. Hennin, to attend on the Queen of Poland, with orders not to quit his post unless removed by force. This was used without scruple a few months later. Hennin was told to go, and on his refusing was seized, put into a carriage, and passed over the frontier, March 23, 1757.

De Broglie, on his return to Paris, was welcomed by the people as the upholder of the honour of France, and by the Dauphine as the defender of her parents. The great question of the day was whether France should limit her part in the war to the stipulated contingent of 24,000 men under the Austrian flag, or should enter into it as a principal. De Broglie was a strong advocate of an energetic and independent line of action; but, notwithstanding the favour with which he had been received, he soon discovered that his opinion was of little weight in a closed cabinet consisting of Madame de Pompadour, the Abbé de Bernis, and Marshal de Belle-Isle. Bernis, a priest, a courtier, a man of amiable temper, gentle manners, and moderate ability, was officially little more than the mouthpiece of Madame de Pompadour, by whose favour he was raised to power. Belle-Isle, with many good qualities, a soldier and a statesman, was now far advanced in years, and could not forget the personal enmity he had borne towards the Marshal de Broglie, which he still bore towards the Marshal's sons. As to Madame de Pompadour, she considered the Austro-Russian alliance as her own work; any objection

offered to it, however slight, was an offence as grievous as pointing out a wrinkle or not paying an expected compliment. How was it possible to doubt the sincerity of her good friends Maria Theresa and Elizabeth ? To speak of this with exaggeration, even with enthusiasm, became the fashion of the Court ; and it looked askance on De Broglie, who, whilst accepting the alliance as a necessity, considered it an unfortunate one, and spoke of the two empires in the tone of a man doubtful of the morrow, and anxious to have sureties. This, said the hangers-on of the *Œil de Bœuf*, denoted a small mind, one altogether behind the times, one which could not grasp the idea of a large policy. His predilection for the Poles, too, his interest in that snow-buried corner of the earth, seemed a mark of imbecility. And so it came about that amongst this select circle his name could not be mentioned without provoking a smile. All this was naturally most displeasing to the Count de Broglie ; and as about the same time the Prince de Conti quitted the Court in disgust, offended at being refused the command of the army on active service, and convinced that neither the king nor anyone else now felt the least interest in his aim at the throne of Poland, M. de Broglie applied to be relieved from his embassy, in which, in truth, the change of policy would place him in a very awkward position. He requested permission to join the army, or, failing that, to be appointed ambassador at Vienna.

It might have been supposed that, with the retirement of the Prince de Conti, the secret correspondence to which his aspirations had given rise, and which he had conducted, would come to an end. De Broglie probably thought it, but not so the king. It suited him to keep a close or suspicious watch on the conduct of the empresses and their devoted friend, Madame de Pompadour, as well as to support the illusions of the French party in Poland. He refused each of the count's requests.

' I have noticed, Count de Broglie,' he wrote, ' in all your letters, that you feel it difficult to adopt the new system which I am now following. You are not the only one ; but it is my will, and you must agree to it. As to the Prince de Conti, he has taken offence because I told him that I was not going to appoint him to the command of the army which will assemble on the Rhine. So much the worse for him, that is all I can say about it.'

And a few days later, January 2, 1757, he repeated :—

' I deem it right that you should make to me all the representations which you find it your duty to make to me and to my ministers, always bearing in mind the intimate union with Vienna. That is my work ; I believe it good, and will maintain it. Under these circumstances, I

think your presence at Warsaw is most necessary. You are loved and esteemed by the Poles, and a new minister would not be able to induce them to do good-humouredly what we may consider necessary. I advise you, therefore, to give up the idea of Vienna and not to be so flighty, especially after my keeping my promises to you, and whilst I think you capable of still serving me. If I knew anyone else equally able to serve me in Poland, I should have been pleased to gratify your desire to serve me in my army, but not having found one I count on your serving me there to the best of your ability.'

To the king's commands were added the Dauphine's prayers; De Broglie had to return to his post, and, as before, without any positive or satisfactory instructions. M. de Rouillé wrote sheetfuls of platitudes, which seemed to say that the king's engagement with the empress was the central idea of all French diplomacy; and the king's secret orders were limited to directing him to keep up the French party in Poland, and to continue the correspondence through the agency of M. Tercier, the chief clerk in the Foreign Office.

The incidents of the ambassador's journey, of his stay in Vienna on the way, of his part in directing the strategy of the campaign which resulted in the defeat of the Prussians at Kolin, and in the relief of Prague—all these must be lightly passed over. The empress testified for him the highest esteem and even affection: she sent him her portrait set in diamonds; and Count Kaunitz, on handing it to him, remarked, 'I have been very much mistaken; I thought you tainted with old prejudices.' Notwithstanding all this, as soon as he attempted to have some understanding on the subject of Poland, or spoke of the necessity of bringing some influence to bear on Russia, so that the march of her army through the country might do as little harm as possible, the smiles immediately vanished, the demeanour became stiff, the conversation cold, the tone changed. It was clearly not Austria's policy to run any risk of offending Russia for the sake of allies so paltry as the Poles; and the knowledge of this added bitterness to De Broglie's language when he wrote to the king, of the Austrian Ministry, that—

'their dejection in adversity is only equalled by their arrogance in prosperity. My personal gratitude does not prevent my feeling that in aiding the empress with the generosity and magnificence becoming a monarch so great as your Majesty, it is essential not to make such definite arrangements as will permit the House of Austria to forget its obligations to you, or to use its increased power in a manner dangerous to you and your allies.'

On the count's arrival at Warsaw in July 1757, he found

the national party in the greatest distress on account of the entry into Poland of the Russian forces. The indolent king and his rapacious minister had accepted the situation as likely to give them the least trouble or the greatest profit; and the public way in which De Broglie expressed his dissatisfaction with it, in which he studied the accounts of injuries sustained, fields ravaged, houses pillaged, and insisted on the sufferers being recompensed, caused much astonishment and, to some extent, dismay. The French Minister at St. Petersburg, the Chevalier Douglas, held very different language, and was made the medium of the complaints which Count Brühl preferred against De Broglie. Bernis, now the Minister for Foreign Affairs, a man who might have done fairly well in quiet times, had neither the ability nor the force of will necessary to control events as they were then rolling along. He wrote to De Broglie, urging on him the advisability of not exasperating Brühl, and gently pointing out that the alliance which his Majesty had entered into with Russia called for a modification of his Polish policy; and that, as to the grievances of the Poles, if he felt bound to bring them to the notice of the Russian minister, he should do so in a conciliatory not avenging tone: that, in fact, at present, his duty was purely passive, and mainly to report to his government what was going on.

The Count de Broglie had no confidence in the existing alliance with Russia; and believed that, in any case, the influence which she was thus enabled to establish in Poland would be fatal not only to the French interests, but to the very independence of that country. He was prepared to contest the point, and might perhaps have done so with success; but the possibility was destroyed by the very decisive battle of Rossbach, on November 5, 1757, which, for the time, not only crushed the French army, but annihilated the French party in Poland. So far as this was concerned, the French Government accepted the situation; but De Broglie was unwilling to do so without a struggle: his letters, describing the Russian aggression and the wrongs of Poland, were couched in a tone of indignation which irritated even the placid Bernis, and gave rise to a correspondence of ever increasing displeasure on the one part and on the other. ‘Your nephew,’ said the cardinal to the Abbé de Broglie, ‘is really possessed by the devil. In his despatches he does nothing but lay down the law, and in everything he says there is a harshness and a bitterness which are closely akin to ferocity.’

The French influence in Poland was, none the less, at an

end. The King of France could not and would not make any effort to regain it. In the public and in the secret diplomacy, De Broglie was equally powerless; and Branicki, the head of the patriotic party, wrote to him that since no further help, as against Russia, was to be hoped for from France, he should not hesitate to accept the assistance of other friends—presumably Prussia—to reconquer the liberties of his country. After this De Broglie seems to have recognised the hopelessness of his cause, and begged to be recalled. His request was granted, and he returned to Paris in the early part of 1758.

The secret diplomacy had now ceased to have any political significance; there was no longer any pretence for its existence, and it became a mere plaything of the king's, a device for learning such current gossip as his agents could pick up. How a man like the Count de Broglie continued to conduct such a correspondence may well excite surprise; but, on the one hand, it was difficult, perhaps impossible, for him to escape from the net which the king had cast over him; and, on the other, he was perhaps not without hopes that, as the wheel of fortune went round, the Polish diplomacy might again come up, or, in connexion with it, and by the king's good will, he might be nominated to some one of even the highest offices of the government. But meantime, his reception at Versailles was by no means flattering; for his recent conduct had given offence to Bernis; the Dauphine looked coldly on one who had so vehemently opposed her father's policy; Madame de Pompadour was pitiless towards a man of high rank who disdained to pay especial court to her; and the king, the secret cause of most of his shortcomings, content as long as his own peace was not broken, did not trouble himself about the matter. Under these circumstances De Broglie was anxious to resume his military career, and to join his brother the duke, then commanding a division of the army in Germany. This was persistently refused him, and it was only when, on June 7, Prince Ferdinand crossed the Rhine and seemed to threaten Paris, that the count, with many others of the hangers-on of the court, went off to the army, which, under the Count de Clermont, was alone in a position to contest the advance of the enemy. But Clermont was defeated at Creveldt on June 23: he was superseded; and his successor, the Marquis de Contades, as a first step, insisted on being largely reinforced. For this purpose the Duke de Broglie, with his division, was recalled from Germany; and the two brothers, thus united, continued to serve together.

It is beyond our purpose here to speak of the events of the next few years. However important historically, they have no reference to the king's secret, and the Count de Broglie's part in them was merely secondary. His brother the duke, commanding a detached force, gained at Bergen almost the only advantage over the enemy that was won during that war so disastrous to France: this was on April 13, 1759; and when, on August 1, Contades was defeated at Minden, the Duke de Broglie was, in accordance with the general voice of the public, nominated a marshal of France and appointed to the command-in-chief. Afterwards, however, and sorely against his will, the Prince de Soubise was joined with him; and, owing to a misunderstanding naturally springing out of this divided command, the army was defeated by Prince Ferdinand at Vellinghausen, on July 16, 1761. This gave rise to angry recriminations between the two marshals; each accused the other of being the cause of the disaster; the Duke de Choiseul, then and for many years the head of the Government—making it his first care to obey the will of Madame de Pompadour, and being also jealous of the Broglie interest, and of the correspondence which he knew they carried on with the king through the count—decided on the quarrel with all the severity of a partisan. The count, on his brother's behalf, appealed to the king, who took it ill that they should attempt—as he conceived—to make a difference between him and Madame de Pompadour; and on February 17, 1762, banished them both to their country-seat of Broglie. But the voice of the public was with the general, who, amidst the national disgrace, had won the sole victory of the war; and—the story has often been told—on the evening of the day on which his disgrace was made known, as ‘Tancrède,’ then in the first flush of its fame, was being played at the *Comédie-Française*, the lines—

*'On dépouille Tancrède, on l'exile, on l'outrage ;
C'est le sort d'un héros d'être persécuté.'* *

repeated by the heroine with marked emphasis, brought down the house in a tumult of applause.

And so at Broglie the months and years slipped away; the duke eating out his heart in the enforced idleness, but persistently refusing to ask, directly or indirectly, for the remission of the sentence; whilst the count was, during the whole time,

* i. 6. ‘Tancrède’ was represented for the first time on September 3, 1760.

conducting the secret correspondence, and writing, each week, confidential letters to the king, who allowed Madame de Pompadour's spite to wreak itself on the man, but continued to make use of the agent, for the gratification of his senile whim. As a part of this correspondence the Count de Broglie, apparently in April 1763, drew up a paper which might be styled 'Outlines 'of a plan for carrying on war against England.' In this he set forth that though, after the many misfortunes she had suffered, France was now compelled to make peace, she could not lose the memory of her wrongs; that experience had shown that the only way to anticipate the course of the next war was to be prepared with a plan for the invasion of England; that in this way the disgrace of the present peace might be wiped out, and the two crowns put on their proper footing relatively to each other—that is, France uppermost.

The scheme, such as it was, happened to catch the king's fancy; the more readily, perhaps, as peace had just been concluded, and it seemed to offer him a new opportunity of stultifying his ministers. He forthwith gave the count orders to work it out in detail; adopting his suggestion of employing as agents in England, M. de la Rozière, an Engineer officer of well-proved ability, and a certain Chevalier d'Eon de Beaumont, who had formerly been an *attaché* of the embassy at St. Petersburg; had afterwards served with distinction in the army under the Duke de Broglie, and for some time on the duke's personal staff; and more recently, had been the chief secretary of the embassy in London: as such, he had had an important share in the negotiations for the peace, been the bearer of the ratification of the treaty, and been rewarded with the cross of St. Louis.

The story of the Count de Broglie's career becomes now curiously mixed up with that of this extraordinary person, whose name occupied such a prominent place in the gossip and scandal of London during the next ten or fifteen years; an adventurer, who joined to the figure and personal appearance of a woman, the courage and bodily strength of a man, and an impudence and mendacity peculiarly his own. How the Count de Broglie, who was necessarily well acquainted with his antecedents and his character, came to recommend him as a fitting agent for a secret which risked the safety of the kingdom and the honour of the king, cannot now be determined. We can only suppose that even he, acute as he was, and by no means a stranger to diplomatic forms of guile or fraud, had not realised the superlative powers of the Chevalier d'Eon, whose official position in London gave him most favourable opportunities for

getting the wished-for information, and, at the same time, exempted him from all ugly suspicions.

The intelligence gathered by D'Eon and La Rozière formed the basis of a plan for the invasion of England, as afterwards drawn up by the Count de Broglie; a plan which, we are now told, was that attempted to be carried out in 1779: and though this is certainly claiming more for it than it is entitled to—for the plan of 1779 was elaborated at the time, with the help of intelligence then gathered by very common-place spies, whose history is sufficiently familiar—it is highly probable that De Broglie's memoir did suggest the leading features of that formidable invasion of the Channel. But the honour of sharing a secret with the King of France, and of receiving from him an autograph note relating to it, was too much for D'Eon's vanity, and perfectly turned his head. Whilst acting as the representative of France, pending the arrival in London of the Count de Guerchy, the newly appointed ambassador, he had arrogated to himself the superior position, and maintained his household on a scale of corresponding magnificence, the cost of which he now insisted that either the outgoing ambassador, the Duke de Nivernais, or his successor, M. de Guerchy, should pay. Nivernais and Guerchy were both rich men, but they decidedly objected to this; but to their letters of remonstrance D'Eon replied by impertinence. 'I do not suppose,' he wrote to the duke's man of business, 'that anyone is silly enough to say that I have spent the money either for my own pleasure, or in dissipation. My life has been public enough; and it is well known that I have never kept a dog, cat, parrot, or mistress.' To M. de Guerchy he wrote: 'I am obliged to act ambassador here in your absence, but I am one *modestè quietus et mansuetus sicut decet;*' and to the Count de Broglie:—

'Providence has treated me beyond my deserts; it is useless for me to close the door to fortune, she throws down the walls to get in to me. But when I say fortune, I do not mean money; for, as you know, our minister is more than economical: by fortune I mean honour, promotion. . . . I consider fortune as my servant and truth as my mistress; this it is which makes me, and will always make me, sick at heart at having to work under the orders of certain chiefs—you understand me. They wish to turn events to their own private fortune or ends; this is just what is most revolting to my truth-loving nature, and several have mistaken for arrogance what is really my honesty of heart and intention.'

This mistake seems to have been made by those in Paris with whom he was principally concerned. It was notified to

D'Eon that he must moderate his pretensions, and, on the arrival of M. de Guerchy, fall back to the rank of secretary. This deeply offended him; he returned a most stinging reply—or, as it was described by Nivernais, in untranslatable French, *une belle chienne de lettre*; and treated Guerchy with a cool impertinence, which now, when read of, is as irresistibly comic as anything that the late Charles Mathews ever presented, but which then, as it appeared to the ambassador, was intensely aggravating. Finally, when Guerchy brought him a positive order to return to France, his rage seems to have turned to madness. He believed, or pretended to believe, that there was an intention to take away his life, to poison him, to send him home under close arrest. He left the ambassador's house suddenly one evening, carrying with him all his papers, including the confidential letters of the king and the Count de Broglie; and from a secure hiding-place, announced to M. de Guerchy that he was out of his power and meant to stay in London.

The king and the agents of the secret correspondence were filled with dismay; they feared that D'Eon, in the state of mind he was in, would as soon publish confidential letters as not. He did, in fact, publish a select portion of his correspondence with Nivernais, Guerchy, and others: a publication in itself sufficiently scandalous, though it did not reveal any state secrets.* M. de Guerchy endeavoured to suppress the book by legal process: the foreign ministers in London made common cause in the matter: the English Government was anxious to do all in its power, and the Attorney-General filed an information against D'Eon. But D'Eon's wild eccentricities had made him a sort of public favourite, and the idea was started that his cause was the cause of the liberty of the press: the support of the Opposition encouraged him in his madness; and he entered on negotiations with the King of France, as one power with another.

'In my place,' he wrote to the Count de Broglie, 'you would act like me. No one shall make me give up these papers as long as M. de Guerchy is ambassador in England. If his Majesty would only appoint you as his ambassador, you or your brother, I am certain, from the high esteem in which the marshal is held in England, the affairs of France would immediately assume a more favourable aspect. The

* Lettres, Mémoires et Négociations particulières du Chevalier d'Eon, Ministre Plénipotentiaire de France auprès du Roi de la Grande-Bretagne. Imprimé chez l'Auteur, aux dépens du Corps Diplomatique, et se vend à Londres, etc. 4°. 1764.

prosecution would fall to the ground ; I would give back the papers, and the business would be at an end. . . . M. de Guerchy was insulted by the mob on the king's birthday. Because the people are fond of me and toast me along with Wilkes, the ambassador has taken it into his head that I stirred them up to it. Nothing can be more untrue.'

De Broglie, unwilling to push D'Eon to extremity, tried to induce Guerchy to let the prosecution drop : but the king would not give any order on the subject, and Guerchy, ignorant of the interests at stake, was resolved either to carry the affair through in England, or, if possible, to have the fellow kidnapped and taken over to France. D'Eon got wind of this : he went about armed, and openly avowed his intention of shooting anyone who came to arrest him. At the same time he brought an accusation against the ambassador, of having attempted to poison him, and of having hired a certain M. de Vergy to assassinate him. On Vergy's evidence the grand jury found a true bill. M. de Guerchy was frantic with rage and shame, not unmixed with fear ; and his butler, who was said to have poured out the poisoned wine, fled the country. D'Eon was jubilant, and wrote to De Broglie :—

' This is the last letter I shall have the honour of writing to you on the subject of that poisoner and scoundrel Guerchy, who would be broken alive if justice was done to him in France ; but, by God's mercy, here, in England, he will only be hanged. . . . I give you my word of honour that the Guerchy will be thrown into the felons' gaol, and his friend Praslin may get him out if he can. As far as I see, the only friend that will get him out will be the hangman.'

After all, the grand jury was held to have exceeded its powers, and the Government quashed the case by a *nolle prosequi*. Concerning which, the Earl of Chesterfield wrote to his son, on April 22, 1765 :—

' Whether the king can grant a *noli prosequi* in a criminal case, and whether *le droit des gens* extends to criminal cases, are two points which employ our domestic politicians and the whole *Corps Diplomatique*.'

The mob took its own view of the affair ; the ambassador's carriage was stopped, and he himself escaped very rough treatment only by covering his orders and passing himself off as his secretary. But the crowd followed to his house, were with difficulty prevented from forcing their way in, and smashed all the windows that faced the street. For several days neither M. de Guerchy nor any of his family could venture outside. Under such conditions, life in London became unendurable. He applied for leave, and went over to France ; whilst D'Eon

remained master of the field, with all the honours of war, and even with its solid advantages; for De Broglie, anxious to have the whole thing settled, was shortly afterwards able to offer him terms which are perhaps not the least surprising part of this scandalous affair. Bygones were to be bygones; nothing more, good or bad, was to be said of Guerchy, the libel, or the assassination; and D'Eon, with the king's authority, was to resume the secret correspondence, and regularly send over an account of the state of public opinion in England. It was then, after other difficulties, arranged that D'Eon should hand over such letters as he had in the king's writing, and accept, as an equivalent, a pension of 12,000 francs, payable quarterly. This was done; but he still kept De Broglie's correspondence; and several years later the trouble recommenced. It was not till October 5, 1775, that the affair was fully settled; the papers were given up, the pension was confirmed by legal deed, and sums, the amount of which has not been stated, were paid down. Finally, D'Eon was bound to abstain from all political intrigue; and as it had pleased him of late years to pass himself off for a woman, and to dress occasionally in woman's clothes, it was stipulated that he should henceforth always wear them. He became Mademoiselle d'Eon, or, as he preferred to call himself, La Chevalière d'Eon; and in this character, resided principally in England until his death in 1810.*

Meantime, the King of Poland had died in the autumn of 1763. The young Elector of Saxony was a candidate for the vacant throne, and had reason to suppose that he would be supported by the French Government. In opposition to him was Poniatowski, a connexion of the house of Czartoryski, considered as the representative of the Russian interest; but some days before the king's death he found opportunity to say to M. Hennin, the French Resident, and agent for the secret correspondence at Warsaw, that he was really very much averse to the Russian interference; that his fondest hopes were to render the Crown independent of it, and to crush the anarchical institutions of the country. A strong government was necessary; if France would sustain him, Poland might be saved; her future might be as brilliant as her past history. Hennin wrote all this to the king, who practically ignored the letter;

* The history of this extraordinary person has been written at length by M. Gaillardet, under the title of "Mémoires sur la Chevalière d'Eon," 8vo, 1866; a book which forms an interesting pendant to that more immediately before us.

and official instructions were sent to the Marquis de Paulmy, the ambassador at Dresden, to support the Saxon candidate. Then followed an entanglement which is probably without a parallel in the history of the world. Hennin had, in a roundabout way, brought Poniatowski's proposals to the knowledge of the Duke de Praslin, who was able to see the advantage to which they might lead, but was unwilling to reverse his former instructions, and the more so, as he knew that M. de Paulmy was entirely in the Saxon interest. He therefore, with the king's permission, despatched a secret agent to enter into communication with the Czartoryskis, in opposition to Paulmy; but Hennin received no instructions to act in concert with him, and was thus more disposed to favour any popular candidate that Branicki and his party might agree on. There were thus in Poland three French agents, representatives of the king and the foreign minister, and all working counter to each other. The anarchy of Poland seemed to have infected her political friends; and amidst the confusion, Poniatowski, who saw no hope of effective assistance from France, threw himself into the arms of Russia, and, by her armed interference, was placed on the throne.

With this, the curtain may be said to have risen on the last sad act of 'The Independence of Poland.' It needs not to tell here how Russia held the country in the iron grasp in which she had seized it; continually tightening it, till, by arrangement with the neighbouring powers of Austria and Prussia, the territory was parcelled out and taken possession of in the autumn of 1772. That the internal condition of Poland had been for years such that any change was necessarily for the better, is doubtless true; but it is no less true that the extremity of that condition was to be mainly attributed to the intrigues and wiles of her northern neighbour, and to the cruel policy which had, even by force, prevented all efforts at self-improvement. Poland, as an independent kingdom, was destroyed; but the name remains, and will remain, a lasting memory of this great political crime.

Through these closing years the secret correspondence has scarcely any distinctive interest. The Count de Broglie, although permitted to return to Paris in April 1764, was never again officially employed, and his connexion with the history of the time is but slight, even where it is sufficient to allow his name to introduce an account of the revolution in Sweden, and the curious trial of Dumiouriez. After the fall of Choiseul in the end of 1770, De Broglie entertained hopes of succeeding to the vacancy. In these he was disappointed;

and a not unnatural bitterness grew up between him and the new minister, the Duke d'Aiguillon. This reached the point of an open quarrel; and in September 1773, the Count de Broglie was again banished to the country. There he remained, notwithstanding his protests to the king, which at this time formed the chief part of the secret correspondence; and there he still was at the time of the king's death in the following May. The young king, Louis XVI., on being made acquainted with the secret correspondence, made all haste to obliterate it. It was in connexion with these efforts that D'Eon's papers were at last bought in; and others were collected, only, as already told, to be stored for our present reading. The Count de Broglie was acquitted of the offences for which he had nominally been banished; but he vainly sought employment; he was virtually a disgraced man; and apparently for no further crime than the having been so long the minister of the king's secret. He lived for a few years in the retirement of the country, and died in August 1781.

We cannot conclude without thanking the Duke de Broglie for these very interesting volumes, which we owe to his industry, capacity, and literary skill. At the same time, however, we do not think he has altogether established the case which he has throughout kept mainly in view. We readily admit that Marshal the Duke de Broglie was by far the most distinguished soldier of France during the Seven Years' War. That alone would be scant praise; for his colleagues would seem to have been selected for their incompetence, were it not that we know they were selected by the caprice and favour of a vain woman; but the Marshal de Broglie's soldierly talent would probably have rendered him distinguished in any time of war; and the chapters which here describe and discuss the intrigues and difficulties consequent on, and subsequent to, his appointment to the command-in-chief are most interesting, and from a military point of view most instructive. But we doubt if the verdict of the world, now appealed to, will be so favourable to the marshal's younger brother, the hero of this history. The impression of the Count de Broglie, which the duke now wishes to convey, is that of a diplomatist struggling through twenty years to correct the blunders alike of the ministry and of the king. The impression we receive is rather that of a man grasping at the vain shadow of a power, the substance of which continually eluded him; frittering away a life capable of real work, a genius and energy which might have been useful to France and to Europe, in helping the king to play a childish game of hide-and-seek with his own government. And

more than this: by accepting the position as he did, he became not so much a diplomatist as an intriguer; the secret, even when it had a political object, demanded a line of conduct scarcely worthy of a man of honour, and after the retirement of the Prince de Conti was altogether inexcusable; the Count de Broglie, by continuing its chief agent, lowered himself almost to the level of other agents of the king's dirty work; and it is not to be wondered at that he was treated by the king himself, and by his successor, without that consideration to which his abilities, and his services, and his social rank entitled him. As to the king, Louis XV., this further insight into his character cannot affect our estimate of it. That was already as low as possible; but the study of his secret correspondence and his secret diplomacy degrades his political capacity to the level of his personal vices.

- ART. VII.—1. *Statistical Abstracts for the United Kingdom and Principal Foreign Countries, 1853 to 1875-6.* Parl. Papers.
2. *Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Depreciation of Silver, 1876.*

THE world has come to the close of a very memorable epoch. The present generation has seen come and go the most remarkable outburst of material prosperity which has ever visited the nations of mankind. The epoch has been short-lived as a northern summer,—brief and brilliant as the sunshine which suddenly clothes with almost tropical luxuriance the plains of the Red River Settlement, where rich crops ripen and fruits and flowers of the South blossom and mature, all in the course of a few weeks, betwixt periods of frost and snow. The world has fallen into winter again; but a large portion of the fruits of the golden summer enduringly remain,—a rich heritage for subsequent generations. New regions have been peopled, and the trading world widened and enriched. Countless new and large factories of human industry, even whole townships of labour, have been established widely throughout our own and other countries. Enlarged harbours and new docks and quays line the shores of our bays and estuaries, and a mightily increased forest of shipping has sprung up for the maritime conveyance of the augmented produce of the world; while by land, thousands of miles of the iron road have been constructed to give play to the increased locomotion both of

men and merchandise,—these railways showing like a network on the map of each country, and internationally girdling the continents from sea to sea—spanning America at its widest longitude, and traversing all Europe, from the British Channel eastward to the Caspian and the Euxine, and southward to almost every point on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea.

The change has been so great that even the aspect of the earth's surface visibly bears witness to it. Compared with the third and fourth decades of the century, how manifest is the changed aspect of our own islands! The country is now all in motion, swarming like a hive of ants. Motion and locomotion are everywhere. Instead of the quiet highways along which the mail-coach with its dozen passengers passed but once a day, and only the occasional blare of the guard's horn broke the rural silence, an aeronaut would now hear beneath him a perpetual roar of sound, and see hundreds of smoking railway trains moving in swift succession along the far-stretching lines of the iron road, receiving and disgorging crowds of passengers at each terminus and halting-station. By sea the change has been hardly less striking. Along the great highways of the ocean, instead of a thin and straggling line of ships, baffled by wind and tide, there is a steady procession of swift-going leviathans of the deep, marking the great sea-routes by an almost continuous trail of smoke, signalising the steam-engine at work in its latest and most far-journeying form.

This epoch of rich commercial progress, pervading all the leading countries of the world, culminated, and also came to a close, with the pre-eminently prosperous years of 1872 and 1873,—ending suddenly when at its height, rocket-like, with an outburst of fresh splendour. Since 1873 the course of events has resembled the ‘dissolving views’ of the diorama, where a glowing summer landscape is seen to pass swiftly, yet by distinctly marked gradations, into the bleakness and snowy garb of winter. As by the wave of a magician’s wand—certainly from causes which in their entirety cannot be readily explained—the golden ‘tide in the affairs of men’ has rapidly ebbed away until there is low-water again all over the world, leaving stately industrial enterprises like stranded ships strewing every shore. The numerous factories erected during the golden epoch now stand idle, or with doors half-closed; crowds of splendid shipping lie idle in the harbours of the world from Liverpool to Calcutta, from San Francisco to New York; and the railways, although still making their hourly journeys, would be glad to carry behind each rapid locomotive a heavier burden of goods or passengers. But they all remain—fac-

tories, shipping, railways—a heritage from the golden past, and ready for work again as soon as the present ‘winter of our ‘discontent’ is over.

Besides these very visible and tangible signs of the past prosperity, and of existing potential power and usefulness, the third quarter of the century has left an enormous legacy of moneyed wealth. Statists have sought to become eloquent over the vast accumulations of wealth in the United Kingdom. Even if their computations were less correct than they appear to be—even were it requisite to make no small abatement from some of their conclusions, the broad and unquestionable facts of the case show an increase of wealth altogether unprecedented. No writer has resumed the work of Mr. Porter, the pioneer in this branch of digested statistics, whose ‘*Progress of the Nation*’ required for its compilation an amount of labour unneeded nowadays, when Government returns and other sources of information readily supply a continuous record of the national fortunes. But the part of Mr. Porter’s subject which in one respect sums up all the others—namely, the *Wealth of the Nation*—has of late years been ably and carefully dealt with by the late Mr. Dudley Baxter, Mr. Newmarch, and Mr. Giffen, each continuing the work of his predecessors. What is the tale thus told, in dry figures, of our national progress during the epoch of which we write? It is not until 1855 that, by the extension of the income-tax to Ireland, the official records comprise the incomes of the whole kingdom. In that year the *assessed* incomes of the nation (exclusive of the far larger amount of unassessed income, belonging chiefly to the wage-receiving classes) amounted to 308 millions sterling; in 1865 the yearly income had risen to 396 millions; and in 1875 to 571 millions. Thus, this portion of the national income had increased so rapidly that in 1875 it was no less than 263 millions larger than it was in 1855. And if the increase had affected all persons equally, the income of each individual belonging to the class who pay assessed taxes would have increased 80 per cent. during these twenty years. In like manner the property, or realised wealth, of the nation has increased from about 4,700 millions sterling in 1855 to 6,100 millions in 1865, and in 1875 to 8,500 millions. The increase of wealth was especially great in the last decade of the period —namely, from 1865 to 1875, the amount of property per head of the population being computed at 200*l.* in 1865 and at 260*l.* in 1875.

There has been at least a very apparent connexion between this great wave of commercial progress and the large supply

of gold from the mines of California and Australia. In their outset these events were synchronous. It was in the autumn of 1848 that gold was found in California, and it was in 1851 that the richer portion of the Australian mines was discovered. Both of these regions were solitudes, and so distant from the old seats of civilisation and of dense population that in each case several months elapsed before the working of the new mines was fully commenced; and an almost equal interval elapsed before the new supplies of gold arrived in the leading countries of the world. Thereupon money became plentiful. Gold accumulated in the banks; and in our own country the price of Consols, for almost the only time, rose to par, and indeed for the moment considerably exceeded it. From that time, as is universally recognised, the new epoch of industrial progress and general prosperity began. So perfect a synchronism of the events naturally suggests that the relation between them was not wholly fortuitous. Moreover, it is manifest that any large addition to the world's stock of money must produce *some* effect upon all those conditions of life in which money plays a part; and it is hard to say what branch of human life and enterprise is not affected by money and the changes in its supply.

The true character of the connexion between the new supplies of gold and the recent period of widespread or universal prosperity we shall endeavour to show by-and-by. But first we may remark that the history or course of the new gold-supplies of itself exhibits a conclusive proof (if such were needed) that since 1850 the world must have passed through a period of exceptional prosperity,—that there has and must have been a great augmentation of those transactions which normally yield profits and promote an accumulation of wealth. Despite the enormous amount of new gold poured into the world, there is no rise of prices; in other words, gold maintains its old value. Accordingly, since 1850 there must have occurred a vast increase in the world's requirements for gold; which, primarily and chiefly, means a vast increase of trade and profitable industry. There must have been a greatly increased employment of money, in the grand work of production down to ordinary buying and selling and the mere retail work of 'shopping,'—which latter operations only increase when, together with more produce, there is more money to buy with. That money has not fallen in value is a wholly unexpected result; it was deemed impossible that so large an amount of new gold should circulate at the old value. But the cause of this unexpected result is now no mystery. As is now acknow-

ledged, it has been the rapid expansion of commerce and industrial enterprise, especially in an international form, which followed the discovery of the new gold-fields, and created a new requirement for their produce.

Putting into a compendious form the commercial statistics of Great Britain, France, India, and the United States, we subjoin a synopsis of the course of international trade since the discovery of the gold-mines. To show the full power of the recent commercial expansion, and also to allow of a fair comparison being made between the progress of these different countries, we shall first take the periods when the trade of each country proceeded undisturbed by extraneous disasters. Therefore we stop our statistics for the United States at 1860, the year before the Civil War began, and for France before the calamitous war of 1870. In like manner, although with less cause, we stop the statistics for our own country at 1865, in consequence of the severe monetary crisis of 1866, with the subsequent years of commercial prostration,—and of India at the same point, when the great increase of the Council drafts, representing the national indebtedness of that country, took place.

The subjoined figures represent the ‘special’ trade of each country, i.e. exclusive of the transit-trade, in millions sterling:—

GREAT BRITAIN				FRANCE			
Year	Expts.	Impts.	Total	Year	Expts.	Impts.	Total
1850	71 $\frac{1}{3}$	115	186 $\frac{1}{3}$	1850	42 $\frac{1}{2}$	31 $\frac{1}{2}$	74
1855	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	122 $\frac{1}{2}$	218	1855	62 $\frac{1}{3}$	63 $\frac{3}{4}$	126
1860	136	182	318	1860	91	75	166
1865	166	218	384	1865	128	101 $\frac{1}{3}$	239 $\frac{1}{3}$
Increase (15 yrs.) = 106 per cent.				Increase (15 yrs.) = 224 per cent.			
INDIA				UNITED STATES			
Official Year	Expts.	Impts.	Total	Year	Expts.	Impts.	Total
1855-6	23	14	37	1850	27 $\frac{1}{3}$	32 $\frac{2}{3}$	60
1860-1	33	23 $\frac{1}{2}$	56 $\frac{1}{2}$	1855	49 $\frac{1}{3}$	46 $\frac{1}{2}$	96
1865-6	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	95	1860	74 $\frac{1}{2}$	67	141 $\frac{1}{2}$
Increase (10 yrs.) = 156 per cent.				Increase (10 yrs.) = 136 per cent.			

It here appears that, taking the total trade during the first year of each series as 1, the foreign trade of England in the next ten years rose to fully $1\frac{2}{3}$, that of France to rather more than 2, of the United States to $2\frac{1}{3}$, and of India to $2\frac{1}{2}$. And in the fifteen years subsequent to 1850, the foreign trade of England doubled, and that of France more than trebled.

In the more recent years, trade has been subjected to great extraneous disturbances. In the United States, owing to the Civil War, trade continued in a state of depression for eight years, not beginning to expand anew until 1869. French trade recovered from the effects of the German War after only two years of depression. The culminating point of the remarkable prosperity which followed 1850 was reached in the golden year 1873,—by which time we may state (without further encumbering our pages with statistical tables) the foreign trade of France, India, and the United States had quadrupled, and that of Great Britain fully trebled. The tide then turned, and all over the world trade has undergone a remarkable revulsion, actually retrograding in some countries, and stagnating in all.

In any general history of the last thirty years, great prominence must be given to the remarkable inventions which have signalised this period,—notably railways, the electric telegraph, and steam-navigation with its iron-built ships, besides the countless improvements in production effected by mechanical and chemical science. It is those manifold inventions which have been the primary agents in producing the great expansion of commerce. The discovery of the gold-mines was contemporaneous with a vast development of industrial power. The Railway Age had just commenced, and steam-navigation had begun to manifest its great capabilities. And thus, when the new supplies of gold came, the development of these new powers was instantaneous, and became progressive, while the electric telegraph soon came to lend its powerful aid to the movement. These agencies have been the creative force in the recent expansion of the world's commerce; and but for their operation, the new supplies of gold and silver would have been comparatively little needed, and, in so far as not needed, might not have been produced. Moreover, these new agencies of traffic and locomotion have given a rapid and wide diffusion to the produce of the mines, preventing a plethora or redundant accumulation of gold in the countries adjoining the mines. The flood of the precious metals which came across the Atlantic in the sixteenth century was poured only into Europe, or rather merely into some countries

of Europe ; whereas now the flood pours freely into every part both of Europe and America, while the surplus flows off rapidly to the other regions of the globe.

As regards our own country, the expansion of trade during the last thirty years, both at home and with foreign countries, has been greatly promoted by the Free Trade policy, which, by the abolition of the Navigation Laws and other measures, became complete almost contemporaneously with the discovery of the new gold-mines. Free Trade has vastly promoted the trade of our country, by abolishing some and reducing others of the duties upon foreign commodities. Such duties constitute an obstacle to imports ; they are an addition to the cost of foreign commodities as brought into our markets, and consequently they restrict the sale and use of them. Accordingly, since we abolished or reduced these customs-duties, foreign countries have had a greater inducement to send their produce, both raw and manufactured, to our markets ; and thus our system of Free Trade has tended to increase the foreign trade of other countries as well as our own. Unfortunately, the influence of Free Trade has played but a small part in the commercial progress of the world at large. No country but our own has yet adopted this commercial system. In fact, since 1850, when the recent expansion of international commerce began, protective tariffs in other countries have been at least as much in vogue as before, and, unfortunately, much more so in our own colonies, which have signalised their recently obtained power of self-government by adopting fiscal systems directly antagonistic to Free Trade. The system, in fact, is still in its infancy, but is destined to grow with the growth of the nations. International trade will be the prominent feature in the commercial future of the world ; and accordingly, one by one, the nations will come to see that all restrictions upon this form of trade should be abandoned. As regards our present subject, we need only remark that, had Free Trade not been confined to our own islands, a still wider field, or at least a still greater requirement, would have existed for the produce of the new mines, and that every extension of the Free Trade policy, by promoting international commerce, will bring the precious metals into greater demand.

At the same time it is important to observe that gold gave wings to the new agencies of traffic and production—that, but for the new mines, those manifold inventions would have been stunted from lack of the means of development, and commerce and production could not possibly have attained the remarkable expansion which has actually taken place. The new supplies of

gold have afforded new facilities to trade; and trade is illimitable with its opportunities. Every man desires to trade more, if he can do so at his previous rate of profit. And the two most important auxiliaries to trade are roads and money,—which things, in this respect, as Adam Smith long ago said, are substantially similar both in their character and functions. Roads are at first a subtraction from productive power: they occupy a portion of the land more or less capable of production, and also they absorb a certain amount of labour in their construction. In like manner the production of gold and silver absorbs an amount of labour in working the mines. But in both cases it is an expenditure which more than repays itself, by facilitating, and therefore cheapening, trade and production. An absolutely secluded district has no motive to produce more commodities of any kind than are sufficient for its own wants; hence a portion of its soil or of its labour may remain unemployed; and in no country is production carried (except temporarily and by miscalculation) beyond the demand, or limits of consumption. But in proportion as the means of conveyance and of exchange are supplied, not only does the trade of the district expand—exporting some commodities which are more valuable abroad than at home, and importing other commodities in return—but production also increases, in consequence of the new markets or demand which renders further production profitable. Thus there is more employment for the people, and more profits from production and commerce to pay for that employment. This increase of trade, or of exchanges, requires more money. As Adam Smith says, ‘a greater quantity of coin becomes necessary in order to circulate a greater number [or value] of commodities’—in other words, more trade. If this additional quantity of money is not obtainable, the greater circulation of commodities, or increased trade, is impossible. The means of exchange are as requisite as the means of conveyance. Since Adam Smith’s time, a vast economy of coin has been effected. Nowadays, the universal employment of bank-cheques in payments between individuals, and of the ‘clearing system’ in payments between the banks themselves, has immensely diminished the requirement for coin: indeed the fluctuating expansions and shrinkage of the vast fabric of credit, reared and resting like an inverted pyramid upon the coin, tend to obscure and at times override the variations in money itself. But, despite those changes, Adam Smith’s statement is as correct now as ever. Relatively to the banking and financial processes of each age, a greater circulation of commodities, more numerous or more valuable

exchanges of property—in short, more trade—requires a greater quantity of money. In practice, the operation is this: Trade is carried on largely, if not chiefly, by means of the credit-system, in the form of bills payable at fixed dates; the seller, on obtaining such a bill, gets it discounted at his bank, and employs the sum so received in carrying on his business. Suppose that payments in coin were alone in use: then, as trade and discounts increased, coin would become scarce in the banks, which thereupon would charge more for the use or loan of their coin; the merchant would find that the increased payment which he has to make for getting his bills discounted absorbs his profit on this extended trade; and so he learns to keep his operations within the limits which he finds profitable. Despite the employment of cheques, the process is exactly the same at the present day. As gold is withdrawn from the banks to carry on an extension of trade (notably, foreign trade), the banks raise the rate of discount; and merchants must regulate their operations accordingly, keeping their trade within profitable conditions. The new gold-mines have lightened this restriction upon commerce and industry. After 1850, the merchants and manufacturers of the Western world suddenly found that they had more scope for their operations. It was as if the working-hive of the world had become enlarged, and the busy occupants forthwith engaged in new or extended operations, such as previously had been beyond their reach.

Exactly the same thing occurred under similar circumstances in the fifteenth century. As David Hume remarked, ‘it is certain that since the discovery of the mines in America industry has increased in all the nations of Europe; and this may justly be ascribed, amongst other reasons, to the increase of gold and silver.’ And as a fact in general history he added, ‘We find that in every kingdom into which money begins to flow in greater abundance than formerly, everything takes a new face: the merchant becomes more enterprising, the manufacturer more diligent and skilful, and even the farmer follows his plough with greater alacrity and attention.’ Should an inattentive reader ask, in objection, ‘Why, then, the present depressed state of trade when our stock of gold is as large as ever?’ we would remind him, not merely that the annual supply of gold has greatly declined, but of the still more important point that money (as we have carefully stated), although a most potent auxiliary of trade, is not the primary or creative force. To use our own words, it ‘gives wings’ to trade: but trade can only exist in so far as there is the power

to produce and the means and desire to consume. In proportion as these are wanting, trade declines. A dead bird still has its wings, but it cannot fly.

It is quite true that a lack of money can be remedied without any addition to its quantity, by means of a rise in its value. Double the value of money, and its usefulness will be simultaneously doubled; and thereafter things will go on as before. This seems a very simple operation; and it seems a most natural thing that money, when it becomes scarce, should rise in value just as other commodities do. But we all know, as regards a scarcity of any commodity, that a rise of price tends to check itself, by checking the consumption or employment of the scarce commodity; and this is true to an unusual extent as regards money. The use of money is not like that of food—which at all times is indispensable at whatever price, while the extent of its use is determined imperatively by the number of mouths to be filled. The demand for money in trade (which furnishes the chief requirement for money) is checked in proportion as the advantages of employing it are lessened, and is stopped at the point where those advantages disappear. The hardships produced by a rise in the value of money are so great that the classes upon whose requirements the value of money chiefly depends—viz. the trading and producing classes—prefer to check those requirements so far as is possible, rather than suffer the diminution of their profits inseparable in the first instance from a rise in the value of money.

Even were it possible that the value of money could be raised simultaneously all over the world, the hardship of the change to the general community would be exceedingly great. Property of every kind, except that which exists in a moneyed form, would suffer a loss of value—a change which would injuriously affect 99 per cent. of any nation. But the value of money never changes, nor can be changed, simultaneously throughout the world—nay, not even in a single country. A rise in value affects one part of the money in a country after another; or, to speak more correctly, it affects in succession the various uses to which money is put. It is the loanable money—speaking roundly, the portion of money in the banks—upon which the change or scarcity first operates. Thereupon there is a rise in the Bank-rate, an increased charge upon the trading and producing classes. Next, if the scarcity continue, if the demand be not promptly checked, prices fall, which is a further loss to the industrial classes. By the rise of the Bank-rate, traders (using the word in its widest sense) have to carry on their business under an increased charge; by a fall

of prices they find their whole stock in hand, both goods and plant, reduced in value: and these two elements of loss, operating together, serve to reduce their credit, which may be the most serious hardship of all—the result being heavy loss, and in many cases ruin. A fall of wages occurs subsequently to a fall of prices. And it is not until the price of labour has thus fallen, and the value of money has been raised all round, with a commensurate reduction in the value of labour and commodities of all kinds, that the revolution is completed, and things can go on as before. This is a very costly remedy for a lack of ‘currency,’ or a country’s stock of money. It would be a transition-period during which commercial and industrial disaster prevailed in an acute form. And, of course, if the lack of currency were to be not merely a sudden and single event, but progressive, the period of disaster to the general community would be proportionately lengthened, proceeding by successive stages of disaster, as did actually happen for generations, or even for centurics, prior to the discovery of America.

These considerations explain, or reveal the cause of, the strange and hitherto unnoticed fact that there may be a scarcity of money, and a very considerable one, without any rise taking place in its ostensible value. A scarcity of money may, and to a considerable extent frequently does, operate not by a fall of prices, but by a restriction of the transactions upon which the value of money depends. There may be great losses and suffering, owing to an inadequate supply of money, without the cause becoming manifest in the ordinary way, viz. by a corresponding rise in the current value of money. The supply of the precious metals was vastly inadequate during the greater part of the first half of the present century; yet there was no corresponding fall of prices or rise in the ostensible value of money. The sign was to a great extent wanting, and the fact itself was little noticed. The whole period between 1810 and 1843, when the new gold from Russia began to be received in considerable quantity, was a famine-period of specie. Or take the twenty years between 1810 and 1830; the supply both of gold and silver then averaged only one-half of its previous quantity, while population and the requirement for profitable employment were greater than before. Under such circumstances, according to the common idea, there ought to have occurred a literally tremendous monetary revolution and fall of prices. Yet there was no great fall in prices, or in the ostensible value of money. But the universal distress was intense, remarkable, and at the time mysterious or inexplicable. Other causes, no doubt, co-operated in producing the distress, as some

circumstances tended to alleviate it ; but one chief and unmistakeable cause was the restriction of trade,* necessitated by the lack of money, and enhanced by the constant tendency (slightly accomplished) towards a fall of prices and in the value of labour and of realised property of all kinds. Obviously the scarcity of specie must have been very great when the produce of the mines was barely sufficient even to replace the wear and tear of the stock of coin in circulation.

Thus it is manifest that the theoretical doctrine (too often stated as a practical judgment) that it is a matter of no consequence what the supply of money may be, seeing that any deficiency in quantity can be remedied by a rise of value, is, as a matter of fact, entirely wrong ; and that, rather than submit to the loss or ruin inflicted by a high Bank-rate, together with a fall of prices, and in the value of all existing property, the classes whose operations create the chief requirement for money, accept the lesser calamity of stationary or restricted trade and production. The difference between money and all other commodities of universal use has not hitherto, in this respect, been sufficiently observed. Had grain fallen one-half in quantity, as gold and silver did in 1810-30, the price would have risen beyond all calculation. A very small decrease in the ordinary supply of food sends up the price in a geometrical ratio, or indeed, as in a besieged town, beyond all ratio. When money *must* be used to the ordinary previous extent—when a scarcity of it occurs abruptly, interrupting the ordinary course of business, and current engagements have to be met, *then* its value rises almost as exorbitantly as that of food during a dearth. For example, when the credit-system breaks down, as occurs during our great commercial and monetary crises, a peremptory requirement for more money arises ; and although this increased demand may not exceed three or four millions sterling (in notes and coin), the value of the part of the currency thus drawn upon—viz. the reserve or loanable portion—doubles and even trebles instantaneously : the Bank-rate rising from 3 to 6, 9, and even 10 or 12 per cent. in the course of a few weeks. Upon such occasions the trading classes have no time to contract their operations, and hence a dearth of money operates with full force, producing a corresponding rise in its value. But, we repeat, under ordinary circumstances, the transactions which produce a demand for money are to a large extent volun-

* Our exports in the bad year 1841 were no larger than they had been in 1815.

tary : it is a question of balanced advantages and disadvantages : ‘ Whether shall I gain or lose more by carrying on operations which enhance the value of money, or by abstaining from them, and thereby keeping money and my existing goods and property at their ordinary value ? ’ Doubtless the community do not usually reflect in this manner ; indeed there is nothing which so eludes general observation as a change in the value of money *per se* ; but such is the real character of the operation. The trader, whether merchant or producer, farmer or manufacturer, finds that he must keep his industrial enterprise, with its necessary loans or discounts, within certain limits, or else must pay more for these advances than his profits will bear, and also encounter a fall of prices which will reduce the value of his whole property, not merely his stock of goods or produce on hand, but his plant, factories, warehouses, &c.—in short, property in every shape except money itself—and with these, of course, a corresponding loss of credit ; and although the moneyed class benefit from such a change, they lose, like the general community, upon that portion of their wealth which does not exist in a moneyed form.

The special benefit derived from the new gold-mines was that they removed this incubus, this imperious restriction upon the world’s trade, using the word in its widest sense. The new gold, after adding California and Australia to the populated and trading countries of the globe, flowed into the banks, the reservoirs of money, thereby enabling the industrial classes to get increased discounts for carrying on an increased trade at no higher rate than before. This is an immense advantage to trade and production in all its forms—every increase of trade being profitable when conducted at no higher cost than before ; and this advantage has unquestionably occurred. Trade has increased enormously without any rise in the level of the Bank-rate, either in our own country or elsewhere. In this way, we repeat, the industrial energies of mankind have been freed from the restriction imposed by the dearth of the precious metals, which prevailed during the forty years previous to the discovery of the new gold-mines. How far the change in the value of money has gone beyond this, by producing a rise of prices, cannot readily be determined. The vicissitudes of trade and of commercial credit (which may arise from many different causes) of themselves potently affect prices, temporarily obscuring the effect of any change which may contemporaneously occur in the value of money *per se*. There is ground for believing that the rise of prices which took place between 1850 and 1873 was much more due to the expansion of credit,

consequent upon accumulating wealth and commercial prosperity, together with general hopefulness, than directly to the addition contemporaneously made to the stock of gold. In connexion with this question our limits only permit us to refer suggestively to a single fact or set of facts—and it is one to which adequate attention from this point of view has not hitherto been given. Moreover it has constituted one of the most interesting features of the new Golden Age, and on that account alone is worthy of notice in this article.

By far the most potent agent, and the most striking illustration, of the absorption of the produce of the new mines of gold and silver has been the trade with the East, and especially with India,—which of itself is one of the most notable commercial events during the last quarter of a century. It was in 1855, contemporaneous with the outset of our railway investments in India, that the Indian trade began largely and rapidly to expand, and to furnish a welcome outlet for the specie which had been accumulating in large quantities in the Western world during the previous four years. In the twenty years ending with 1854 the export of specie to India, as a natural result of the excess of its exports over its imports, had averaged less than 1,500,000*l.* per annum,—a drain which, trifling as it may now appear, was of no small importance in the old times, and served to restrict the trade between the Western world and the East. But thereafter the Indian trade expanded so rapidly, that in the course of the next twenty years (1855–74) the accumulated trade-balances in favour of India amounted to no less than 380,000,000*l.*,—60,000,000*l.* more than the old mines, both of gold and silver, as they existed in 1847, would have produced within an equal number of years. The portion of this enormous trade-balance which was paid to India in specie (as shown by the excess of India's imports of specie over her exports) was 240,000,000*l.*; and of this sum 162,000,000*l.* were paid in silver,—being about 40,000,000*l.* in excess of the entire produce of the silver-mines, both old and new, during these twenty years. In consequence, a large portion of the silver thus sent to India had to be obtained from the silver currency of France, and in other similar ways; the place of the silver so withdrawn from the Western world being readily filled from the produce of the new gold-mines. The remainder of this vast trade-balance during those twenty years was settled by drafts of our Government upon India (the ‘Council drafts’) to the extent of 113,000,000*l.*, and from other sources of which we have no statistics,—doubtless bills drawn here upon remittances from

private individuals in India. These facts show plainly that this great expansion of Indian trade could not have been carried on but for the vast supply of the precious metals from the new mines, together with the great increase which since 1861 has taken place in the indebtedness of the Indian Government to this country, as represented by the 'Council drafts.' It is also manifest that this great absorption of specie by India has been a most important, indeed the chief, agency which has maintained the value of money by finding employment for so large a portion of the produce of the new mines.* The production of both gold and silver from the *new* mines during these twenty years (1855-74) amounted to 340 millions sterling; deducting the 250 millions contemporaneously received by India, there remains only 90 millions, or 27 per cent. of the entire *new* supply, for the requirements of the rest of the world.†

Contemplating this fact, we cease to wonder at the non-realisation of the expected revolutionary fall in the value of money; the question rather is whether there can have been any such fall or rise of prices at all owing to a plethora of gold in the Western world during the period above referred to. That a rise of prices has occurred in this country is shown by the tables of prices which have been prepared, more or less independently, by several statisticians; but the question is, To what extent has this rise of prices been attributable to purely monetary causes, viz. a redundancy of the precious metals? The most striking feature in those tables is the remarkable effect upon prices produced purely from changes in the condition of trade, totally irrespective of any contemporaneous change in the produce of the mines. For example, between 1866 and 1868, in the course of eighteen months, prices fell fully 27 per cent.; and again, in the course of a single year, viz. between 1870 and 1871, prices rose fully one-tenth; in

* The important influence of the Eastern trade upon the value of money, as happily preventing a revolution of prices consequent upon a depreciation of the precious metals, was correctly observed and described by Mr. Patterson fourteen years ago. See 'The Economy of Capital,' pp. 41-2, and 50-1.

† The yearly produce of gold and silver at the beginning of 1848 is reckoned by M. Chevalier at about 18 millions sterling; but the ordinary and more correct estimate is 16 millions, which is the amount which we take as the produce of the old mines in the above statement. Of course, if M. Chevalier's estimate were adopted, the amount of the new gold and silver during these twenty years would have to be reduced by 40 millions, leaving only 41 millions not absorbed by India.

both cases without any change in the supply of the precious metals. As it is thus manifest that the grand operating factor upon prices has been, in short phrase, the 'state of trade'—prosperous trade raising, and depressed trade lowering, prices—we may remark that the *datum* in these tables, or the level by which the rise and fall of prices are fixed, is taken from a period (1845–50) during which the state of trade and general condition of the kingdom were more depressed than has been the case at any subsequent time—the present time not excepted. The period taken as the point of comparison included not merely a reaction or collapse (that of the railway panic) such as has characterised the subsequent periods of prosperity ending in disaster; it included also the Irish famine and general dearth throughout the kingdom, followed by the dire revolutions and wars which for two years convulsed the greater part of the Continent. The condition of this country, trade included, was much worse, as a whole, throughout the years 1847–50 than it is at present, and still worse than in any of the intermediate periods of trade-collapse—in 1857–8 and 1866–9; and on this account alone prices would naturally rule higher in the subsequent periods than in that which is taken as the *datum* in these tables.

In this country and generally it has been taken for granted that there has been of late years an absolute depreciation of silver, and that gold is simply maintaining its old value. When a Parliamentary Committee was appointed in 1876, the instructions of the House of Commons were 'to enquire and report 'upon the *causes* of the depreciation of silver, &c.'; and the Committee in their report adopt and proceed upon the assumption that the fall in the value of silver has been absolute, and not merely relative to gold. A very different conclusion, however, was arrived at by the Commission simultaneously appointed by the Congress of the United States. They maintained that there had been no depreciation of silver, and that the difference between the values of the two precious metals was owing to a rise in the value of gold. Upon this matter they reported as follows:—

'Changes in the relative value of gold and silver are entirely different from changes in their absolute value, or, in other words, their value as compared with all other things. Thus, one metal may have fallen greatly as compared with the other, and at the same time may not have lost, but may even have increased, in purchasing power. . . . In order to ascertain whether silver has fallen or gold risen since 1873, not relatively to each other, but relatively to all other things, a comparison must be made between general prices in gold and silver re-

spectively, then and now. Such a comparison would show that the purchasing power of gold has increased since then in all countries, and that the purchasing power of silver has decreased in none.'

Startling as this statement appeared at the time, there were even then many facts which tended to support the conclusion arrived at by the American Commission; and one of these was very strikingly brought under the notice of our Parliamentary Committee, although no reference is made to it in the Committee's report. The late Mr. Bagehot, an able thinker and careful enquirer, said, in answer to Mr. Fawcett (Q. 1377):—
 ‘ Gold will buy a great deal more silver than it used to do ; but the silver-prices in Calcutta have not been affected. Silver is not, as yet, depreciated in the East.’ Both of the facts comprised in this statement are perfectly in accordance with the evidence of the other witnesses. Silver is the sole currency of India, and prices in India have certainly not risen,—as they would have done had silver fallen in value in that country; on the contrary, there has been a great fall of prices in India. This was stated by all the witnesses who spoke upon this matter. Mr. R. W. Crawford (Q. 599) said, ‘ Prices have fallen very much in India ;’ and (Q. 589) he quoted cotton, the staple of Indian commerce, which had fallen upwards of 30 per cent., and saltpetre, which had fallen nearly one-half. Mr. Bagehot further expressed his opinion that the additions to the currency (silver) of India must be immense before that currency could fall in value even to the small extent of 2 per cent. And all of the witnesses personally acquainted with India gave it as their opinion that the Indian currency was still inadequate; which statement, if correct, shows that India could continue to receive additional supplies of silver without any diminution in the general value or purchasing power of that metal.

Thus, to say the least, silver had not fallen in value in India. And it is equally manifest that there had been a considerable diminution in the value of silver compared with gold. Mr. P. Campbell, for example, stated that in 1874 (as was the case previously), ‘ if any officer or civil servant were coming home, he could get a supply of sovereigns—say 100L.—at 10 rupees 10 annas to 10 rupees 12 annas each ; but by our last quotation (May, 1876) they would cost him 11 rupees 8 annas to 11 rupees 10 annas. That shows,’ he added, ‘ the difference that has taken place since 1874 in the value of the rupee as compared with the sovereign,’ or of silver relative to gold. Thus we find, from uncontested evidence given before the Committee, that Mr. Bagehot was

correct in his twofold statement—namely, that ‘silver is not ‘depreciated in the East,’ but that, nevertheless, ‘gold will ‘buy a great deal more silver than it used to do’—in other words, that there had been no depreciation of silver in India, but an appreciation of gold. And this is the view of the matter at present maintained by the Government of India.

The American Commission maintained that this state of matters was universal—in their own words, ‘that the purchasing power of gold has increased since 1873 in all countries, ‘and that the purchasing power of silver has decreased in ‘none.’ In support of this opinion they appealed to the general prices to show that the difference between the value of gold and that of general commodities was as great or greater than the difference between the value of gold and that of silver; that the value of silver, as measured by commodities, had not fallen in any country, but that gold had risen in value as measured alike in silver and in general commodities. We cannot accept this statement as absolutely correct, but we believe it would be substantially so were it qualified by saying that silver has not become depreciated in any country where it constitutes the standard currency,—as, for example, in India and the East generally.

We may observe that there is no difficulty in understanding how there may be a depreciation of silver in the Western world and no depreciation of that metal in the East. The common saying that ‘money finds its own level, like water,’ is quite correct; but neither water nor money can find a uniform level unless there be no impediments to its flow; and as regards both water and money, the impediments to their flow are almost endless. Take even the case of a river, which aptly parallels money employed in trade. The stream has a continuous course, ever tending towards a stable level; but if it meet with a natural gorge, or if too narrow a bridge be thrown across it, the water may accumulate largely and rise to a far higher level than that which lies on the other side. Even in Europe, both the purchasing power of money and its value on loan (the Bank-rate) constantly differ considerably in different countries. The Western world is the great silver-producing region, and the East is the chief silver-using and -absorbing region; and unless there be a perfectly free flow of silver, the precious metal may accumulate redundantly, and fall in value, in the West, while there is a scarcity of it in the East. It is only by the operations of trade and financial investment that specie can diffuse itself over the world. Before specie can flow into any country, however much it may be needed there, the

exports of merchandise must exceed not only the imports of merchandise, but also the national indebtedness, or the payments which the Government and private individuals have to make to other countries—which payments, in the case of India, are represented by the Council drafts and bills drawn upon private remittances. The recent large increase in the amount of these drafts has created a great obstruction to the flow of specie to India, and it is only since that increase took place that silver has become redundant in the Western world. Until within the last half-dozen years the large trade-balance perpetually in favour of India, together with our railway investments in that country, sufficed to drain off both gold and silver from the West to such an extent as to leave no redundancy of either of these metals in the Western world; but the increased amount of the Council drafts narrows the conduit, and has mainly contributed to produce the accumulation of silver here, and its fall in value, at all events as measured by gold.

Within the last few months it is becoming acknowledged in this country that the American Commission of 1876 was substantially right, and that gold is becoming scarce. This view of the matter might be arrived at upon *à priori* grounds; because the produce of the mines has greatly declined of late years, while the trade of the world is larger than it was when this decline began. After 1860 the yield of gold declined to the extent of one-fourth from what it was in 1852-7; and since 1870 it has averaged barely two-thirds of that original yield. But between the fact of gold becoming ‘scarce’ in the sense in which we here use the word—namely, relatively to the potential requirements of the world’s trade—and an actual fall of prices in consequence of a want of gold, there is (as we have shown) a wide interval; nor do we see in the recent fall of prices any proof that the scarcity of gold has been in any degree an operating cause. Yet we confidently believe that as soon as trade revives, the scarcity of gold will make itself felt very seriously in a tightening of the money-market and elevation of the Bank-rate,—in which shape, as it seems to us, a scarcity of money must first show itself.*

Accepting the statement that gold is becoming scarce, what

* The Bank-rate being simply a percentage is no indication of the value of the currency under ordinary circumstances. Four per cent. is four per cent., whether in gold or in depreciated ‘greenbacks.’ But when a change of value is in progress, it usually operates on the Bank-rate first, and until prices have reached their new level—plentiful money transiently lowering the rate, and a scarcity of money raising it.

follows? Manifestly there must have been a prior period during which the supply was just equal to the actual demand. According to our views, this period might be a long one; but, taking for this state of equilibrium the shortest period that can possibly be assigned to it, it may be held that if gold began, however slightly, to be scarce in 1873, the prior period of equilibrium must at least go back to about 1865 or 1866.

Now it is a fact, clearly shown by the official statistics of Indian trade,* that during the eleven years ending with 1865 India received no less than 176 millions of specie, while the entire produce of the new mines (the addition to the produce of the gold and silver mines as they existed in 1847) was 190 millions; so that India during the years 1855–65 absorbed no less than 92 per cent. of the new supplies of the precious metals, leaving only 14 millions for the use of the rest of the world. We think this fact may well induce a reconsideration of the matter by those writers who have attributed the rise of prices to a redundancy of specie. Is it conceivable that a mere addition of 14,000,000*l.* to the ordinary or previous supply of Europe and America, and spread over eleven years, should have produced the fall in the value of money which some writers have attributed to the new gold-mines? If the question be reconsidered, and the manifest influence of the 'state of trade' upon prices be taken into proper account, we think it will become recognised that it is this latter cause that almost alone has been operating since 1854. The gold-mines struck off the fetters on trade, allowing of a vast expansion of commerce and production; an extraordinary accumulation of wealth and lending-power ensued, together with general prosperity and hopefulness, which induced the fullest possible use of the augmented capital and lending-power. Credit of itself is equivalent to more money; and when the powers of credit and also the motive to use them freely were augmented, the effect must have been the same as a contemporaneous increase of the currency. The potency of money, in short, was augmented; and we prefer to assign the ever-fluctuating rise of prices to this cause and to the general increase of material prosperity, rather than to the addition of 14 millions of specie between 1854 and 1866, or to a total addition of 90 millions of new gold and silver to the stock of these metals in the Western world between 1854 and 1876.

But there was a brief prior epoch, notably in 1852, when all

* See 'Report of Committee on Depreciation of Silver,' Appendix, p. 170.

the signs were present which naturally indicate a coming fall in the value of money; and, as stated in a previous article,* it was *then* chiefly, if not only, that we believe that the new gold-mines directly, or *per se*, produced a fall in the value of money. At that time the existing stock of the precious metals was at its smallest, so that any addition to the stock would affect its value to a greater extent than subsequently; the produce of the mines, also, was then at its maximum, so that the annual addition thus made to the stock was larger than at any subsequent time; and, further, the influx of gold occurred very suddenly, while trade required, and took, some time before it could expand and avail itself of its new opportunities. The new supply of gold in 1852 visibly affected the value of money. We agree with Mr. Jevons in thinking that the preceding period of commercial depression ended with 1850, when (December 26) the Bank-rate, which had stood at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for thirteen months, was raised to 3 per cent., at which point it remained throughout 1851. But in January 1852, when the new gold was arriving in large quantity, the rate was lowered to $2\frac{1}{2}$, and in April to 2 per cent. (for the first time), although a revival of trade was in progress. Consols also throughout that year (1852) stood above par, and touched 102—the highest price ever reached.† A lowered Bank-rate during a time of progressive trade certainly indicates an addition to the stock of money, of which the Bank of England is our great reservoir and source of supply. And Mr. Jevons's table of prices shows a very remarkable rise of no less than 17 per cent. in 1852, and a further rise of 10 per cent. in 1853—a fall of 27 per cent. in the value of money in the course of two years. But in 1853, despite the continued influx of new gold, the requirement for money became equal to the supply. In that year our foreign trade (of which alone we have statistics) increased by 15 per cent. above its amount in the previous year,—the largest proportionate increase which has since then occurred, except in 1856, when the increase was almost 20 per cent.; but in 1855 there had been a fall of 4 per cent. in the amount of our trade, whereas in 1852 there had been a rise of 1 per cent. Moreover, in 1853, credit was not 'inflated' or carried beyond its means of support, as happened in 1856–7, and in 1865–6 and 1872–3; so that the rise of prices in 1852–3 may

* See our last Number, p. 24.

† The only other time when Consols rose to par was in 1844, when the gold in the Bank of England was greatly increased by the produce of the new Russian mines.

with certainty be attributed in a great degree to the new gold-supplies. In 1854-5 there ensued the export of specie to Turkey in connexion with the Crimean War; at the same time our railway investments in India began, and the Indian trade entered upon that unparalleled expansion, with the remarkable attendant absorption of specie, of which we have already spoken. In this manner employment was created for the large new supplies of gold, which thereafter, as it seems to us, exhausted their force simply in maintaining (down to recent years) the monetary level which had been reached at the outset—the higher prices occasionally reached afterwards, notably in 1864-5, being due to inflations of credit beyond its proper basis of support. And now we have got back to the old level of prices which prevailed previous to the gold-discoveries.

What we have especially desired to show, in this review of the effects of the great gold-discoveries, is, how much the country can benefit from new supplies of the precious metals, and how much it has actually benefited, simply from the new supplies feeding the banks (speaking roundly), and allowing of their meeting the enlarged and constantly enlarging monetary requirements of trade and of the general community without raising their charges, or the rate of interest, beyond its ordinary level. A low rate of interest is always highly beneficial, provided it be produced by an increase in the supply of money, and not from a diminution in the requirements for money, owing to a collapse or stagnation of trade. Unfortunately the latter cause has been by far the most frequent of occurrence, but the former cause was undoubtedly the operating one in 1852 and the first half of 1853. When money becomes redundant in this manner—positively, and not merely negatively—the first effect is to produce a lower Bank-rate, whereby the trading and industrial classes are enabled to carry on their business to the ordinary extent at less cost, and therefore with larger profits. But it is still more profitable for them to extend their business, so long as the increased monetary requirements, so created, do not exceed the supply; and this expansion of trade, under such circumstances, always takes place,—the result being to bring back the Bank-rate to its previous and ordinary level. And there the effect of an influx of specie may stop, as we think it did in the recent case; and certainly we have never had a low Bank-rate since 1852 except during periods of trade collapse and severe general depression. Such, then, as it seems to us, has been the chief and happy monetary feature presented during the recent Golden Age; just as the opposite side of the same truth was exhibited during the generation

prior to the gold-discoveries. In both periods there was some change of prices, especially in the recent period ; but in both cases the change of prices was by far the inferior phenomenon and agent : the scarcity of money in the former period chiefly operated in producing a restriction of trade, while the recent plentifulness of money wellnigh exhausted its beneficial force in sustaining the vast expansion of trade which has occurred all over the world.

Whatever may be the case with silver, it is manifest that there is at present no depreciation of gold ; but, with a view to possible eventualities, it is well to bear in mind that both gold and silver may fall greatly in value while the world still continues to benefit from the mines. Such a fall would show that the produce of the mines was increasing more rapidly than the expansion of commerce ; it would not necessarily show that the supply of money was in excess of the requirement of mankind. The requirement would be less intense, the benefit from the mines would be smaller than at present, and the profits of the mining companies would be reduced ; but under no circumstances which appear to us probable would the fall become so great that the requirement for gold and the benefit from the mines would wholly cease ; while the cost of working the mines imposes an abiding check upon a fall in the value of their produce,—in which respect such money (specie) differs entirely from Government note-issues, the possible depreciation of which is illimitable.* Indeed, stating the case theoretically, it may be said that, however great may be the fall in the value of gold, the world will continue to benefit from the mines so long as the *value* of the total quantity of gold-coin in the world continues to be somewhat (however little) greater than before ; for then its purchasing power, or usefulness as money, will still continue to increase, proportionately facilitating commerce and thereby favouring production and the employment of labour generally. For example, if the metallic currency of a country be increased from 100,000,000*l.* to 150,000,000*l.*, while the value of the coins declines 10 per cent. (i.e. to the extent of 15,000,000*l.*), the value and purchasing-power or general usefulness of the entire currency would be 135,000,000*l.*, or one-third greater than before. Moreover, so long as prices are rising, traders find their goods constantly increasing in value,

* As we trust is obvious to the reader, the word 'money' throughout this article means the standard metallic money (either gold or silver, or in some countries both) or notes convertible into that money on demand.

yielding larger profits; and they continue to profit in this manner until the rise is completed, and the value of money becomes stationary at its new level. Nor is it necessary that there should occur a reaction, during which traders would suffer as much from the ebb of money as they benefited from the rise. For example, in the middle of the seventeenth century when the long rise of prices ceased, no downward movement ensued; the level of prices which had been reached was thereafter maintained. The rate of interest in Europe, also, which had fallen to one-half of what it was at the time when the New World was discovered, continued at this lower point. The explanation of these facts being, that thereafter the requirements of trade kept pace with the produce of the mines. And thus the long period of rising prices proved a blessing to the nations, and served to start modern Europe on its bright path of industrial progress and prosperity.

There is a practical criterion, however, in this question which is absolutely decisive. It may be affirmed with perfect confidence that so long as the mines continue to be worked the world will continue to be benefited by their produce. Gold-mining, like other branches of industry, will cease when it ceases to be profitable; and so long as gold-mining is remunerative, it is manifest that gold must be in efficient demand. Nothing is produced by labour without a demand for it. Earth may bear her fruits, and Nature may supply air and water, beyond and irrespective of the existing requirements of mankind; but it is actual and immediate requirements which alone create the productions of human labour. The very fact, then, of the mines being worked will be a proof that the world is benefiting by them. Also, were gold to increase in quantity, or from any cause fall in value, to such an extent as to render further supplies of it useless, this result, under the present circumstances of the world, would be reached by exceedingly slow gradations, and the indications of its coming would be unmistakably manifest throughout several generations before its actual occurrence. The poorest, or least workable, of the mines would be abandoned first; and the world would hear of the closing of mines first in one quarter and then in another, until at length the working of all of them would be abandoned.

Such a result, however, so long as the world uses gold as money, appears to us inconceivable. Gold will always find a market. Mankind have never yet been able to devise a means or material of general or universal acceptance as money save gold and silver; nor is there any visible probability of these metals being superseded as currency, at least in the inter-

national payments of commerce. Gold, or gold and silver together, is at present as indispensable to international commerce as bread is to life. And just as one can hardly conceive of the world having too much bread, so it is difficult, as a practical matter, to conceive of the world having too much of the material which chiefly constitutes money, just as bread, ‘the staff of life,’ is the chief constituent of food. Moreover, food in every form is perishable, whereas gold is the most enduring of all substances: hence, were there to happen a plethora of gold, as in a few places there may be a plethora of wheat, gold has this advantage, that while food, when temporarily superabundant, perishes, the precious metal remains, and comes into use when the temporary cessation of demand has passed. Also, being neither perishable nor bulky, gold is readily transferable to wherever it is wanted. In short, under the existing circumstances of civilisation, gold is always sure of finding a market, and can be readily conveyed thither. The production of a commodity which has thus almost the whole world for a market is not easily suppressed; and there can be no doubt that the mines, if remaining productive, would continue to be worked for long after the precious ore had vastly declined from its present value.

At the present time, after thirty years' experience of the new mines, and when prices stand at an unusually low level, no one thinks of reviving the gloomy calculations which were current at the outset of the gold-discoveries, or of repeating the prediction of social disaster so vividly pictured by M. Chevalier in 1858. But it is a fact far too little noticed that State policy or legislation is constantly, in one part of the world or another, making revolutionary reductions in the value of money more serious than any which are to be apprehended from the operations of Nature. It is the *suddenness* of any fall in monetary value which constitutes almost the only bad effect of such a change; for if the change take place gradually, the moneyed class who would be affected by it have time to make alterations in their investments whereby the difficulty or hardship may be obviated. But whether as regards suddenness, or extent, or frequency of occurrence, no change in the value of money produced by an increased supply of the precious metals, has equalled, or is ever likely to equal, those monetary revolutions which State policy is constantly producing even in some of the leading countries of the world. We need not go back to the memorable issue of assignats by the Revolutionary Government of France at the end of last century, which produced the most tremendous revolution in the

value of money in any country ever recorded in history,—the assignats falling in 1796 to only a thousandth part of their original and nominal value. The present generation have witnessed a remarkable revolution of a similar kind during the recent Civil War in the United States, when the ‘greenback,’ or State paper-money, fell to little more than one-third of its original value; and it is only now, after the lapse of sixteen years, that the currency of the United States has gradually regained its old and ordinary value. Moreover, the same process, although on a smaller scale, is to be seen in present operation in not a few of the countries of Europe—notably in Russia, Austria, and Italy, where the issue of inconvertible paper-money by the State has more or less seriously depreciated the currency. Such changes, we repeat, which are really of common occurrence, usually affect prices and the value of money generally in the countries where they are made, more suddenly and seriously than any change which has been produced in the world by the discovery of mines of the precious metals.

The peculiar, or at least exceptional, circumstances of the present time—the depression which has so unexpectedly overtaken the trade of the world after a period of abundant gold and of remarkable industrial expansion, and the unusually long time the depression has lasted—may remind the ‘pessimists’ of our day of what appears to have been the course of affairs three centuries ago, and of an influence which may equally operate under present circumstances. When the discovery of new mines of gold or silver occurs after a period of monetary starvation or inadequate supply of the precious metals—as was the case in 1848, and still more so in 1500—it is natural that commerce should expand with exceptional rapidity. The latent or only partially developed agencies of industrial enterprise (which in 1848 were railways, steam-navigation, &c.) burst into full action; while the general excitement and elation of spirits, always accompanying gold-discoveries, of themselves give an impetus to commerce and production; so that the requirement for gold may fully keep pace with the new supplies. Thus a fall in the value of money, instead of necessarily taking place at the outset of the new supplies of gold, may possibly not occur until a considerable time afterwards, as the expansion of the world’s commerce, or of the general requirements for specie, becomes outstripped owing to the continued productiveness of the mines and the ever-growing accumulation of the precious metals. As soon as the new agencies and inventions, which were lying latent (so to speak)

at the time of the discovery of the mines, and which the new gold-supplies helped to bring into active operation, have done their best, and produced their full effect upon industrial enterprise, the growth of the world's trade will usually, and indeed certainly, proceed less rapidly; and so the requirement for gold may ere long be outstripped by the supply.

Apparently, if not undoubtedly, such was the case in the only parallel to the present gold-discoveries which history records. Upon the discovery of the New World by Columbus, the flood of silver and gold began to pour into Europe at the beginning of the sixteenth century, yet it was not until seventy years thereafter (A.D. 1570) that any noticeable effect took place in the value of money. That most careful and judicious of enquirers, Adam Smith, whose statements upon this subject have been verified and approved by all subsequent investigators, says: 'The discovery of the mines of America does not seem to have had any very sensible effect upon the prices of things in England till after 1570; though even the mines of Potosi had been discovered more than twenty years before.' Messrs. Tooke and Newmarch say that 'the first manifestation of a great and decisive rise is in 1571-80, or perhaps 1561-70; and the intrinsic rise of prices then occurring was about 100 per cent. over the prices of the immediately preceding periods.' That is to say, in 1570, prices suddenly became double what they had previously been. The subsequent circumstances attending that vast change in the value of money were equally remarkable and instructive. 'Between 1630 and 1640, or about 1636,' says Adam Smith, 'the effect of the discovery of the mines of America in reducing the value of silver' (the standard money of the time) 'appears to have been completed; and the value of that metal seems never to have sunk lower, in proportion to that of corn, than it was about that time. It seems to have risen somewhat (that is to say, prices have fallen) in the course of the present century—say 1700-1750—and it had probably begun to do so even some time before the end of the last.' What is truly remarkable in connexion with this statement (which is fully supported by subsequent authorities) is, that the value of money should have remained stationary after 1640, although the annual supply of the precious metals continued to increase in a vast proportion—the supply during the century from 1700 to 1800 having been more than double what it was in the previous century, when prices reached their maximum. Indeed, as Adam Smith states, prices actually began to decline—i.e. the value of money began to rise again—

after A.D. 1700, and down to the time at which he wrote. Thus the experience of the great Silver Age of Europe (which, be it remembered, differed from the present Golden Age in this, that the new supplies of specie were progressive in quantity, whereas at present the supplies have been stationary at their initial amount) may be summed up thus: That a lifetime elapsed before any fall in the value of money occurred; that the change then set in suddenly and to an enormous extent, the value of money falling one-half; that, in the course of another lifetime, prices rose rapidly until they were three and a half times as much as they were in A.D. 1500, a fall of fully 70 per cent. in the value of money; and that thereafter prices remained stationary, or in fact began to decline, although the annual supply of the precious metals gradually became twice as great as before.

In one respect it seems as if the world were now repeating upon a small scale the experience of the great Silver Age, three centuries ago. Only the world moves faster now—the operation of causes is more rapidly developed and completed; so that what took some seventy years in the former case has run its course now in half that time. The increase of commerce in the sixteenth century, including that with the New World, and the accompanying increase of production and wealth, paralleled the recent expansion of trade produced by railways and steam-navigation, and the rapid accumulation of capital witnessed during the last quarter of a century. We have no trade-statistics for those old times, but we may conjecture that in the latter part of the sixteenth century the impetus from the discovery of the New World became exhausted—that trade ceased to expand; and then the increasing supplies of the precious metals, outstripping the requirement for them, produced the memorable fall in the value of money. What is the aspect of the world at present? A universal ‘depression’ of trade—not a serious decline, but a total absence of progression; while the absorption of gold in the currencies of Europe, in lieu of silver, has been for the present completed. Nevertheless, even if the present depression were to be much prolonged (which we cannot think will be the case), the other part of the parallel between now and three centuries ago does not hold good; and hence we have escaped, and shall continue to escape, the tremendous revolution in the value of money which marked the crisis of the Silver Age. Three centuries ago (in 1570) the annual supply of the precious metals from the mines was steadily on the increase, and it continued to increase for two centuries thereafter—down, in

fact, to 1800. At present, on the other hand, the supply of the precious metals, gold and silver together, is stationary, or somewhat less than it has been; while the supply of gold, which is now the predominant metal in the Western world, is two-thirds (or fully 10,000,000*l.*) short of what it was between 1851 and 1858. In short, the supply of gold has fallen off to a greater extent than trade and production have done.

Like most other unexpected phenomena or events, the present severe and gradually increasing depression of trade appeared at first wellnigh inexplicable. And even now the prevalent explanation is very unsatisfactory. It consists simply in making a catalogue of all the adverse events and circumstances throughout the world,—heedless of the fact that many of the most adverse of those events have in past times co-existed with a brisk or even highly prosperous condition of trade in this country. For example, as regards foreign troubles,—the great Civil War in the United States did not prevent prices being at their very highest in this country in 1863–4; and again, trade advanced ‘by leaps and bounds’ during the Franco-German war of 1870–1. The real explanation of the present depression of trade, we think, may be found without going far afield, and invoking causes more or less imponderable. No doubt there was one world-wide cause, which underlies the whole matter,—namely, that the limits of the ‘consuming power’ had been reached in 1873. As Lord Derby has reminded his Lancashire hearers, however many stockings might be produced in the mills, every man has only two legs. And he might have added, that however much people may desire to have more stockings, or any other commodity, there is a bottom to every man’s pocket. The world has not yet refound the purse of Fortunatus.

But the directly operating cause of the present depression was this:—Elated by the high prices and general prosperity of the years 1872–3, and believing these would last, our industrial and trading classes made preparations for a great extension of business. Coal and iron were at fabulous prices; every man who happened to possess or hold on lease a coal-pit was regarded as a millionnaire. Accordingly scores of new coal-pits were sunk and iron-furnaces and iron-works were erected or extended,—operations of a most costly character. In like manner, new mills and factories of all kinds were built, and fitted up with the newest and most costly machinery. All this involved a vast sinking of capital. Yet even before the year 1873 came to an end, difficulties began. The crisis in the money-market in November 1873 was significant of evil; yet

the warning was but slightly regarded. Then the fall of prices began, and has continued; but still it was thought to be but a passing decline. Then came a succession of bad harvests; but bread remained as cheap as before, and it was dear bread only, according to the old ideas, that made bad harvests disastrous to trade,—the loss of wealth by the great agricultural class (which did not usually occur from bad harvests in the corn-law times) being overlooked. The loss of wealth, also, from the failure of so many Foreign Loans was very serious. The chief source of the mischief was that nobody would take warning. For a quarter of a century, ever since the new gold-supply came pouring into the world, industrial prosperity and high prices had been the rule. The trade-depression which followed the crisis of 1857 had lasted only for a year; that which followed the severer crisis of 1866 (the worst since 1826) was over within three years; and compared with either of those crises, that of 1873 appeared a bagatelle. Why, then, should not trade speedily revive, and progress successfully as before? It is this persistent hopefulness, based upon misleading premises, that has peculiarly aggravated the present distress. The banks took exactly the same view of the matter. Their customers had made heavy losses; true, but trade (they thought) was certain to revive immediately,—all that was needed was to support those embarrassed firms, so as to tide them over their difficulties, and then all would be well, and the loans to the banks would be repaid with interest. This, in brief, is the story both of the present depression of trade, and of those tremendous bank-failures which have spread the most dismal distress over Scotland and a considerable area of England also.

We appear to be at the end of one commercial epoch and on the threshold of another. It is an interval during which, under the sharp sting of necessity, of lessened and in some cases vanished profits, our producing classes are stimulated to improve and cheapen production, while all classes are taught to revise their scale of living, now that the Golden Age is, for the present at least, at an end. But that trade will revive and expand anew—probably in a greater degree than ever—we cannot doubt. The normal condition of all civilised countries is to increase in trade and production. And unquestionably the chief feature of the future, even more than in the epoch now closed, will be a growth of the international relations of mankind,—all countries coming together more and more as one trading community. Domestic trade, of course, will likewise increase, but it is in international enterprise that the

special field for increased trade and production will be found ; and that is the very field in which supplies of the precious metals are most needed. China, although ‘opened’ to the knowledge of the West, still remains secluded from the commerce of the world ; and probably the development of the trade with China will be a more remarkable and advantageous feature of the new epoch than that of India has recently been. So vast a change from the ancient *régime* of isolation cannot be accomplished suddenly ; despite the most favourable conditions of Chinese policy and legislation, so vast an Empire can only be opened to commerce gradually ; but when the four hundred millions of the Chinese nation freely become part of the trading community of the world, the field of commerce will be as greatly widened as if a new continent had been discovered.

The broad features of the present commercial position were ably stated by M. Léon Say a few months ago. Speaking of the great project of public works for the purpose of developing the resources of France—the projected network of railways and canals, combined with improved harbours for foreign trade—the Minister of Finance said at Calais in September last :—

‘ If you take a glance at the economical history of our century, you will see that it is divided into several periods, which correspond, each of them, to a space of time about twenty-five years. You have all seen the extraordinary development of trade and commerce during the past twenty-five years. It is evident to me that we are now at the end of this third period. There is a kind of preparation in the world for a change, a renewal ; the world is unwell. We are witnessing a stoppage in the general consumption, and perhaps great changes in the routes of commerce. The crisis through which we are passing is universal. It exists on the other side of the Channel and across the Atlantic, and, if we could pierce through the terrestrial globe, we should find the same crisis at the Antipodes. Happily, illnesses do not last ; otherwise humanity, which has so often suffered, would exist no longer. We are, therefore, about to enter on a fourth period ; and it is the duty of the Government, as it is the duty of the great manufacturers of this country, to prepare everything so as to make our entrance advantageously. We require tools to work with ; we must prepare to develope more and more our relations with the different nations of the globe. They who think that a country, nowadays, can shut itself up belong to another century. To-day we are in the midst of a crisis, of a fall of prices, and some persons are going about saying we shall never get out of it. But take courage : let us pass through our present trials with energy, and rest assured we shall get out of them some day.’

How long the present depression of trade may last, no one can say ; but, so far as is indicated by existing circumstances, there is not likely to be any fall in the value of gold. Indeed, the indications point the other way. Since the trade of the

world has vastly expanded since 1860, while the gold-supply has in the interval greatly declined, and at present, if not slightly declining, at least shows no sign of increase—it may reasonably be inferred that the value of gold will rise when trade resumes its normal rate of progression. But, as already explained, when gold (or the standard money of any country) becomes scarce compared with the requirements of trade, the mercantile community soon learns to regulate its operations accordingly, keeping them within profitable limits ; and in so far as this takes place, there will (except momentarily) be no rise in the value of money. In fact, there may be a potential rise in the value of gold without any actual or established rise as shown by general prices. But anyhow, whenever a scarcity of gold makes itself felt, the change will operate first upon the loanable portion of money ; in other words, it will cause a rise of the Bank-rate.

But although we hold, as must be seen from the foregoing observations, that an ample supply of gold is an essential condition of the trading activity of the world, and that it tends to promote that activity, it certainly does not cause it, when other and more powerful causes are in abeyance. At this moment we have before our eyes the singular spectacle of the vaults of the Bank of England gorged with 32 millions of gold coin and bullion, a sum exceeding the total issue of bank-notes now in circulation, notwithstanding the depression of trade; indeed, the gold is probably there because there is at the present time no adequate commercial demand for it. But this is a state of things that cannot last. In all parts of the world, even in Europe and America, and still more in China and India, there is a great want of metallic currency ; and in proportion as China abandons her exclusiveness, and commerce penetrates the interior of that vast and populous country, a further and long-lasting drain of specie to the East will certainly ensue, relieving the Western world of its accumulating stock of gold and silver. It is worthy of notice that one important cause of the cessation of the enormous fall in the value of money after 1640 was the newly opened trade with Asia. The discovery of the Cape of Good Hope gradually led to the establishment of a sea trade with India, while the cessation of the intolerant rule of the Saracens in South-western Asia permitted the Venetians and others to carry on a land trade through Syria and the valley of the Euphrates. It is needless to say that gold and silver have now immensely vaster means of diffusing themselves than in the old times, while the requirements of the East for the precious metals are

probably as great as ever. But it is only through international trade that these wants can be satisfied. However great may be the requirement of many countries for a metallic currency, or for specie generally, such wants can only become effective through the operations of international commerce and finance. A specie-requiring country, like India or China, must make its exports of merchandise exceed not only its imports of merchandise, but also the amount of its national indebtedness, before it can obtain permanent additions to its stock of the precious metals, whether for currency or for the ornaments so greatly in vogue among Eastern peoples. But it is especially in this specie-requiring branch of industry—viz., international trade—that the progress of the future lies, and in which the doubtless impending revival of production will seek an outlet.

- ART. VIII.—1. *William Cobbett*: a Biography. By EDWARD SMITH. London: 1878.
2. *Selections from Cobbett's Political Works*. By JOHN M. COBBETT and JAMES P. COBBETT. In six volumes. London: 1835.
3. *Rural Rides*. By WILLIAM COBBETT. New Edition. London: 1853.

MR. EDWARD SMITH would have succeeded better as a biographer had he admired his hero less, and appreciated him more. Cobbett was the best abused man of his generation. Mr. Smith has sought to redress the wrong done to his merits by accepting his own estimate of his demerits. Happily a biographer of Cobbett is compelled to draw upon Cobbett himself for facts. If a biography is to be an apology, it is well to have the defence at first hand. In Mr. Smith's volumes Cobbett for the most part speaks for himself. Mr. Smith has sifted an autobiography out of a library of dead political controversies. Praise is due to him for the affectionate industry which the work throughout displays. The more is it to be regretted that the comments in which Cobbett's own remarks are set should be very frequently more generous than just to him, and neither just nor generous to his opponents. A less heinous, but at the same time less tolerable, offence is Mr. Smith's singular diction. The master of a style rapid, pointed, and bright, is travestied by a running fire of observations oracular and grandiloquent. Paragraphs start with sentences in which a participle is the only verb. A system of punctuation

is adopted which is always springing a colon or a semicolon on the reader. Humour is supposed to be displayed in describing the Prince Regent as 'the first gent.' Generally language and thought alike execute contortions in which Cobbett himself would have found a richer treasure of grammatical warnings than in his whole collection of king's English.

Mr. Edward Smith's faults of manner and judgment will not be without their use if they induce his readers to turn from him to the shelves on which repose the forgotten volumes of the 'Political Register.' There only can their extraordinary editor be properly studied. In tracing Cobbett's character the historical enquirer will find that he is tracing, as he no otherwise could, the innermost meaning of English politics from the war of the French Revolution to the first Reform Act. Not a measure was debated in Parliament, not a treaty was negotiated in the Foreign Office, but Cobbett claimed to assist as the self-appointed representative of English popular rights. He seated himself like a Roman tribune by the senate doors, and protested if he could not veto. The student of Cobbett is led by him into the recesses of national policy and individual character. His criticisms of acts and motives are often as far as possible from being equitable or right. Anyone who obediently followed the 'Register's' estimates of public transactions and public men would soon find his political principles in a whirl. Cobbett does not solve political problems—far from it; but his blunders are more instructive than the wisest answers. If he does not bring down his birds, he is, at any rate, an incomparable pointer for showing where they are lying. Over all the long strife which issued in the Act of 1832 he interposes his own passionate personality. His astounding egotism is like quicksilver for its power of blending with all, and separating into its several elements whatever it touches. A first introduction to the hundred volumes of 'Peter Porcupine' and the 'Weekly Political Register' may inoculate the student with the writer's own belief that in an age of bloodthirsty Jacobins, overreaching Americans, and jobbing or stolid Englishmen, William Cobbett was the one incorruptibly wise and fearlessly benevolent politician. That sentiment will be cyanescence with natures less emotional than that of Mr. Edward Smith. When, however, the hero has ceased to be one to his reader, the time spent in studying him will yet not seem to have been lost. The curiosity aroused by the idiosyncrasies of an individual character will be not unwillingly transferred to the social and political enigmas which a perfect self-confidence convinced Cobbett that he alone had the wit and the integrity to guess.

Cobbett had the self-made man's fondness for describing the steps of his rise, and a born writer's art of narration. In every pamphlet he penned there are touches of the most vivid autobiography. His origin and early life he related to prove to American controversialists that, if he attacked democracy, it was from no prejudices of aristocratic blood or associations. It is delightful to think of Cobbett finding it necessary to demonstrate that he was not reared a gentleman. His grandfather had worked for one employer from the day of his marriage to that of his death, upwards of forty years. His father was a Farnham farmer, who had raised himself from the grade of a day labourer. He had learned some mathematics and land-surveying. What he knew he taught his children. Still more of their schooling was in the fields. Cobbett declared he never remembered the time when he did not earn his living. His father used to boast that his four boys, from fifteen years of age downwards, did as much work as any three men in Farnham parish.

When the supply of farm employment failed, William Cobbett worked in the Bishop of Winchester's gardens at Farnham Castle. That led to an experience which gave his tastes a curiously anticipatory bent towards controversial literature. A gardener fresh from Kew Gardens, by his account of their horticultural splendours, fired the imagination of the lad of eleven. Next morning, without a word, he started for Kew with sixpence halfpenny for his fortune. Twopence spent on bread and cheese, a penny on small beer, and a half-penny lost, brought him to Richmond with threepence in his pocket for supper and lodging. His eyes suddenly fell on a little volume in a bookseller's window, 'Tale of a 'Tub,' price threepence. He spent his board and lodging on the book with the odd title. So impatient was he that he sat down by the side of a haystack and began to read. A boy could not understand it all; but perhaps the mystery was not the less suggestive. He said himself in after years: 'It produced what I have always considered a birth of intellect.' He read on till it was dark, and then slept in the hay. In the morning he resumed his walk to Kew, where the gardener, a Scotchman, gave him work for some weeks or months. The 'Tale of a 'Tub' became a sort of Bible to him. His little copy perished with a box which fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy. 'The loss,' he wrote, 'gave me greater pain than I have ever felt at losing thousands of pounds.' This was Cobbett's introduction to something beyond a village schoolboy's idea of literature. His first ideas of politics came from his father. His

father was a vehement opponent of Lord North's mischievous policy. Cobbett remembered how, when a hop factor offered to read an account in the 'Gazette' of a British victory, his father and a dozen other farmers went and supped in a different room, where they toasted Washington.

All this, and much more which is equally interesting, is to be found in the autobiographical sketch, 'The Life and Adventures of Peter Porcupine,' which Cobbett published in America. We are grateful to Mr. Edward Smith for popularising a narrative as picturesque as was ever written. We should have been more grateful still, had he quoted and not moralised. Thus tempestuously does he pass to the incidents which drove Cobbett from the quiet hop gardens of Farnham into his restless noisy career:—

'A head and shoulders above the average of his mates, his mind is likewise on a higher level. Not so high, but as yet to be infinitely dark as to any purpose: a healthy spirit in a healthy body, there stood, working as hard and as cheerily as ever; but ready for the first impulse—which impulse came, in no uncommon way; in no more romantic style than that which sets a ball rolling, upon the impact of the foot.' (Vol. i. p. 21.)

A casual reader might suppose that Cobbett had become involved in some village brawl, and been 'in unromantic style' kicked by a rival. What happened was, that the young farmer, now twenty, while visiting a relative at Portsmouth, saw the British fleet at anchor, and was forthwith stung with the Englishman's passion for maritime adventures. He was fortunate in applying to a captain who, taken by something in his manner, refused, out of sheer pity, to let him sacrifice himself to such a lot as a common sailor's then was. He returned to the plough perforce; but, as he himself wrote afterwards, he was 'spoiled for a farmer.' The next year, on a sudden impulse, he mounted a passing stage-coach, and was set down at Ludgate Hill with half a crown in his pocket. But he had that in him which always made friends as well as foes. A fellow-passenger, a hop merchant who knew his father, interested himself in his fortunes, and procured him a place as a lawyer's copying clerk in Gray's Inn. This was not quite the career he had aspired to when he sighed after a voyage in a three-decker. His regular working hours were from five in the morning till eight or nine at night at earliest. An old laundress was his substitute for society; and his single recreation a Sunday walk in St. James's Park. The life was intolerable for one bred up in the pure air of the Hampshire downs. He gasped after any opening for escape, and to enlist

was the resource which offered itself. He thought he had taken the king's shilling for the Marines; in fact, he found himself a recruit of the 54th Regiment of the Line then serving in Nova Scotia.

The life of a private soldier might not at first sight appear favourable to intellectual development. But Cobbett it suited admirably. There was almost starvation, but there was abundant leisure. He had a devouring curiosity; but the plough first, and then a copying clerkship, had quenched it in sheer fatigue. Now he became a student, and employed his year at the Chatham dépôt in reading through, 'more than once,' the miscellaneous collection of a neighbouring lending library. His training at Gray's Inn recommended him as copyist to Colonel Debbieig, the commandant of Chatham garrison. But his grammatical knowledge was still imperfect; and, in his desire to escape the colonel's criticisms, he bought Bishop Lowth's grammar. He actually got it by heart, and would repeat the whole whenever he was on guard. There he was, at all events, in quiet. His reading and writing had to be done amidst the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and brawling of some ten idle soldiers. Downright hunger was an additional hardship. Fourpence was as much as could be saved for food out of the sixpence a day, after washing, clothes, hair-powder, and pipeclay. 'The whole week's food was "not a bit too much for one day." For pocket-money there remained twopence a week. One Friday, Cobbett had managed to economise a halfpenny. He determined to buy a red herring on the Saturday morning; but as he undressed, he found he had lost his halfpenny. 'I buried my head,' he wrote nearly fifty years after, 'under the miserable sheet and rug, "and cried like a child."

His ability to read and write soon raised him to the rank of corporal, which brought him an additional twopence a day. On his arrival with this rank in Nova Scotia, the post of clerk of the regiment was also conferred on him. According to his own subsequent account, the whole of the regimental business, military as well as financial, fell in a year's time into his hands. 'Neither adjutant, paymaster, nor quartermaster could "move an inch without my assistance." At this period the drill was revolutionised by "Dundas's system." It was ordered from headquarters that the change should be introduced before the next annual review. This wonderful corporal effected it, explaining the whole matter in lectures to the officers, including the colonel himself. He made out for them on large cards little plans of the position of the regiment, with lists of the

words of command they had to give in the field. Probably a good many corporals would similarly explain how they virtually commanded their regiments ; only Cobbett had the literary gift, and could couch the boasts of the barracks in a form which gave them credibility. It is sufficient to believe that Cobbett made a smart soldier, without charging his officers with gross incapacity. They saw, at any rate, his merits. After speedy promotion to the rank of sergeant, he was, at the end of little more than a year from his disembarkation at Halifax, appointed sergeant-major. That brought him into yet closer relations with his officers. They were jealous ; and he would, he declares, have been more than once flogged for his freedom in speaking of his superiors had they not depended upon him for ‘ easing ‘ them all of the trouble of even thinking about their duty.’

In the autumn of 1791 the 54th Regiment was sent home. Its sergeant-major might have hoped for a commission ; but he had seen enough of soldiering, and had fallen in love. He had conceived also a great scheme which required that he should be out of the army. He applied for his discharge, and it was granted with a laudatory testimonial from his major, the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald, to the services he had rendered to the regiment. His future bride, Ann Reid, the young daughter of an artilleryman, had already returned to England, entrusted with her lover’s savings of a hundred and forty or fifty guineas.

The grand project Cobbett had conceived as his new introduction to civil life was nothing less than the prosecution of several officers of his old regiment for defrauding the men of their bread, clothes, and fuel, and cheating the revenue by false musters. His position had enabled him to collect materials ; and the War Office agreed to submit the case to a court-martial. When, however, the trial was at hand, disputes arose between Cobbett and the Judge Advocate-General on the manner of conducting the enquiry. Cobbett refused to proceed with it. On the day the court met no prosecutor appeared. The charges were read out, and an acquittal recorded. The Attorney and Solicitor-General were consulted whether Cobbett could be criminally prosecuted. As there was no evidence of conspiracy with others, their opinion was that he could not be, but that the officers he had slandered might bring actions for damages. But by this time Cobbett was in France, where he passed a few months before his final departure to the United States of America.

The affair of the court-martial is a perplexed one, and Mr. Edward Smith lends us no real help in disentangling

it. He simply accepts Cobbett's version of the story. On such evidence as has been produced, though the War Office archives might clear up an obscure question, we incline to a belief that the sergeant-major had discovered a mare's nest. Cobbett, at a later period, ridicules his own bookkeeping. His publishing accounts he defies 'the devil to unravel.' The Judge Advocate probably came to the conclusion that the main offence of Cobbett's former officers consisted in keeping accounts of much the same character as those subsequently kept by their accuser. When Cobbett discovered, as apparently he did, that the ordnance he had laboriously charged against his regimental superiors would not go off, the shame, and some little apprehension of private retaliation, drove him from England. That the War Office had resolved to procure an acquittal of dishonest officials requires more proof than the assertion of a man who launched an accusation and ran away before it was brought home. This is not Mr. Edward Smith's way of judging Cobbett's acts. The '*London Chronicle*' of March 28, 1792, had explained what certainly looked like a flight by the suggestion that 'some misconduct' was the motive. Mr. Smith thereupon apostrophises the circulators of such rumours in a tone recalling equally Mr. Carlyle and the prophet Jeremiah: 'No such thing at all, paragraph-monger! 'And no such thing at all, ye rapid writers! You don't know 'this man. You don't know how he retires from the unequal 'conflict with money, prescription, aristocratic influence. Let 'him flee from anticipated vengeance; and see him return one 'day, himself always incorruptible, with such a budget, such a 'quiverful!'

Cobbett had gone to France to learn French. But finding that the Revolution was entering into its savage stage, and that the feeling between the Revolutionary Government and England was growing exasperated, he prudently took ship for America. The money he had saved as a sergeant had nearly evaporated during his attendance in London on the affair of the court-martial. He had to look about for a means of subsistence at Philadelphia. Translating French authors for the booksellers was one resource. He could translate a dollar's worth while his wife was preparing breakfast, and another dollar's worth when his wife and child were asleep. But his principal occupation at first was giving English lessons to Frenchmen. His own English education was only half finished; and there could be no better training for his future literary career than having to elucidate the peculiarities of his native language for foreigners. Talleyrand was among the later arrived

émigrés; and the Prince, Cobbett used to declare, asked to be received as his pupil. Cobbett, who was known to have stigmatised him as an apostate and a hypocrite, saw in the request proof that he was a spy in the service of the French Republican Government. Talleyrand, said Cobbett, knew English as well as himself. The obvious inference, in his judgment, was that the ex-Bishop of Autun wanted to take a survey of his desk. Certainly Talleyrand's habitual shrewdness deserted him when he experimented so grossly on Cobbett's literary vanity as to enquire whether it were 'at Oxford or at Cam-bridge he had received his education.'

But this was after he had become famous enough to make it worth Talleyrand's while to ingratiate himself. He had been gradually educating himself in polities as well as in composition. His court-martial experiences had turned him into a republican in London; a very short residence in Philadelphia changed him into a violent Tory. Mr. Smith says: 'When he soon 'comes to see all sides of republicanism, he reverts to his intrinsic love for the constitution under which he was born.' Cobbett's peculiar advantage in contentious politics was that he never saw 'all sides' of any question. He might see one side at one time and another at another time; but meanwhile he could never believe that there was any side but that at which he was pleased for the moment to look. Whoever asserted there was another aspect to a topic must be a blind bigot or a Mr. Facing-both-ways. Dr. Priestley, tired of controversy and Tory mob law, came to New York in 1794. He was received with enthusiasm, which was directed as much by jealousy of England as by admiration for the Birmingham philosopher. Cobbett's spirit burned within him at all this stir about a 'philosophi-theologi-politi-cal empiric.' Forthwith he launched forth 'Observations on Priestley's Emigration.' The kind of logic Cobbett wielded at this time may be inferred from his indignation that a man who claimed 'the right of thinking 'for others' would not 'permit the people of England to think 'for themselves,' and to reject his attempts to enlighten their stolidity.

Cobbett's first pamphleteering adventure in Philadelphia was pecuniarily not very lucrative. Published on the half-profits system, the 'Observations' brought him in 'the enormous sum of one shilling and sevenpence halfpenny, currency of the State of Philadelphia, or about elevenpence three-farthings sterling, quite entirely clear of all deductions whatsoever.' But he had learned that he could use his pen, and, profits or no profits, his vocation was manifest. The Federal against the Democratic

policy of the States, Washington and Adams against Jefferson, and British influence against French, were the chief subjects of his pamphlets. ‘A Bone to gnaw for the Democrats’ and ‘A Kick for a Bite’ followed the attack on Priestley. Then Cobbett became ‘Peter Porcupine.’ He had been for some time suspicious of the fair dealing of his publisher, Bradford, in the matter of profits. The Farnham ex-ploughboy was yet more indignant that a bookseller should have dared to promise his customers that ‘Peter Porcupine’ should continue one of his works, and make it ‘very interesting.’ ‘What! a book-seller undertake to promise that I should write, and that I ‘should write to please his customers too!’ He denounced booksellers as a race of slave-drivers who ‘have adopted the ‘birdcatcher’s maxim: “A bird that can sing, and won’t sing, “ought to be made to sing.”’ So on July 11, 1796, he turned bookseller himself.

The most important part of his stock in trade was the goodwill and copyright of Peter Porcupine’s brains. He opened a shop to sell his own tracts. But he meant to carry on besides the miscellaneous trade of a bookseller. He determined to make his entrance into business an event in Philadelphia. Philadelphia contained a large colony of Irishmen and Frenchmen. All the Irishmen and very many of the Frenchmen hated Great Britain, and they threw in their lot with the Democrats who opposed the policy of Washington as having monarchical and British tendencies. When Cobbett’s shutters were taken down for the first time, his windows were seen to be filled with portraits of kings, queens, nobles, bishops, and judges. There was George III., whose portrait had not been exhibited in the States for twenty years; there was William Pitt; above all there were two tableaux four feet long, labelled ‘Lord Howe’s decisive Victory over the French ‘Fleet.’ A paper war broke out, and kept the excitement at fever point for months. He writes home to his father, wondering what the old man will think to hear that his boy’s picture is ‘stuck in the windows.’ The portraits were not commonly flattering; but there is glory in being caricatured. Gillray’s coarse pictures were prized in after years at Botley. Quarter was neither given nor asked. Cobbett was declared to be a garret-scribbler, who did a little occasional ‘night business,’ we presume as a burglar, ‘to supply unavoidable contingencies.’ He had quitted England to save his neck, according to one critic. According to another he had been publicly flogged while in the army. The ‘Aurora,’ a journal of Democratic views, inserted a counterfeit invitation from Cobbett to Phila-

delphians to come and receive ocular demonstration that his back showed no marks of flagellation. Then followed a controversy in the same newspaper between imaginary correspondents, one asserting that he had seen the scars, another explaining that they were the scars of a private whipping. Cobbett had studied Swift to some purpose, and he struck back with a far keener point and with equal scurrility. Even Mr. Edward Smith laments that 'the coarseness which too often disgraced Cobbett's writings in later life is to be traced back to this period.' On the other hand, it may be freely admitted that his opponents could never meet him in fair pamphleteering combat. They threw mud, and he threw it back; but he argued while he reviled.

The 'Scarecrow,' the 'Bone to Gnaw,' and other publications of the like sort have no interest now except for persons curious in the literature of abuse. The 'Life and Adventures of Peter Porcupine,' belonging to the same time, have a permanent autobiographical interest. But Cobbett began to go deeper into the political controversies of the United States. When he first took up his abode in the country, hostility to Great Britain and friendship for France were axioms of popular American policy. France presumed upon the benefits her alliance had conferred on the Republic at its birth, and her dictation was resented. Cobbett was ever prompt to further, according to his lights, British interests, by embittering the American sense of the highhandedness of French diplomacy. His monthly 'Political Censor' preached intermittently on this text, and it was the daily burden of his later 'Porcupine's Gazette.' Its editor and proprietor always boasted that its three years' life, 1797-99, was a main instrument in preventing an offensive alliance between France and the United States against Great Britain. Cobbett was able to produce evidence in after years that the British Government recognised the advantages it received from his pen. Through the British Legation it made, though in vain, several offers to advance his interests.

Americans deserve credit for the fact that, fiercely as Cobbett assaulted their prejudices, they confined their retorts to the same weapons of pen and ink. He had professed apprehensions of the kind of mob violence which drove Dr. Priestley from Birmingham, and which, in Dr. Priestley's case, Cobbett was inclined to justify. But neither he nor his shop suffered. Not even a stone broke those windows full of royal and noble portraits. Cobbett never admitted a good trait in an opponent. Far from having the candour to remark on this self-restraint and good police of Philadelphia, Cobbett would probably have

despised it as a sign of Democratic or French and Irish cowardice. There was, however, something formidable in having not the rabble merely, but the local authorities of Pennsylvania arrayed against him. This was the prospect which threatened him in 1797. The Chief Justice M'Kean, a fanatical Democrat and an enemy of everything English, had been elected governor. A recent attempt to indict Cobbett for libelling the Spanish Envoy had failed, notwithstanding the partisan bias alleged to have been shown by the Chief Justice, whose daughter the Envoy had married. But Cobbett thought it prudent to withdraw from M'Kean's jurisdiction, and he moved his bookselling business to New York. 'Porcupine's 'Gazette' was at the same time discontinued. There is no evidence that Cobbett contemplated departure from America when he migrated from Philadelphia. One most obvious cause of that step was the result of an action for libel brought against him by a well-known physician of Philadelphia, named Benjamin Rush. Cobbett had ridiculed him as a Dr. Sangrado, a quack who had murdered his thousands by his specific of bleeding during a destructive epidemic of yellow fever. Rush, at the end of the year 1799, obtained damages of five thousand dollars, and Cobbett, in June 1800, sailed for England.

Cobbett shook the dust off his feet as he left America. He had scoffed at Republican institutions and tendencies, and been finally mulcted in damages for a scurrilous libel. Later on, when afflicted by the yet more flagrant ingratitude of Englishmen in authority, he persuaded himself to forgive and forget, 'with some few exceptions,' all the injuries with which the worst of the people of the United States had, in their 'folly and madness,' endeavoured to load him. For the present so sublime a temper of charity was beyond him. Full in view, eager to welcome its champion, was the country, his own country, of ancient loyalty and incorrupt good faith, where there were no Sangrados in medicine or politics, and consequently no actions for libel. Government officials and the Government press, in effect, received with joy so redoubtable an advocate as 'Peter Porcupine.' John Gifford, sub-editor, under Canning, of the 'Anti-Jacobin,' who had prefixed laudatory prefaces to the English editions of some of Cobbett's Philadelphia pamphlets, the Rev. William Beloe, joint editor with Archdeacon Nares of the 'British Critic,' a paper friendly to Government, which had praised them, Dr. Ireland, of Westminster, and many other gentlemen called upon him at his lodgings in St. James's Street. Mr. Windham, the Secretary-at-War, became a warm friend of the ex-sergeant who was sup-

posed to have quitted England to avoid the consequences of having slandered his former officers. He actually dined, as Windham's guest, at a ministerial dinner in August 1800, in company with Canning and Pitt himself. Cobbett then and there resolved to set up a daily paper. He used to relate how Mr. Hammond, who was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, as was another Mr. Hammond more than a generation afterwards, acting on behalf of the Government, offered him as a gift the proprietorship of a ministerial paper, the evening '*Sun*,' or a half-share in another, the morning '*True Briton*.' To his honour he refused the bribe; he had resolved to support the Government, but he would be his own master.

On his arrival in England he possessed no more than 500*l.*; but in September 1800 he very courageously started a six-penny morning newspaper, '*Porcupine's Gazette*.' '*Porcupine's Gazette*' began by being a panegyrist of Pitt; but it avowed its dislike of the concessions he had desired to make to the Catholics. Its proprietor, with that perversity which he commonly displayed, abhorred the Peace of Amiens. He had his windows broken on October 7, 1801, by the mob, for refusing to illuminate in honour of the treaty. For two days the publication had to stop, 'until,' as Cobbett informed his subscribers, 'the delirium of joy shall have subsided.' In the following month the '*Porcupine*' shot its last quill, being sold to Mr. John Gifford and merged in the '*True Briton*.' Cobbett had carried on the publication, while it lasted, with energy. Newspapers fought, in those days, against each other like fainished wolves; and in this department Cobbett had served an incomparable apprenticeship. He had the more solid advantage of contributions by such correspondents as Lord Grenville and Jeremy Bentham. In general, he professed not to know his correspondents, requesting that communications should not be accompanied by the authors' real names. The fault of the English '*Porcupine*' doubtless was that its editor regarded a newspaper as an enlarged pamphlet, and newspaper readers wanted news. Cobbett himself affected to be relieved at his journal's untimely fate. 'He who has been,' he exclaimed, 'the proprietor of a daily paper for only one month 'wants no Romish priest to describe to him the torments of 'purgatory.' His time, with or without the charge of the '*Porcupine*', was fully occupied. In March 1801, he had opened a bookseller's shop 'at the "Crown and Mitre," Pall 'Mall,' under the especial patronage of the royal dukes and princes. At the commencement of the next year he embarked on a new literary venture. He belonged to the so-called New

Opposition. To Windham, and Lawrence, and Lord Grenville, who were its chiefs, Cobbett recommended the establishment of a weekly organ, which should be ‘something between a news-paper and a magazine.’ Six hundred pounds would be required to launch it, and he had no money to risk. But he would edit it, disclaiming, though he did, ‘all desire to derive pecuniary advantage from the proposed undertaking, and all idea of personal obligation towards anyone who may think proper to contribute towards it.’ The requisite 600*l.* was at once raised, and January 1802 witnessed the issue of the first number of ‘Cobbett’s Political Register,’ under the title originally of ‘Cobbett’s Annual Register.’ January 1802 is an epoch in the history of journalism.

Cobbett, when he returned to England in the year 1800, was raw material which a Bolingbroke might possibly have manufactured into a rough replica of Cobbett’s literary model, the great Irish Dean. But Pitt had scarcely any more real capacity for appreciating the value of literary auxiliaries than Walpole. The Whig party itself was only gradually taught it by the success of this Review. Statesmen assumed that a place or a pension for a layman, a benefice for a clergyman, satisfied any claims mere literary eminence could assert. It was well for the country which required the rude audit to which Cobbett subjected the policy of its authorised leaders that Pitt and his brother statesmen did not understand the worth of such a pen as Cobbett’s, and the price at which alone it could be retained. Cobbett had a habit of proclaiming his contempt for money. He liked money as much as most people, and had a noble capacity for spending it. But he spoke the simple truth when he boasted of the impossibility of purchasing him by pecuniary offers. An invitation to help to pull the strings which directed the policy of the kingdom might not have been rejected if skilfully couched. He would have found it very hard to resist the flattery of continued appeals to his patriotism and his intelligence for co-operation, to break the delicate chains of repeated ministerial dinners. Criticisms by a writer who had been a warm ally, and who might be one again, should have been received with indulgence. On the contrary, the colleagues of Pitt who formed the Addington Ministry let loose their press on ‘a certain American scribbler,’ for whom ‘the pillory or the gibbet’ was declared to be ‘an appropriate reward.’ The Government itself soon intervened openly. Mr. Justice Johnson’s letters in the ‘Register,’ under the signature of ‘Juverna,’ against the Irish administration of Lord Hardwicke were made the sub-

ject of proceedings against the proprietor. The Irish judge, among other sarcasms, compared the appointment of Lord Hardwicke to setting the surgeon's apprentice to bleed the pauper patients. Perceval, as Attorney-General, conducted the prosecution, and taunted Cobbett with not being a man of family. Lord Ellenborough, who presided, had not in those days lost the art of compelling a verdict of guilty. Cobbett was sentenced to pay a fine of 500*l.* The man who returned to England in 1800 glowing with Tory admiration of Pitt, the House of Lords, and the bench of bishops, convicted in 1804 of libel, became a Radical. The conviction opened Cobbett's eyes to the fact that 'the race that plunder the people, the 'Court sycophants, parasites, pensioners, bribed senators, 'directors, contractors, jobbers, hireling lords, and ministers of 'State, were not the people of England.'

Addington was the first object of Cobbett's attacks, but his hostility was not so much to a particular minister as to authority. In August 1805, the '*Register*' commenced the practice of publishing pension lists, that the impoverished country might see where a million a year of its hard earnings went. Sometimes it was a Tory minister who was pilloried. The '*Register*' emphasised the moral of the startling statistics of jobbery and corruption disclosed through Lord Melville's impeachment. Another week the butt was a leader of the Whigs, whom Cobbett hated with a hate far exceeding that he felt for their adversaries. Sheridan had once hinted a charge against the '*Register*' of having incited sailors to mutiny. Four years later the slander, laid up meanwhile in Cobbett's memory, which was extraordinarily retentive of such things, bore fruit. In a series of letters Cobbett expatiated on the descent of the Sheridans from a playactor, that is, from a 'vagabond.' He promises to furnish details some day of twenty-five public pledges which Sheridan had given and broken. When the scandal of Mrs. Clarke's abuse of the Duke of York's patronage bursts, the '*Register*' is careful not to let the public forget it. The '*Register*' was eager to discover any pretext for assailing authority, so only that the attack left no loophole for authority to strike back.

Considering the burning ploughshares of legal censorship amid which Cobbett had to tread, he picked his way with marvellous dexterity. But at last the '*Register*' was caught tripping, and the Attorney-General did not miss his opportunity. Some militiamen at Ely had mutinied in June 1809 on account of a stoppage of pay to provide knapsacks. The rising was suppressed by a body of Hanoverian cavalry quartered at

Bury, and five of the ringleaders received the barbarous punishment of 500 lashes apiece. Cobbett, who never forgot that he had served in the ranks, was sincerely enraged that Germans should have been imported to flog Englishmen. But with the oil of his pity for the soldiers he rubbed in plenty of pepper for his civilian countrymen.

' Five hundred lashes each ! Ay, that is right ! Flog them ! flog them ! flog them ! They deserve it, and a great deal more. They deserve a flogging at every meal time. "Lash them daily ! lash them daily !" What ! shall the rascals dare to mutiny, and that too when the German Legion is so near at hand ? Lash them ! lash them ! lash them ! They deserve it. Oh yes ! they merit a double-tailed cat ! Base dogs ! Mutiny for the price of a goat's skin ; and then upon the appearance of the German soldiers they take a flogging as quietly as so many trunks of trees. This occurrence at home will, one would hope, teach the loyal a little caution in speaking of the means which Napoleon employs (or rather, which they say he employs) in order to get together and to discipline his conscripts.' *

As soon as the article was published, Cobbett felt that his chance of escape was remote. He even anticipated the sentence : 'They may probably confine me for two years, but 'that does not kill a man.' As months passed by, and the Attorney-General still stayed his hand, Cobbett resumed a tone which it might shock Mr. Edward Smith to call blustering. He declared himself 'no more afraid of the rascals than 'he could be of so many mice.' If there should be 'an 'honest jury, it would be a famous thing altogether.' Probably he honestly believed that ministers were afraid of meddling with so redoubtable a free lance. But it was only Sir Vicary Gibbs's way of playing with his victims. More than a year after the offence had been committed the trial was brought on. Cobbett, who would never employ counsel, delivered a speech in his own defence, which Mr. Smith mourns over as 'temperate even to tameness.' In it he apologised for the article as 'written in haste.' He was immediately found guilty. Sentence, however, was not yet passed, and Cobbett was free meanwhile to return to his pleasant Hampshire home.

It was the kind of home to make a prospect of Newgate especially gloomy. Cobbett loved the open country. If he was obliged to live in Bolt Court, his imagination made him hear the caged birds 'sing better and sing louder and more and 'stronger than they do when at large.' Nevertheless, he liked

* *Weekly Political Register*, June 1, 1809.

better, when he had the choice, to conjure up amid hop-gardens and young woods the corruption of Downing Street and St. Stephen's, than to have to imagine hedgerows and orchards in Fleet Street. When the 'Register' had seemed securely established, he had left its management to Mr. John Wright, formerly a bookseller in Piccadilly, and the English correspondent of Cobbett when himself trading at Philadelphia and New York. Quitting Duke Street, St. James's, he bought 'a most delightful house and more delightful garden' at Botley, near Southampton. Frequent allusions to the place are to be found in the 'Register.' They occur everywhere in the two hundred manuscript letters, now in the British Museum, which contain much of Cobbett's weekly correspondence with Wright, and from which Mr. Smith has extracted some of the most interesting portions of his memoir. But the most vivid sketch of the sort of life Cobbett now led was written by Miss Mitford.* A common love of coursing drew together Cobbett and her father, a man of no worth whatever, whom Mr. Smith introduces to his readers as 'no less 'a person than Dr. Mitford.' Miss Mitford, in her father's company, visited Cobbett's house, 'large, high, massive, red, 'and square,' which stood opposite to the village, on the further side of the river Hamble. The river was full of jack, and trout, and salmon, and Cobbett could catch in a week enough fish to defray the cost of a trammel net worth several pounds. He never sold the fish, but the calculation was a good excuse for buying the net. What with the savings he was to make by dispensing with a town house, by having milk three times as cheap, bread one-ninth, fuel a half, and meat an eighth cheaper than in London, he reckoned he should economise to the extent of at least 300*l.* a year. The money he spent on the purchase of the Botley house and in stocking the garden he never estimated at all. Yet he did not produce for nothing his 'green Indian corn, his Carolina beans, which 'could hardly have been exceeded at New York, his wall 'fruit, equally splendid,' and his flowers, than which Miss Mitford 'never saw more glowing or more fragrant.'

His expenditure must have been enormous on 'the large fluctuating series of guests for the hour, or guests for the day,' whom Miss Mitford met there, 'of almost all ranks and descriptions, from the earl and his countess to the farmer and his dame.' The maintenance of a house 'always open,' according to Cobbett himself, to give his labourers 'victuals and drink

* Recollections of a Literary Life, chap. xvii.

' whenever they happened to come to it,' with invalid comforts and full wages in illness, was probably yet more costly. 'They called it,' says Miss Mitford, 'a farmhouse, and everything was in accordance with the largest idea of a great English yeoman of the old time.' Two or three small farms were, in a year or two after Cobbett's establishment at Botley, bought and thrown together, and there was 'a vast nursery raised chiefly from seed of almost all the different sorts of forest trees known on the Atlantic side of the middle States of North America.' All this Cobbett treated as money invested at compound interest payable in the future. In May 1808, he purchased sixty-seven acres of wood. But 'the new purchase has upon it above 6,000 trees that would cost me from a shilling to two-and-sixpence apiece, and that, in twenty years' time, will be worth 3*l.* apiece at the very least. This, I think, is the best way of insuring a fortune for children.' He cannot even attend a dinner in honour of Burdett's election for Westminster, for 'the health and growth, as well as the future beauty, of a hundred acres of the finest woods in England depend upon my personal attendance between Saturday and Wednesday.' Fishing, and coursing, and planting seemed to make up his Botley life. Of course it was only seeming. The 'Register' was really a weekly essay by Cobbett; and the weekly essay never failed. But Cobbett at Botley, like Scott at Abbotsford, was apt to reserve the business of life for his study. 'Of politics,' writes Miss Mitford, 'we heard little, and should, I think, have heard nothing, but for an occasional red-hot patriot, who would introduce the subject, which our host would fain put aside, and got rid of as speedily as possible.'

Back to this prosperous home and these joyous labours, in which politics seemed to his children only an interlude, came Cobbett from Westminster Hall, a convicted but not yet a sentenced libeller. All the associations of Botley pleaded for a compromise. Cobbett was induced to negotiate one. Seven years later he asserted that 'something very near to the chopping of my right hand should be done before I would cease to write.' But he admits that he authorised his attorney to offer in his name to discontinue the publication of the 'Register.' He asserts, however, that his family grew more courageous, and he countermanded the offer before it had been made to the Government. Some cause exists for doubt whether the proposition were effectually countermanded. Mr. Smith appears himself to think that the failure of the arrangement was due to the Government rather than to Cobbett. The

Government would seem to have had the folly to desire, like Queen Mary in her dealings with Cranmer, to extort submission while exacting the penalty. Cobbett, if he were to be immured in Newgate in any case, preferred to spend his time there as proprietor of the ‘*Register*.’ Ten years to the very day from the time he had landed in England, ‘having lost a fortune in America solely for the sake of that same England,’ he stood up in Westminster Hall to hear himself sentenced to a fine of a thousand pounds and two years’ imprisonment, and at the end of that term to give security in a total amount of 5,000*l.* for his future good behaviour during seven years.

A term of imprisonment was not the only disaster of this period of Cobbett’s career. Newgate was made tolerable to him by the sympathetic kindness of Mr. Sheriff Wood, afterwards the famous Sir Matthew. He was not cast down. Not even his sturdy constitution suffered. As Mr. Smith says, he ‘would boast in after years that he never had even a headache for a moment; never enjoyed better health or spirits; never had hopes more lively, or thoughts more gay, than in prison.’ One or other of his family was always with him. He had a levée of visitors. ‘Brave old Major Cartwright’ often came. So did Francis Maseres, Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer, who appeared ‘always in his wig and gown, in order, as he said, to show his abhorrence of the sentence.’ The discipline of a soldier’s life made the mechanical routine of prison regulations endurable. Want of liberty was the only real hardship to him. He was allowed to purchase, though at an expense in all of 1,200*l.*, the privilege of a separate room. He was never without abundance of ‘violets, and primroses, and cowslips, and harebells,’ from his own Botley meadows.

What to many temperaments would have been a calamity worse than two years of Newgate, and which the scent of Botley violets would have had no power to cure, was the sudden discovery that the affluence of Botley itself was founded on a quicksand. He must have learned the truth soon in any case; but the comparative leisure of Newgate precipitated it. The ‘*Register*’ was started in January, 1802, with three hundred subscribers, as a fortnightly journal, tenpence in price. Its immediate success warranted its issue weekly after the first two numbers. By 1803 the circulation had risen to four thousand, which implied, Cobbett reckoned, forty thousand readers. In 1809 it was nearly six thousand, and the price was raised to 1*s.* As late as 1816 the circulation of the ‘*Times*’ was only eight thousand, of the ‘*Courier*’ 5,000, and of the ‘*Morning Chronicle*’ less still. Cobbett, reasonably

enough, believed himself possessed of a mine of wealth. He added field to field at Botley, paying with money borrowed from his papermaker, Swann, of Wolvercot, to whom he gave bills. The profits of the journal, which some years later he actually estimated at 10,000*l.* a year, were, though not equal to that sum, very great. But the love of publishing, which is as ruinous as a love of building, had bitten him. He commenced the Parliamentary Reports, now designated after Cobbett's printer, Hansard, who bought the property of Cobbett. To Cobbett belongs the praise of having instituted the first regular reports of debates. But he derived no pecuniary profit from his patriotic enterprise. Another ambitious and bulky work on which he engaged was his 'Parliamentary History.' A third was the great collection of 'State Trials.' Of the last he had been induced to appoint a learned barrister, Thomas B. Howell, editor. His expressions of indignation at Howell's views, as at the views of 'all your authors,' of the proper remuneration for brain-work, show that he had forgotten very completely his own anger at the Philadelphia bookseller Bradford's mode of reckoning relations and profits as between writer and publisher. 'Authors,' he says, 'think that every book that is printed is so much money coined.' Cobbett could not have described more exactly his own mode of keeping publishing accounts. He reckoned income and not outgoings. In fact, the sale neither of the 'State Trials,' nor of the 'Parliamentary History,' nor of the 'Debates,' nor of a work soon dropped, called 'The Spirit of the Public Journals,' covered the expenses. The 'Register' staggered under a dead weight of paper and printer's ink; but Swann made advances, and Cobbett gaily bought farm after farm, as if he were fast growing into a millionaire.

It is the story, in a humbler edition, of Scott and the Ballantynes and Constable over again, with the intolerable load of unsaleable historical quartos, and the fields added to fields, which the 'Waverley Novels' strove so gallantly to sustain. Cobbett half suspected his own prudence. In a letter to Wright in 1805, he warns Wright against 'speaking or hinting, in the presence of Mrs. Cobbett, anything relative to my pecuniary concerns, or concerns in trade, of any sort or kind. She has her own ideas about such matters, which cannot be altered. She knows I have lost so much by printing that she is fearful of everything of the kind.' The good orderly honest-minded wife, who had kept so faithfully Cobbett's savings from his sergeant's salary, Cobbett's conscience told him, could not be made a confidante of a business about which

Cobbett writes on another occasion to Wright: ‘Only think ‘of having another person invested with a right to make us ac-‘count—us whose accounts the devil himself would never un-‘ravel. No, no; you and I were never made to have our ‘accounts examined by anybody but ourselves.’ Subsequently it appeared that he had not looked at his balance for six years. Yet nothing could be more beautifully prudent than his advice to others. ‘You should economise,’ he tells Wright, ‘as ‘much as possible. A horse, a cow, a house, is soon gone in ‘even trifling things, which we give in to from mere want of ‘strength, and not from our love of the things themselves.’ Wright was not likely to take advice his counsellor never tried. The collapse came as soon as Cobbett was in Newgate. On the accounts, such as they were, being made up, it appeared that Wright owed 6,500*l.* to Cobbett; but not a penny of that debt was forthcoming to pay the thousands which Cobbett owed on accommodation bills to Swann. The debt to Swann was settled by an advance Burdett made of 3,000*l.*, which was never repaid. Other friends defrayed Cobbett’s fine of 1,000*l.*, and Hansard took over the ‘Parlia-‘mentary History,’ the ‘Debates,’ and the ‘State Trials.’

The man’s nature must have been magnificently buoyant. There is no sign that he suffered any real affliction at the collapse of what had seemed to him boundless wealth. The ‘Register’ fell into a temporary eclipse, but its proprietor’s virtual insolvency had nothing to do with that. The cause we believe to have been that Cobbett writing ‘Registers’ in Newgate lost temporarily his intuitive sympathy with the emotions and passions of the market-place. Mr. Smith says: ‘As time wore on, it was seen that the silence of defeat was ‘on the side of Mr. Cobbett’s foes. The press ignored him. . . . Not for several years after this date was there much ‘desire shown on the part of a ministerial writer to attract the ‘glance of this rampant lion.’* That is a complimentary way of saying that for the time Cobbett had ceased to be a dangerous adversary. Cobbett himself, we believe, put this construction upon the silence of his contemporaries. He speaks in his letter of January 1, 1817, to ‘old George Rose,’ as if there were a conspiracy to suppress him by an absence of criticism. ‘The press of corruption,’ he complains, ‘as if it ‘acted under one common command, abstained from even ‘alluding to me or my writings for more than six years.’ It was all very well to write his series of articles on ‘Paper

* Vol. ii. p. 140.

'against Gold,' and glory that he had crushed the Government. This, he writes, 'at the end of thirteen years I hold up to the noses of the insolent foes who then exulted over me, and tell them, "This is what you got by my having been sentenced to Newgate; this was the produce of that deed by which it was hoped and believed that I was pressed down never to be able to stir again." ' The Castlercaghgs and the Sidmouths were aggravatingly indifferent to what Cobbett describes as 'this new epoch in the progress of my mind.' Articles on the flogging of militiamen terrified them; they bore placidly a reproach, in which their enemy coupled them with Malthus and Ricardo, of being bad political economists.

Though the fascinations of the currency question—a very momentous question, it must be acknowledged, in the years which preceded and followed Waterloo—never released their hold upon Cobbett's fancy, he resumed, with his restoration to liberty, less recondite enquiries. Personally he may, as he boasted, have preserved his equanimity during his two years of gaol; but at their close his pen ran riot. The name of Cobbett became a name of terror and loathing to whole orders of men. He had already attacked tithes. He now never mentioned a clergyman without an insulting epithet. He taunted the profession continually with not supplying more spiritual arguments than the Attorney-General's specific of the pillory against Paine's 'Age of Reason.' The land-holders feared the man whom Lord Sidmouth and Mr. Perceval feared. The farmers instinctively recoiled from the avowed champion of the rights of their labourers. Farm labourers could not, except here and there, read the 'Register,' and, could they have read, would not have understood it. But a new class began to study it. The weavers and mill hands and small tradesmen looked to the 'Register' as their educator. In November 1816 Cobbett published a number at twopence. Lord Cochrane, his constant political confederate, had suggested the experiment. 'General Ludd' and 'Captain Swing' were both in the field. Mills, frames, and ricks were alike being burned. Cobbett might, Cochrane thought, turn a warning to work-people against futile crime to the purpose of lashing the country to a sense of the necessity of representative reform. No. 18 of the 'Register,' addressed to 'The Journeymen and Labourers of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland,' is certainly a model of political and argumentative invective. The sarcasm hisses, but the surface remains smooth and cool. The subsequent letter addressed to the Luddites is an admi-

rably plain demonstration of what was not so self-evident in those days as in these. Its object was to demonstrate the benefit of machinery to the whole community. The argument grows as regularly tier by tier as the story of ‘The House that ‘Jack built.’ In Cobbett’s reasonings links are never left to be understood. He prided himself on an invincible love of making things intelligible, and he gives his readers all the premisses, from which they may see for themselves that the conclusion follows. Political economy and logic are barbed with mockery and gibes at the remedies sinceurists and borough-mongers propose for the relief of the prevalent destitution. Charity subscriptions have been set on foot, and eleemosynary soup is being given.

‘What!’ he exclaims, ‘are you to come crawling, like sneaking curs, to lick up alms to the amount of forty or fifty thousand pounds round the brim of a soup kettle, while you are taxed, with the rest of us, to the amount of 175,000*l.* in order to give relief to French and Dutch emigrants, and to the poor clergy of the Church of England? I trust that my countrymen have yet English blood enough left in their veins to make them reject such alms with scorn and indignation.’

But he prays them not to let their scorn and indignation exceed the bounds of law. This warning he inculcates in the name of the vengeance he wishes them to enjoy upon the ‘hirelings’ who oppress them. These are not ‘the landlord, ‘the farmer, the tradesman, the merchant,’ classes equally burdened with themselves. They are the men who ‘live upon the taxes,’ for whose benefit the State takes 10*l.* out of every 18*l.* of wages. He entreats the workmen to bide their time, though they be mocked at as ‘lower orders,’ ‘swinish multitude,’ ‘mob,’ ‘rabble,’ ‘population.’ He tells them that, if they let themselves be goaded into physical violence, they will be favouring ‘the cause of corruption, which is never ‘so much delighted as at the sight of troops acting against the ‘people.’

The circulation of the cheap edition of the ‘Register’—‘Two-penny Trash,’ as Cobbett was content it should be styled—leaped to 44,000. In his ‘Last Hundred Days of English Freedom’ he declares that ‘of the number which was published after the issuing of Lord Sidmouth’s circular of March, 1817, against seditious pamphlets, 20,000 copies were sold in London on one day. He gave a general license to any one who wished to republish No. 18, and ‘within two months,’ he states, ‘more than 200,000 copies of ‘this number were printed and sold.’ Had the Newspaper

Stamp Act applied to such a reissue, the circulation broadcast of this ‘Twopenny Trash’ would have been impossible. But it did not come within the class of periodicals. Cobbett became a power in the State. He had engaged in a single-handed combat with the Government, and he beat it. At first the word went forth from the Home Office to ‘write him down.’ But ‘Anti-Cobbett’ tracts were all of no avail. It was Cobbett’s boast that Lord Sidmouth’s suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act was, ‘though he did not actually name it, aimed directly at the ‘Political Register.’ Cobbett had a habit of appropriating attacks. But here he was probably justified. Yet, if the Government feared the ‘Register’ as a propagator of open sedition, it was a blunder. There is truth in the interesting extract Mr. Edward Smith cites from Samuel Bamford’s ‘Passages in the Life of a Radical,’ in which Bamford declares that, with the growth of the authority of Cobbett’s writings, ‘riots soon became scarce.’ ‘Instead of riots and destruction of property, Hampden clubs were now established in many of our large towns and the villages and districts around them. Cobbett’s books were printed in a cheap form; the labourers read them, and thenceforward became deliberate and systematic in their proceedings.’ Cobbett gave long-smothered wrath a vent. Men assembled to read the new gospel instead of breaking frames. A Government, however, like that led by Sidmouth and Castlereagh and Eldon, might easily be more panic-struck at the ground-swell of such an agitation as the twopenny ‘Register’ was exciting than even at the burning of ricks and mills. Agrarian and anti-machinery riots might be dealt with by yeomanry and Hanoverians; a demand by weavers for parliamentary reform had all the terrors of the unknown. Whether the weavers themselves generally understood Cobbett’s arguments may be a different question; but they were starving, and Cobbett told them their poverty came of pensions and paper money. The wrath and consternation of their rulers were proof to them that there was reason in what he said. His prayers to his new disciples to curse their oppressors, but not throw stones, indicated, in the judgment of Southey and of Downing Street, some deep plot to which more material weapons would not be wanting.

Cobbett was to be suppressed, and it may be fairly suspected that, had he been imprisoned under the powers given by the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, the advice of Southey would have been followed. Southey’s recommendation, in a memorandum he addressed at this time to Lord Liverpool, was that Cobbett, Hone, and the editors of the ‘Examiner’

should be subjected to such good discipline, or even transportation, as would ‘prevent them from carrying on their journals.’ While the Act was still in incubation, Cobbett did his worst. The country was in a miserable condition, and he probed every sore. If alleviations were proposed, he jeered at them; they were not the one thing needed; they were not reform of Parliament. The Rt. Hon. George Rose established savings banks, the greatest boon the working classes have ever had conferred upon them. Cobbett poured the burning lava of his ridicule upon the scheme of philanthropy. Rose had patronised friendly societies once; but the members met to hear the ‘Register’ read. By his new plan the pennies of the few poor who were not paupers might be got together to lend to the Government ‘while their persons were kept asunder.’ If the salaries of Rose himself and one of his sons, not counting the payments to another son, an ambassador, were capitalised, the amount would make a round 300,000*l.* of principal. This at compound interest, ‘if it had remained among ‘the people, might have formed a very nice savings bank.’ To recommend savings banks to a nation in which ‘it is notorious ‘that hundreds of thousands of families do not know, when ‘they rise, where they are to find a meal during the day,’ is, next only to the old company for making deal boards out of sawdust, ‘the most ridiculous project that ever entered into ‘the mind of man.’

The moral of all Cobbett wrote at this the very zenith of his career was that the country was being stifled by placemen in Parliament, and that radical representative reform alone could save it. ‘Petition, peaceable petition,’ was his constant cry. He desired to hear that a million of names at least had been signed to such petitions. ‘That would be two-thirds of ‘the able male population of Great Britain, excluding those ‘who live on taxes.’ Petitioning could hardly be called rioting, and the continual injunction he laid upon his friends was to be ‘peaceable.’ If his reasoning were false, the remedy was obvious. There were ‘20,000 parsons, 4,000 or 5,000 ‘lawyers, the two Universities, the two Houses of Parliament, ‘many thousands of magistrates, many hundreds of writers for ‘pay.’ Surely it must be easy for these myriads, ‘with all ‘their learning and all their weight, to counteract the effect of ‘one poor twopenny pamphlet.’ Ministers had on their side ‘the greater part of the London press,’ mercenaries who ‘threw ‘their poison from behind a curtain.’ Yet with all their power the whole legion of friends of authority could not stand up in fair fight against the man who was not ashamed to sign what

he wrote. ‘It was a combat of argument, and they have taken ‘shelter under the shield of physical force.’ Lord Sidmouth, Cobbett knew, would have preferred to lock him up once more in Newgate as a libeller; ‘but the pamphlets’—meaning the ‘Register’—‘had,’ Lord Sidmouth avowed in Parliament, ‘been submitted to the law officers, and they were found to ‘be written with so much dexterity that he was sorry to say ‘hitherto the law officers could find in them nothing to prosecute.’ Consequently a new statute must be passed.

‘Whereas one William Cobbett, an old offender in the same way, has been, by the means of a certain weekly trash publication, endeavouring to throw down the Corinthian pillar of corruption, and at the same time to preserve the peace and restore the happiness of the United Kingdom; and whereas these efforts tend directly to do great and lasting injury to all those who directly or indirectly live and fatten upon the profits of bribery, corruption, perjury, and public robbery; . . . and whereas no one has been found to answer the writings of the said William, notwithstanding corruption pervades nineteen-twentieths of all the reviews, magazines, and newspapers in the kingdom; and whereas it is expedient to prevent the said William Cobbett from proceeding in the said dangerous courses: Be it therefore enacted that the said William shall write and publish no more, and that he shall neither talk, nor think, nor dream, without the express permission of the proprietors of the “Courier” and “Times,” or of their supporters and abettors.’*

In other words, according to Cobbett’s egotistical but not unfair inference, Lord Liverpool’s Government suspended the Habeas Corpus Act to catch a criminal who was so perverse as to refuse to commit a crime. But Cobbett would not be caught. His farewell of April 5, 1817, to his countrymen is a masterly apology for what even some of his admirers, like Wooler, ‘the Black Dwarf,’ denounced as a desertion. He urged that, if he stayed in England, he would have, as Brougham said, to write with ‘a halter about his neck.’ He could not write except as his love for England and English rights inspired him. Yet write he must. ‘Any sort of ‘trial’ he would have stayed to face. ‘Against the absolute ‘power of imprisonment, without even a hearing, for time un-‘limited, without the use of pen, ink, and paper, against ‘such a power it would have been worse than madness to ‘attempt to strive.’ So he departed for a land where he might write for Englishmen, and write freely. He pledged himself that he ‘would never become a subject or a citizen ‘in any other State, and would always be a foreigner in every

'country but England.' Very superfluously he added: 'Any foible that may belong to the English character I shall always willingly allow to belong to my own.' Mr. Edward Smith accepts Cobbett's account of the matter, and esteems the flight to America 'one of the cleverest and most spirited acts of his life.' Mr. Smith declares 'the decision of character, the singleness of purpose, and confidence in his own resources displayed on this occasion' to have been 'almost unexampled.' We think there is more plausibility in the contemporary view, which was held even by Cobbett's brother Reformers or 'Reformists,' to adopt their own hideous name for themselves. The flight to America was a flight, and not a flank movement. It is a cruel ordeal for a crusader of politics to know that the Attorney-General is leaning over him as he writes, and meditating whether to give him more rope, or to tap him on the shoulder and bid him walk to the nearest gaol. Cobbett, brave enough before an open enemy, was not well fitted to bear this supreme test of moral courage or insensibility. He had not endured with equanimity the suspense of the interval between the conviction and the sentence of 1810. Doubtless he caressed the belief that the Hones, and the Woolers, and the Hunts might risk being silenced without excessive harm to the country. Perhaps their risk was not in truth equally great with his. A certain Mr. White, of the 'Independent Whig,' had reproached Cobbett for abandoning his post in the army of Reform. Cobbett retorted: 'Brave man, Mr. White, to remain at his post! It is the mastiff and not the mouse that Secretaries of State wish to muzzle.' Nevertheless, Cobbett's own apologies for his emigration leave the impression that, after all, it was a weakness to be condoned rather than a magnanimous act to be panegyrised.

Reasonable doubt may be entertained whether the Government would in fact have gone to the extremity of imprisoning Cobbett without trial. They did not use the power against his fellow-agitators, though that, Cobbett would perhaps have argued, only confirmed his boast that the Suspension Act had him and only him for its object. In any case, his menaces despatched by every mail from Long Island, where he had settled himself, no longer disturbed very greatly either friend or foe in England. Somehow or other the darts which sped so lustily from New York seemed to fall short of the hearts of his old disciples in cottages and workshops. Within a few months of his departure England was once more enjoying a fair measure of material prosperity. To Cobbett's foreboding eyes the pro-

spect remained black and gloomy ; but farm labourers and mechanics were content to feel that they were no longer starving, and petty farmers that they were not becoming bankrupt. The interval of Cobbett's expatriation was not propitious for agitation which had its chief seat at present in the stomach. The mere mechanical fact of absence was more influential still in relaxing Cobbett's hold upon the English people. He was emphatically a journalist, who wrote on the events of a day for reading in the day. English hearts could thrill but dully to the two-months-old echoes of indignation at incidents they had half forgotten. Cobbett felt this, though he did not confess it. He waited only for a fitting juncture to return. At length he believed that another crisis of commercial depression and discontent with the material conditions of existence was at hand, and, like a stormy petrel, he reappeared.

Parliament was contemplating the resumption of cash payments by the Bank of England. Cobbett hated paper money. But men had for years been keeping their accounts in depreciated paper. He argued that a sudden return to cash payments would jar the whole of the commercial relations of the country. This collapse he looked forward to as his opportunity for urging on Parliamentary Reform, just as at different times he would express a hope that the price of a quartern loaf was soon about to be half a crown. His gloomy anticipations or hopes of such an auxiliary as a series of commercial crises in his Reform crusade were disappointed : but he found what might seem a more direct occasion already made for him. The Peterloo massacre was in August 1819. The meeting of which it was the catastrophe itself marked the resurrection of the Reform agitation. What had been a movement of the small Radical party was converted by the savagery of the yeomanry into an awakening of all the elements of Liberalism in the land. A natural presumption would be that, in this high tide of popular feeling, Cobbett, if he had been powerful before his flight to New York, was likely to become supreme. On the contrary, Reform, in growing into a national movement, had glided beyond Radical control.

Mr. Edward Smith dimly discerns this phenomenon ; but he does not perceive its real cause. He attributes to a particular folly in which his hero happened to indulge a result which must have happened in any case. Cobbett certainly cannot be exonerated from the charge of having made Radicalism a little ridiculous. Usually he kept sentiment well in hand ; but his instinct was somewhat dulled by American associations. He had been converted from a specially scornful opponent into

an enthusiastic worshipper of the political and economical doctrines of the author of the ‘*Rights of Man*.’ Thinking Paine’s bones insufficiently honoured by burial ‘in a little hole under ‘the grass and weeds of an obscure farm’ in Long Island, he dug them up and managed with some difficulty to pass them through the Liverpool Custom House. It was, as Mr. Smith sees, a peculiarly silly freak. ‘Mr. Cobbett ought to ‘have known his countrymen well enough to remember that ‘relics of this sort are thrown away upon them.’ We cannot even agree with Mr. Smith that the mistake was only in outstripping public sentiment. ‘That the bones will be wanted ‘some day may be safely predicted, knowing what we do of ‘the whirligig of time.’ With all respect to time and its whirligig, and the many capitals Mr. Smith expends upon them, we should not recommend Paine’s poor bones as a profitable investment to curiosity-hunters. They made a very cumbersome part of Cobbett’s political luggage. At once the cry of Atheist was raised against him by the clergy. Nevertheless, the incident, though it confirmed Cobbett’s foes in their aversion, scarcely affected, as Mr. Smith seems to think, his influence with his faithful Radicals. His return, even with Paine’s coffin among his baggage, was the signal for an outburst of enthusiasm which terrified authority. The Lancashire magistrates imprisoned for ten weeks a bellman, John Hayes, for proclaiming at Bolton that Cobbett was come back. The borough-reeves of Manchester brought cannon into the town when his approaching arrival was announced. He was clearly still the literary chief of English Radicalism. If his power had waned, the cause was not in the evil scent of Paine’s poor bones, but in the waning of Radicalism itself. Reform had other champions now than Cobbett, and Hone, and Wooler, and the Hunts. Radicalism and Cobbett lost their sharpest weapon when Representative Reform was adopted as the corner-stone of the reasonable and temperate creed of the historical Whig party. This supplanting by the Whigs was a crime which Cobbett never forgave. From the opening of this the last chapter but one of his political career, and thence to the end, his attacks upon the fortresses of corruption and misgovernment were blunted by sudden facings about to charge into the ranks of his unacceptable fellow-combatants. The cause of Reform grew and prospered; but Cobbett’s power did not grow with its growth. When it triumphed he was carried on into the captured citadel by the impetus of the assault; but it was not his flag which waved above the ramparts.

The year or two which followed Cobbett's return from Long Island were, by Mr. Edward Smith's admission, a clouded spot in his career. Mr. Smith acknowledges that he was 'in dis-
' grace over Paine, and Burdett, and Wright.' He had never repaid Burdett the 3,000*l.* lent to settle Swann's claim. That trivial circumstance did not prevent him from accusing Sir Francis of lukewarmness in the cause of Reform. It was very praiseworthy, no doubt, not to let private obligations stand in the way of a public duty; but Burdett's many friends and Cobbett's more enemies raised an outcry of ingratitude. Then his old manager, Wright, had made bad blood between 'Orator' Hunt and Cobbett, who were now close allies. Cobbett had warned him ten years before against relations with Hunt, as 'a sad fellow, who goes riding about the country with the wife of another man, having deserted his own.' This confidence Wright divulged. Cobbett, who already attributed to Wright's dishonest indolence the wreck of his fortunes, retaliated on what he thought an act of treachery by styling him 'a rogue un-
' paralleled in the annals of infamy.' For this outburst Cobbett, that is to say, a friend for him, had to pay 1,000*l.* damages. He could not himself have raised the money. The 'Register' can scarcely have been as remunerative as in the days before 1810. In a controversy he held with Perry, of the 'Morning Chronicle,' who had alleged that at one period, before Cobbett left England, the sale of the 'Register' had fallen to 750, he seems himself not to put the number of weekly copies higher than 1,600, and the yearly profits than 1,500*l.* He declares, indeed, in a previous letter from Long Island, that he enjoyed, at the time he sailed for the States, 'a current income from his 'writings of more than 10,000*l.*', besides 'copyrights which 'apparently were worth an immense sum.' In the same paragraph, however, he appears to reckon his Botley property as worth more than double the mortgages of 17,000*l.* upon it. If the 10,000*l.* a year from the 'Register' were not more substantial than the value of the copyrights and the farm, we must make great deductions from Cobbett's estimate of the net profits from his newspaper. In any case, he succumbed to his embarrassments soon after his return from America. He gave up Botley, and passed through the Bankruptcy Court. When that ordeal had been surmounted, the family, in its Brompton lodgings, found itself, according to Cobbett, with 'only three 'shillings in the whole world.' That mattered little to him with his unfailing spirits and courage. Looking back over seventy years of life, he once said: 'I have led the happiest 'life of any man that I have ever known.' He adds: 'Never

' did I know a single moment when I was cast down, never one moment when I dreaded the future.'

A garden at rural Kensington for the moment replaced Botley. If he could not plant acacia woods, he could raise seedlings for friends like Lord Folkestone to plant. He could at Kensington, as at Botley, inculcate the virtues of maize and the vices of potatoes. In course of time he took to seed-farming on a large scale at Barn Elm, and later still at Normandy Farm. This period, too, was that when the 'Rural Rides' were ridden and written. That narrow circumstances could not subdue him is apparent in every line of that delightful volume. It is a reprint of articles from the 'Register,' describing expeditions, chiefly in the south of England, between the years 1821 and 1832, undertaken for the purpose of enquiring into the condition of the peasantry and the farming interest. Cobbett, as he rides through England, is genuinely happy. For him, however, as a politician, the earlier of these years were years of abortive, however noisy, agitation. He boiled over with indignation; but his indignation provoked only an unreal popular echo. He worried the topic of paper and cash payments, and, if anybody, from a 'loanmongering' Baring to an Attwood, 'a Brummagem banker,' discoursed on the subject against the Government, he accused the speaker or writer of stealing his ideas. If Peel's Bill for resumption should be carried 'without a reduction of the interest of the debt,' he offered to give himself up to be 'broiled alive.' The repeated allusions subsequently in the 'Register' to the 'Feast of the Gridiron' reminded men of the falsification of his prediction, and his determination to put a good face upon it. He wrote, in the cause of Catholic emancipation, his 'History of the Reformation.' The successive numbers, as they appeared, gained a circulation of 40,000. But the book injured his clients as much as all Eldon's bigotry and Wetherell's vituperations benefited them. 'The fanatics,' writes Mr. Smith, 'did not like it, and they don't like it now.' Persons may dislike it without being fanatics. No one, we should have supposed, with any self-respect, could read the work without a certain shame for the assumption by scurrility of the disguise of liberality.

Others of his failures were his attempts to be returned for Coventry and Preston. More than twenty years previously he had written to Wright: * 'I am of opinion that I am of most weight as a spectator and comment-maker. We cannot all act and write too with so much advantage.' If he were now

eager for a seat in Parliament, his change of view may, as Mr. Smith intimates, have been partly due to a feeling that, in such a position, no suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act could muzzle him. But we should attribute it at least equally to a sense that Parliamentary chiefs were taking out of his hands the management of representative reform. Mr. Smith is of opinion* that ‘much of Mr. Cobbett’s influence had been imperilled by his last American trip and some of its consequences.’ But he adds: ‘His espousal of the cause of Queen Caroline appears to have completely restored him to his place in the popular mind.’ Were the mere number of readers a test of a writer’s authority, the success of Cobbett’s partisanship in the queen’s equivocal cause might be accepted as evidence that he had retrieved his old position. No doubt, scores of thousands admired the sad fustian of the queen’s letter to the king which was Cobbett’s composition. But, in truth, that unsavoury discussion endangered the monarchical system, of which Cobbett held himself the most strenuous of champions against the republicanism he instinctively hated; it added no momentum to the downfall of jobbery and corruption at which Cobbett aimed his manliest blows.

One renewal there was of the old homage of fear paid by authority to the power of the ‘*Register*.’ Portions of the ‘*Register*’ were in 1830 republished monthly for twopence, under the title, which Cobbett had already made familiar, of ‘*Twopenny Trash*.’ It was a time of agricultural desperation, and Cobbett adopted his ancient tactics. His ‘*Twopenny Trash*,’ and he himself orally in his habitual peregrinations, warned the farm labourers against violence. In the same breath he threatened ministers that the labourer must not be expected to ‘lie down and die.’ A Sussex labourer, named Goodman, who had been sentenced to death for arson, earned a reprieve, according to Mr. Smith,† by ‘inculpating Cobbett as the wicked instigator of his crime.’ Mr. Smith is quite right in ridiculing such a charge as that Cobbett told the labourers at Battle that

‘they was verry much impose upon, and he said he would shew them the way to gain their rights and liberals, and he said it would be verry proper for every man to keep gun in his house, espesely young men; and that they might prepare themselves in readiness to go with him when he called on them, and he would shew them which way to go on; and he said that peopel might expect firs their as well as others places.’

But we see no sufficient cause to suppose that the alleged

* Vol. ii. p. 253.

† Ibid. p. 262.

confession was ‘a clumsy forgery.’ It reads to us like a blurred reflection of a speech by Cobbett. It was a warning to farmers and landowners of the fires and armed violence they must expect should they continue to starve their men. Only the prediction had, in its passage through a half-witted brain, translated itself into an exhortation to fire guns and hayricks. That is a property of predictions thus delivered, and Cobbett must have known it.

On the other hand, the Whig Government blundered sadly in relying on such testimony. Very new as it was to power, it was naturally timorous of the suspicion of abetting Cobbett’s attacks on the prosperous classes. Denman, as Attorney-General, indicted him for ‘a libel, with the intent to raise discontent in ‘the minds of the labourers in husbandry, and to incite them ‘to acts of violence, and to destroy corn-stacks, machinery, ‘and other property.’ Cobbett, as usual, defended himself, and had subpoenaed half the ministry to give evidence of the former sympathy of its members with his teaching. He was able, as Mr. Greville mentions,* to produce a letter from the Lord Chancellor himself, requesting leave to use some former publications of Cobbett’s, which the Chancellor thought ‘would ‘be of great use in quieting the labourers.’ The request was actually made while this prosecution was pending; and it reduced the result of the trial to a foregone conclusion. The jury, which had for its foreman a strong Cobbettite, could not agree upon a verdict, and was discharged amid a scene of popular enthusiasm.

Cobbett, in his defence before the King’s Bench, had accused the Whig Cabinet of resolving to get rid of him by some means or other. The ministerial motive was the knowledge, he explained, that ‘if he were to get into the House under a reformed parliament, he would speedily obtain a cheap government for the country, and, by doing away with places and pensions, prevent the people’s pockets from being picked.’ Had ministers been moved by the reasons Cobbett imputed to them, his presence in the House must have quickly undeceived them. He was elected for Oldham in December, 1832, and signalled his introduction to the House by taking possession of a seat on the Treasury bench. Mr. Smith quotes Mr. Greville’s remark † that ‘some very bad characters have been returned,’ Faithful, Gronow, Gully, and Cobbett being instanced. He forgets to add Greville’s qualification, ‘though I am glad that ‘Cobbett is in Parliament.’ Greville had the sense to under-

* Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 158.

† Ibid. p. 335.

stand that power such as Cobbett possessed, or had possessed, if a danger, as probably he honestly believed, to the country, would be less of a danger for the yoking of its owner to a seat in the Commons. The demagogue yielded himself as a hostage to Parliament for the acts of his following outside. Cobbett in the House was tiresome rather than formidable. The ‘Register’ itself was necessarily a bar to sympathy between the House and one of the ‘meekest and most inoffensive of men,’ as Mr. Smith describes the member for Oldham. That ‘fine, tall, ‘hale old fellow’ might rise to speak ‘with a face sparkling with ‘humour, and a voice of surprising gentleness.’ Members could not quite forget that their colleague, as likely as not, was meditating a statement of his views next week on ‘the ‘hideous bellowings at the back of Althorp, and the half female ‘ya, ya, ya, ya, ya, of the sucking cubs at the back of Peel.’ Peel himself betrayed the feeling when he promised to attend to Cobbett’s observations exactly as to those of ‘a respectable ‘member.’ Yet even the weekly amenities of the ‘Register’ might have been forgiven; Cobbett’s offences outside the House might have been condoned, like after-dinner gibes of the Long Vacation, had Cobbett added weight to the deliberations within. But he appeared to the House only to twaddle; and he thought the House of Commons indulged, as he told it in his first speech, in ‘a great deal of vain and unprofitable, ‘conversation.’

When each judged in this way of the other, it is not strange that ‘Cobbett’s short career in Parliament has sometimes been ‘stigmatised as a failure.’ Cobbett had taken with him into the House of Commons a special ‘mandate’ which he had charged himself to fulfil. What were the articles contained in it he had told the electors of Manchester when he was canvassing for their suffrages before the Reform Bill was passed. His work in the House of Commons was to obtain the abolition of tithes, of sinecures, and of the majority of pensions, the reduction of the standing army, an equitable readjustment of the currency, and a remission of taxation. The last result was to be compassed by the sale of ecclesiastical and Crown estates, and misapplied corporate property. With the proceeds the national debt was to be wiped out. But his Parliamentary career was, on his own showing, a failure, since it accomplished no single point in this comprehensive scheme. The solitary impress Mr. Smith proves to have been left by Cobbett’s election for Oldham on Parliamentary history is the dismissal of one William Popay from the police force for acting the part of an amateur spy. William Popay was the

scapegoat for a bureaucracy still unexpurgated by William Cobbett, a Church still endowed with un-apostolic wealth, armaments still bloated, a currency still left to be adjusted by a financial bungler like Peel, a national debt still a cancer eating into the prosperity and happiness of ‘this industrious nation.’

If it were necessary to characterise Cobbett by a single quality, he might be best described as a good hater. The abundance and variety of his enmities and the copiousness of his vocabulary of contempt surpass the gift in that direction of his illustrious model and exemplar, the Dean of St. Patrick’s, ‘the first author after Moses I ever read.’ Sometimes even *facit indignatio versus*, though we prefer the prose. His satire lost no antithetical point by not being in heroic metre. He had a perilous faculty for embodying his wrath in epithets which stuck. While only revelling in the intoxication of political strife, and as yet unsoured by Newgate and ‘gagging bills,’ he had compunctions. He tells Wright: ‘In the copy last sent you there is the phrase “old G. Rose.” Upon second thoughts it may as well be left out. It is perhaps right to cease to use that and the like phrases. One puts them down under the influence of indignant feelings, but they probably do more harm than good.’ Even at this period the second thoughts seldom obtruded themselves. Later on the mocking devil in Cobbett had absolutely free course. He was never at a loss for an object. A public man for the forty years of Cobbett’s active literary career must have been harmless indeed to escape without an opprobrious epithet from that inexhaustible treasury.

Many brilliant flowers of plain speaking might be culled from the American pamphlets. But Cobbett does not find out how infinitely villainous is public life till he is back in England, and conducting the ‘Political Register.’ Pitt, once the heaven-born, descends in time, through various gradations of cold and doubting respect, into ‘great, empty, staring, botheration Pitt.’ ‘Mr. Pitt’s young friends,’ including, of course, Canning, ‘would have put the Tartuffe to the blush, lads that would literally sing you a smutty song to a psalm tune.’ Perceval, ‘the little, malignant Perceval,’ ‘the favourite of the Church,’ is a minister who would destroy a Plymouth tinman for offering to buy a petty place, and connive at ‘the swapping of offers for seats.’ Lord Chancellor Eldon is exquisitely burlesqued as ‘that plain, frank, and simple old nobleman,’ who, on giving his assent to what Cobbett terms the Dungeon Bill, ‘nearly shed tears.’ The courtesies

of the ‘Register’ are sometimes retrospective. Edmund Burke is ‘the sycophant’ who trafficked his principles away for a large pension for several lives. A remoter personage yet, ‘that famous Judge Holt,’ is ‘a barrister who had the baseness, after he had received his fee, to desert his client, Mr. Prynne.’ Holt’s still more famous contemporary Locke is ‘the placeman Locke, who, compared with Paine, was, as to subjects of finance, a mere babbler.’ Sir Francis Burdett is figured as ‘an old, tall, bare-ribbed, and broken-down chaise-horse’ who will not drag the Reform cart a yard unless he feel the wheels at his heels. His oratory is held up to ridicule; he ‘labours till he is out of breath in the utterance of sentences two minutes long, each containing in its belly two or three parentheses, and each of these two or three little ones one within another, as Swift calls it, “like a nest of pill-boxes.”’ Malthus is ‘the nasty and greedy parson,’ with ‘a parson’s bawl’ and ‘a muddled parson’s head.’ ‘I have,’ writes Cobbett to him, ‘during my life detested many men, but never any one so much as you.’ Mr. Jenkinson is accused in 1819 of stealing and spoiling Cobbett’s attacks on the unreality of paper money. His conduct reminds Cobbett of the ‘scoundrels who, when they have stolen a horse, cut off his tail and ears, and knock out an eye.’ ‘Shallow and impudent, hole-digging Castlereagh,’ ‘dull and arrogant daddy Grenville,’ ‘profligate Sheridan,’ ‘stupid Lawyer Horner,’ are all assailed either for not perceiving or not acknowledging the perspicacity of Cobbett’s arguments against that ‘usurping muckworm,’ paper currency, or for intercepting the credit which belongs by right to him alone. But of all the mean detractors from his merit, ‘the meanness of my Lord Folkestone,’ Cobbett’s constant champion and friend, ‘surpasses that of all the rest.’ The crime was that Cobbett had sent to Lord Folkestone, afterwards Lord Radnor, a voluminous petition for presentation to the House of Commons against paper money. Its length precluded its presentation, and Cobbett charges his friend with appropriating its wisdom in a speech of his own without acknowledgment. ‘You were ashamed to own your obligations to one of the “lower orders,” but not at all ashamed to pillage him; like your broods of uncles, cousins, and dependants, who, while they are too proud to speak to the common labourer, are not too proud to eat part of his dinner, under the name of offices, sinecures, and pensions.’

The only two deserving political economists, though Cobbett would have scorned the name, are himself and Tom Paine. Ricardo’s volume is ‘a heap of senseless Change-Alley jargon,

' put upon paper and bound up into a book.' Tooke's ' Theory of Prices' is ' a conundrum,' ' absurdity upon absurdity.' Adam Smith, ' if Paine had been a canter and a crawler instead of a man of sincerity and spirit, would have been laughed off the stage years ago.' He hates Adam Smith both as a political economist and as a Scotchman. ' I will be bound,' he writes at another time, ' to find a couple of Scotch economists who shall by their own individual exertions outlie the father of lies himself.' Mackintosh, the reformer of the criminal law, is sneered at as ' Lawyer Mackintosh,' who has, like every lawyer, his bill. The whole London press is ' corrupt' and malignant, especially the ' Courier' and the ' bloody old Times.' The writers are politely designated ' wicked old hacks.' Perry of the ' Chronicle,' whom he had been forward in congratulating in 1810 upon his acquittal in a Government prosecution, and whom he declared to have ' done more good than any man of his time,' is in 1817 ' the basest of all the base tools of corruption.' To Cobbett William Wilberforce appears a mere writer of ' canting pamphlets.' Wilberforce had appealed to ' the inhabitants of the British Empire' to help to transmute the wretched Africans into ' the condition of free British labourers.' Cobbett's comment is: ' Empire in your teeth, you retailer of bombast!' Cobbett wants to know if the appeal for the blacks is addressed to the free British labourers to be seen at the Kensington gravel-pits ' with bits of sack round their shoulders and with haybands round their legs,' or to ' the emaciated, half-dead things who crack stones to make roads as level as a die for the tax-eaters to ride on.' Frederick Robinson, afterwards Lord Goderich, whose sound common sense while he was Chancellor of the Exchequer retrieved British finance, is scoffed at as ' Mr. Frederick Prosperity.' He is more particularly denounced for claiming the credit for the sitting Parliament of a reduction of taxation. Sir James Graham is ' a proud, insolent, unprincipled writer,' on account of his pamphlet on Corn and Currency. The pamphlet Cobbett declares to contain a proposition for robbing the whole nation, if the landowners, ' who have all the legal power in their hands, have but the *pluck* to make use of it.' But Cobbett ' has taken the Baronet of Netherby down a peg.' Miss Martineau, for her advocacy of the new Poor Law, is ' Mother Martineau.' The most proverbially honest of statesmen is actually ' sly Althorp,' ' cunning Althorp'! With this supreme effort of extravagantly perverted indignation the forty years' flood of invective ceases to flow. Cobbett sat up in bed to dictate the ' Register' which contains the

attack on the Whig leader on June 10, 1835. On June 18 he was dead.

No chivalrous sensibility ever checked his aggressiveness. If person or cause could be struck at through a woman, he would trample on a woman as on a man. Death gave no shelter from his satire. A long and venomous attack is devoted to the misdeeds both of the second Mrs. Coutts, afterwards Duchess of St. Albans, in succeeding to the wealth of ‘late Banker Coutts,’ and of her dead husband in having endowed her with it. He was indignant at the national sorrow for the murdered Perceval. If a man was fallen, that, in Cobbett’s eyes, was no reason for sparing him if he had not spared Cobbett. A story he tells in the ‘Farewell to England,’ published on the eve of his departure for the United States in 1817, illustrates his view of what for him was fair fighting. A butcher and a west-country grazier quarrelled at Barnet fair, and the butcher drew his knife. The grazier ran off, but returned with a long ash stick. With this he gave the butcher a blow on the wrist which brought his knife to the ground.

‘The grazier then fell to work with his stick; the butcher fell down and rolled and kicked; but he seemed only to change his position in order to insure to every part of his carcase a due share of the penalty of his baseness. After the grazier had apparently tired himself, he was coming away, when, happening to cast his eye upon the knife, he ran back and renewed the basting, exclaiming every now and then as he caught his breath, “Dra thy knife, wo’t?” He came away a second time, and a second time returned, and set upon the caitiff again; and this he repeated several times, exclaiming always when he recommenced the drubbing, “Dra thy knife, wo’t?”’

Cobbett was perpetually casting his eye upon the knife he considered his adversaries had drawn against him. Prostrate though they might be, he was perpetually tempted to ‘recommence their drubbing.’ ‘We are told,’ he says at another time, ‘we are to love our enemies; but there is a condition attached to this; they are to repent and make atonement first; for otherwise this would be the most immoral maxim. God says, “An eye for an eye;” and this is the rule, the plain unmystical rule, that I pursue.’ We wonder whether our eyes have played us false when we read Mr. Smith’s remark * upon the most indiscriminately vituperative of English politicians: ‘That Mr. Cobbett was unwilling to join in a cry against a public character without reason or justice was often manifest’!

* Vol. ii. p. 57.

Former favours were no bar to present attacks. No one had stood by him so faithfully as Lord Folkestone. Burdett's example made him a reformer. Burdett had saved Cobbett from a load of pecuniary embarrassment. Yet he assailed both Folkestone and Burdett with the utmost virulence. His old patron Windham, to whom, it must be admitted, he was generally faithful, is stamped, on occasion, as 'the misguided.' The single character which, so far as we remember, escaped even a side buffet, was that of Cochrane. Cochrane's expulsion from the House of Commons for fraud was his protection. Ingratitude, or what bore the semblance of ingratitude, to old friends, was taken by Cobbett's friends as evidence of his incorruptibility; and incorrupt he was. He might have agreed to be silent as the condition of exemption from Newgate; but he would never have sold his pen to authority. That in the course of his political career he had veered round to opposite sides of the compass did not affect his influence. His opponents wasted their time in endeavouring to confute him by dwelling on his printed and published inconsistencies. He might canonise Paine dead whom living he would have gibbeted. He might, in 1795, have eloquently execrated the 'murderous' French Revolution and the 'cannibal' atrocities of the Convention at Lyons. That was no reason why he should not, in 1816, justify the vengeance, no greater, he alleged, after all than that of Moses, taken by a 'cruelly treated and starving people' for a 'tyranny under which it had groaned for ages,' and compared 'with which the bondage of the Israelites was light as a feather.' No doubt ever crept over him whether possibly he might not be in error now, since he must otherwise have certainly been in error before. He was himself apparently unconscious for the most part of the changes which had been operating in him. He would appeal bravely to his part in early controversies as evidence for his new theses. As for his followers, they never cared to confront the Cobbett of the present with the Cobbett of the past. For them each 'Weekly Register' as it appeared was a new genesis; it had fulfilled its destiny if it had slain a reputation.

Cobbett cared neither for consistency between his opinions old and new, nor for the consistency of his position at any one period of his career with itself. No Englishman could be a more genuine lover of honest industry. He compassionated from his heart the horrible state of degradation into which the British labourer had sunk during, and for twenty years after, the great war. Yet he asserted that 'the English system of 'poor law,' the system under which Coventry with 20,000 in-

habitants had 8,000 paupers, was ‘the best in the world.’ He mocked at Whitbread’s and Romilly’s schemes for ‘enlightening the people.’ Modern ‘facilities of moving human bodies from place to place,’ which alone have begun to rescue the British labourer from the condition of a thrall, he, as he rides his way on a good horse, holds* to be ‘amongst the curses of the country, the destroyers of industry, of morals, and, of course, of happiness.’ He would not have his son taught ‘outlandish Greek or Latin;’ but he detested utilitarianism, and invited the nation at large to yearly exhibitions of rough old English sports at Botley. He even defended bull-baiting as an innocent mode of procuring cheap beef for the poor. Week by week, and year by year, he went on thundering against the governing classes; but he always inserted saving clauses in his indictment for old descent and the trappings of royalty. ‘Loanmonger Baring,’ and ‘baronets,’ like Peel’s father, ‘of the spinning jenny,’ and the ‘paper aristocracy’ generally, he could not tolerate. He was careful to qualify the existing house of Percy as ‘Smithsons (called Percys).’ The Duke of Buckingham is ‘the new duke.’ He taunted ministers with having ‘sneakingly withdrawn the title of “King of France” from the king and from his coins.’ He scoffed at ‘the lowness, the dirtiness of the villany, the vulgarity, the disregard of all sense of morality and of honour’ among republicans. No man was ever prouder of having lords among his acquaintances. For estates ‘which had descended from ancestor to heir from the Norman Conquest’ he professed an admiring respect. He denounced ‘the administration of Mr. Pitt,’ the more bitterly that it had initiated the transfer of immemorial patrimonies to ‘brokers and jobbers.’

How much of all this was real and how much was acting it is hard to say. Cobbett himself did not know. He had acquired a habit of posing before the public; but the vocation demands a high colour; if a sentiment of the proper emphasis did not spring up naturally, it had to be forced. -He made himself the central subject of his readers’ interest or curiosity. ‘I,’ he always writes to Pitt and Addington. He is to be met everywhere riding about the country. He is a guest from time to time at every farmer’s ordinary. Speaking of the farmers of Herefordshire, a district which was strange to him, he says in his ‘Rural Rides’: ‘If I were to live in the county two months, I should be acquainted with every man of them.’ On the county hustings the petty farmer’s son, the farm

* *Rural Rides*, p. 360.

labourer's grandson, the ex-sergeant, dared to oppose a greater power than Pitt, 'old Rose' himself. When an attorney of the Rose party attempts to excite a clamour, 'I fixed my eye upon him,' writes Cobbett, 'and, pointing my hand downright, and making a sort of chastising motion, said: "Peace, babbling slave!" which produced such terror amongst others that I met with no more interruption.' On the Westminster hustings he beards as an equal the great Whig orator, Sheridan. He might be planting an acacia copse at Botley. He might cudgel a rival journalist for maligning him, or be threatened with a whip by a political barrister for his most laudable refusal of a challenge. In every case the whole English public was taken into his confidence. He mixed up himself and his personality with every social problem, with every affair of State. No author has left in his works so complete an autobiography. We are told by him in the '*Register*' and his earlier publications so much about himself that it might be supposed no character could have been drawn more distinctly. No character, on the contrary, is more bewildering. The bluff plain English yeoman is continually being transformed under our very eyes into a shrewd, wily Yankee. Beneath the Radical peep forth indefinite possibilities of Tory prejudice.

At any rate, whatever may have been the real Cobbett, the actual Cobbett impressed himself in all his various phases very deeply on the shifting scenes of the first five-and-thirty years of the nineteenth century. His influence had its evil side. A popular leader of whose character rancour, inconsistency, forgetfulness of kindnesses, prejudice, and incapacity for recognising that there may be good motives for mischievous acts, are essential constituents, is not made to bridge over social chasms and pacify class feuds. The faintest spark of envy and jealousy Cobbett detected in the relations of Englishmen he fanned into a flame. Yet anyone who has studied the administration of England during the great French war and the period which was its sequel will pause before condemning the influence of Cobbett, if not the man himself, too uncompromisingly. It was a period of pretences, and subterfuges, and hypocrisies. The rulers ruling under one title exercised powers that title was never meant to cover. The '*Political Register*' had its birth in a period when they who were supposed to represent the British people represented either Downing Street or a score of boroughmongering peers, or a heavy balance at their bank. Wages were a species of poor rate, and the poor rate a form of wages. The criminal law was a lottery in which the least guilty might draw the penalty of the most atrocious

outrage. Finance was reduced to mere jugglery ; and, lastly, Lord Castlereagh was transplanting the principles of foreign despotism into English soil.

Cobbett, though he had blinding prejudices of his own, could penetrate the prejudices and sophisms of others. He chose both his weapons and their mark often wrongly ; but even his perversity compelled politicians to give account of their constitutional faith. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer was still in darkness, he saw the grotesque absurdity of borrowing to maintain the Sinking Fund. He saw the fallacy of bounties on corn. He saw the benefit of leases. He saw that a large currency does not make a nation richer than a small currency ; that the one virtue of a national currency is that it should continue to represent equivalent values when a debt is contracted and when it has to be paid. In his highest flights of extravagance, as when he railed against Protestantism, as though he were not a rampant political Protestant himself—when he extolled the old poor law—when he raged against potatoes, ‘hog ‘potatoes,’ ‘the suitable companions of misery and filth,’ a thing which can be ‘raked half ripe out of the ground with the paws,’ ‘and without the help of any utensils, except, perhaps, a stick to ‘rake it from the fire, can be conveyed into the stomach in the ‘space of an hour’—when he reviled all Liberals who scrupled to unroof the house before they had got the inmates out—his impulse was often right, though he had blundered into the wrong path. A more temperate politician might not have stirred farmers and handicraftsmen to educate themselves in politics. Without the certain proportion of earthiness in his intellectual composition there would have been slender sympathy between himself and the ill-used and uneducated classes that he taught to feel their wrongs if not their rights as Englishmen.

The power he had won he believed was only a beginning. The echoes his burning appeals had woken in deadened souls he heard reverberating through the ages. ‘All the celebrity,’ he boasted, ‘which my writings have obtained, they will pre-serve long and long after Lords Liverpool, and Sidmouth, ‘and Castlereagh are rotten and forgotten.’ Liverpool, and Sidmouth, and Castlereagh may be forgotten ; but neither are the writings of Cobbett remembered. The many volumes of the ‘Political Register,’ ‘Sermons’ on the rights of the poor and the extortion of the clergy, parodies of the ‘Protestant Reformation,’ and ‘Legacies’ to labourers, and to Peel, and to parsons—they did their work, and they are at rest. The student of politics must be a student of Cobbett if he would know the beginnings out of which existing tendencies have

been developed. The statesman who does not know the ‘Register’ forfeits a master clue to the passions of his countrymen. But thousands of Englishmen go through what they suppose to be a complete course of English literature, without a suspicion that Cobbett should be read as well as Burke. We cannot wish for Cobbett a place among English classics. Violence and virulence are the spirit he breathes. He speaks in the accents of what was an age of civil war, except that the weapons were bitter thoughts instead of more innocent swords and muskets. It is useless to deplore a fate which was inevitable. Yet it is lamentable that a style so piquant, such power of marrying argument to declamation, such spontaneous transitions from wrath against the oppressor to pity for the oppressed, with such sudden gleams of illustration by biting apostrophe of pots and pans, or tender reminiscence of ‘my dear ‘old grandmother’ and her rushlights, should be mixed up inextricably with withering sarcasms upon the sins, which awaken no indignation, of statesmen whose names evoke no memories. Recollections of nature-printed bits of English scenery, taken with the dew and the sunlight glistening upon them, plead for a reprieve from oblivion of one book of Cobbett’s, if no other. We part in charity with Mr. Edward Smith, if only for his unexaggerated admiration of Cobbett’s ‘country pictures, perfectly life-like, glowing with colour and ‘realism.’ English literature may be searched in vain for such another miniature of southern England as the ‘Rural Rides.’ It is a perambulatory history of Selborne, with the parish of Selborne expanded into a dozen counties. But the smoke from the monster ‘Wen’ poisons the air even on the breezy Surrey downs. In great leafy woods the diarist scents, as it were, the carcase of a ‘fundlord’ beneath the violets. The eye is lingering fondly on some sweep of fruitful valleys and green hills, when the foot stumbles on the brink of a forsaken desolate mine. Guidebook makers have always quarried in the ‘Rural Rides.’ Those transcripts of scenery never grow obsolete. But the volume itself gathers dust; no new edition has appeared for a quarter of a century. Cobbett chose his lot, and it is useless now to dream of mending it. His ‘Register’ stung a hundred political reputations to death, and his own fame is dead of the victory:—

‘Ira modum supra est, læsæque venenum
Morsibus inspirant, et spicula cæca relinquunt
Affixæ venis, animasque in vulnere ponunt.’

- ART. IX.—1.** *Pessimism. A History and a Criticism.* By JAMES SULLY, M.A., author of ‘Sensation and Intuition: ‘Studies in Psychology and Science.’ London: 1877.
- 2.** *Le Pessimisme au XIX^e Siècle: Leopardi, Schopenhauer, Hartmann.* Par E. CARO, de l’Académie Francaise. Paris: 1878.
- 3.** *Essai sur les Idées Philosophiques &c. de Leopardi.* Par F. A. AULARD. Paris: 1877.
- 4.** *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung.* Von ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER. Leipzig: 1844.
- 5.** *Arthur Schopenhauer: his Life and Philosophy.* By HELEN ZIMMERN. London: 1876.
- 6.** *Philosophie des Unbewussten.* Von EDUARD VON HARTMANN. Berlin: 1873.
- 7.** *Gesammelte Studien und Aufsätze.* Von ED. VON HARTMANN. Berlin: 1876.

No part of education is more valuable and none more neglected than the history of human opinion. There are no doubt many histories of thought, as of things. The Germans have written innumerable wearisome compilations of this as of every branch of knowledge; yet generation after generation grows up with little or no conscious knowledge of the past—as if the world of thought, really worn out with use, were still an undiscovered country. There is something inevitable yet tragic in this illusion. Without it the life of speculation would expire. Men would cease to idealise. The baffled intellect, which now soars afresh with every new age of creative activity, would fold its wings in collapse and soar no more. Humanity would lose the higher light that now draws it onward towards the unknown, which it is never to reach. Withal it must be owned that the incessant returnings of the wheel of speculation in the old grooves is a pitiful sight to the student of human thought, and that he often earnestly wishes that the revolutions would either cease, or advance along some new line. Especially he wishes that succeeding generations could be saved from the delusive conceit of having really entered on new paths while only treading, often with less capable steps, the old and worn-out paths of dead faiths and dead philosophies.

Few ages have been more prolific than our own in this resuscitation of forgotten modes of thought, or more disposed

to cheat themselves with illusions of scientific, philosophic, or religious discovery while really following in ways that have been beaten hard with the steps of former travellers. The youthful and even the middle-aged minds of our time seem to catch many openings into new lines of truth. There is an eager quest in many directions after a higher wisdom, a more adequate philosophy of faith and duty, than satisfied our fathers. The traditional bonds of religious opinion are loosened as hardly ever before, and men claim absolute freedom to think as they like, and mould their theories of life anew, under the impulses of the hour, and of the school to which they may have attached themselves. The unbeliever and the neo-believer of every shade are rampant, bursting with callow enthusiasm over their pet theories, as if they had at last found out the world's secret and were born to set it right. And strangely our most famous and ancient university has become a special nursery of this pseudo-philosophic excitement. 'Modernism' in all its manifestations grows in Oxford as in a fertile soil, and the crudest theories of religious and philosophic revival have found there a favourite haunt. It is not creditable to the philosophical discipline of Oxford that its younger minds in each new generation should go 'shadow-hunting' to the extent they do, throwing up their caps after every supposed novelty of thought and even of literature as if it were an *Avatâr* from heaven. And all this is the more remarkable that Oxford itself is the least productive of philosophic schools. It repeats successive echoes with a loud noise, but it has originated no system, nor even started the fresh development of an old system.

Even the Neo-Catholic movement signalised by the great name of Newman appears to us no exception to this rule, notwithstanding the significance which has been attached to it by a class of writers, survivors more or less of the movement itself, or of the higher influences which it diffused. Dr. Pusey and Dr. Newman are both men of exceptional intellectual mark; the latter is a man of genius as a writer of English prose. Their friend Keble, of whom we may more freely speak in the past tense, was also a man of genius exquisite in its degree. But the degree was very limited, and without any robust or profound impulse of thought. In the whole movement there was no originality. It was a mere revival of patristic Catholicism which could never have excited the attention which it did if the history of Christian opinion had been as well known at Oxford as it ought to be, and if the *illumined* atmosphere which can alone come from a knowledge of opinion,

Christian and otherwise, were more prevalent in England than it is even among the best educated men. How little real or living thought was in the Newmanism of 1832 is abundantly shown in the miserable seed to which it has come in our present Ritualism, which, if not lacking in some spiritual vitality, is wholly lacking in intellectual dignity.

But our modern revivals extend far beyond the range of the Church. It was, in fact, the state of our scientific or philosophic rather than of our religious atmosphere of which we were thinking when we set out. The widespread scientific materialism, for example, at which the present race of Oxford and Cambridge and Scotch students have caught, as if it were a new revelation by the grace of Professor Tyndall and others, is really nothing but the old atomism of Democritus. We might find even a more venerable lineage for it. The philosophy which lies at its basis has been expounded over and over again, and in far clearer and better language than that even of its chief apostles in the present day, adepts as they are in the arts of lucid expression. Mr. Huxley hardly ever leaves any doubt of his meaning; his thoughts go straight from his pen as well-pointed arrows. But in his recent exposition of Hume he has really added nothing to the philosophy of materialism beyond what that philosopher himself said 140 years ago. Admirably lucid as his exposition is, he has not really explained Hume so well as he might have done in relation to his predecessor Hutcheson, and the atmosphere of intellectual opinion out of which he and Hutcheson alike came. The volume, excellent as a polemical essay in favour of the empirical method, is greatly wanting in historic insight, and the setting which would have come from a more distinct grasp of the characteristics of the time. And this, rather than any didactic and still less any polemical purpose, appears to us to be the main use of the volumes of such a series as that to which Mr. Huxley's 'Hume' belongs.

Again, with whatever freshness Mr. Matthew Arnold may expound his system of 'Moral Idealism,' and his Dutch collaborateurs at Leyden may set forth their 'experience' theories of religion, we have only to turn to the study of Confucius to see the same views exhibited with an elaborateness, a finish, and a consistency in comparison with which our modern moral idealists are but superficial thinkers. In the 'Analecta' of Confucius the idea of a religion based upon righteousness apart from any Supreme Being or Supernatural Order is everywhere apparent. It pervades the 'Analecta' as an atmosphere. It comes out in the most striking

and vivid sayings, which even the delicate repetitive pen of Mr. Arnold cannot rival. No one can cast from him more resolutely the metaphysics of theology than Confucius. No one ever made evident so much as he did that conduct is three-fourths of life. When one of his disciples asked him about death, he said: ‘While you do not know life, what can you learn about death?’ Miracles and spiritual beings he would never talk about if he could help it. ‘While you are not able to serve men,’ he would say to the metaphysically minded of his disciples, ‘how can you serve spirits?’ ‘But ponder righteousness and practise virtue. . . . Knowledge, magnanimity, and energy are universally binding.’ ‘Gravity, generosity of soul, sincerity, earnestness, and kindness constitute perfect virtue.’ ‘If there be really a heaven and hell, they were in existence when the earth was produced. But we know nothing about them. It is of no use to speak of these things to the unlearned, for even the learned understand them but little.’ Are not these voices of Agnosticism all around us, as if they were some new thing? And yet they come as far-off echoes from the ‘teacher of ten thousand ages,’ as his disciples delighted to call him, ‘the most holy, prescient sage Confucius.’

And now finally there comes an old and worn-out cry of Pessimism, transferred from the banks of the Ganges to the banks of the Spree, and caught up, as such cries always are in England, after they have begun their course, and even well nigh run it, in Germany. Of all our modern revivals there is no one certainly such a pure repetition as this of Pessimism. It repeats not merely the tones, but the systematised principles, of Buddhism. If it has any novelty at all, it is simply in the fact that the spent dreams of the East have reappeared in the West; and that an attempt has been made—a very ineffective, clumsy, and inconsistent attempt, as we believe—to give to dreams as old as civilised humanity something of a scientific basis in connexion with the previous developments of the speculative spirit in Germany.

‘What a strange apparition,’ as M. Caro says, ‘is this revival of Buddhistic Pessimism in the heart of Prussia! That three hundred millions of Asiatics should drink, in long draughts, the opium of these fatal doctrines, which enervate and stupefy the will, is extraordinary enough. But that an energetic and disciplined race so strongly constituted for knowledge and for action, at once so practical, roughly calculating, warlike, and hard—that a nation formed of such robust and vivacious elements should have given a triumphant welcome to those theories of despair taught by Schopenhauer—that a system of military optimism should have adopted with a kind of enthusiasm the defence of

death and annihilation—all this seems at first inexplicable. Nor is it Germany only, but Italy also, which led the way with its great poet of Pessimism, Leopardi—France has followed in some measure, and the same sinister influence has spread amongst the Slavic nationalities. Witness the frightful propagandism of Nihilism which, not without reason, has struck terror into the authorities of Russia, and diffused throughout the country a spirit of shameless negation and cold immorality. Witness, above all, the monstrous sect of the Skopsy, who have made a religion out of a degrading practice of the Oriental harems and materialised asceticism to a surgical art, proclaiming the worthlessness of life and the blessing of destroying it at its source. This, he adds, ‘the most debased form of Pessimism, is at the same time the most logical, and indicates with emphatic plainness the necessary tendency of a system which must become brutal in all grosser natures, however it may amuse lighter spirits or inspire them with useless elegies or elegant and trifling sentimentalities.’*

Both Mr. Sully and M. Caro, in the volumes at the head of this paper, give a sketch of the antiquity of Pessimism as shown in the literature of almost all countries. Although the national religion of the Hebrews was optimistic in a high degree, there is a strongly pessimistic strain in such scriptures as the Book of Job, and Ecclesiastes. Job may be pronounced the first Pessimist when he cursed the day of his birth. ‘Let ‘the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which ‘was said, There is a man child conceived.’ . . . ‘Man that is ‘born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble.’ The words of the preacher in Ecclesiastes are deeply tinged with Pessimism. Life is ‘hateful,’ and all that is wrought under the sun only ‘vanity and vexation of spirit.’ But the lights of a vivid and joyful life also shine forth from the darkened background drawn by the preacher’s pencil; and the general strain of the Hebrew literature, it must be admitted, is highly optimist. ‘The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.’ ‘Let ‘the heavens rejoice and let the earth be glad.’ In Greek and Roman antiquity there is at times a deep vein of Pessimism, especially in the Greek drama and the later Roman literature. Hesiod says: ‘The land and the sea are full of ‘evils.’† Even Homer, with all his bright-heartedness, can say: ‘There is nothing whatever more wretched than man.’‡ The very voice of Buddhism seems to speak in Theognis before it was heard in the streets of Benares. ‘It would be ‘best for the children of the earth not to be born . . . next

* We translate the spirit rather than the letter of the concluding paragraph of M. Caro’s first chapter.

† *Opera et Dies*, v. 101.

‡ *Ilias*, xvii. 446.

' best for them, when born, to pass the gates of Hades as soon as possible.'* The same voice is heard with equal emphasis in a well-known passage of the '*Oedipus Coloneus*', † and no less in *Aeschylus* and *Euripides*. Professor Sellar, in his admirable volume on the 'Roman Poets of the Republic,' points out the affinity, and yet the contrast, between *Lucretius* and the Greek poetical philosopher *Empedocles*, of the fifth century B.C., in their despairing and saddened view of life. 'The burden and mystery of the world,' he says, 'weighs heavily on each of them, and moulds their language to a deep monotonous solemnity of tone.' But the mournful tone of the one is 'the voice of the intellectual spirit baffled in its eager desire to comprehend the whole.' *Lucretius*, on the other hand, 'felt profoundly the real sorrows of the heart, and was weighed down by the ever-present consciousness of the misery and wretchedness in the world.'‡ The old pessimistic tone underlies all the light-hearted Epicureanism of *Horace*, deepens as we descend the stream of Roman literature till in *Seneca* it vents itself in such sayings as that death is 'the best invention of Nature.'§ Even the calm-minded *Marcus Aurelius* invites death not to delay his coming.||

It is needless to turn to the East for illustrations of the pessimistic spirit. It meets us everywhere in Indian and Persian poetry. In modern literature it is never far away. *Shelley* and *Byron*, and *Heine* and *Lenau*, and *Lamartine*, and, above all, *Leopardi*, have sung the miseries of existence in tones of pathetic despair which have run like a wail through our modern consciousness.

All this is intelligible enough. It is the function of the poet—nay, it is the function of literature—to touch every aspect of human life and give it fitting and powerful expression. The poet gives voice to all emotion without concerning himself with the balance of moral forces. It is a part of his sensitive inheritance to feel deeply the sadder moods of humanity—the 'divine despairs' that haunt all our highest aspirations, our strangely mixed experience. It is the dowry of his genius, by song, picture, or drama, to make others share and sympathise with his moods. Whatever else there may be in life, there is in it a marvellous capacity of suffering—a veil of pathos clinging to the skirts of all its brightest joys. And the poet is the man to tell us this most forcibly, because he is

* vv. 425–428.

† Sellar's 'Roman Poets,' p. 218.
|| B. ix. iii.

‡ 1225 seq.

§ Ad Marciam, c. x.

the man who realises it most vividly. There has been no true poetry in any literature, however rich with the fulness of an overflowing gladness, which has not also been laden with tones of pathetic tenderness and a frequent burden of tragic woe. But, as M. Caro explains in the case of Byron and Chateaubriand particularly, this vein of subjective mournfulness or even of despairing cynicism is not rightly called pessimistic. It is the mere cry of personal feeling, the utterance of that rapture of misery, as of joy, which it is the fate of the poet to feel ; and while inspiring his song with pangs, it may be, of unutterable grief or regret, it is yet really cherished by him as a precious possession. The sorrows of a poet like Byron are the luxury of his genius. He revels in them. They isolate him in lonely grandeur from his fellow-mortals. They make something, therefore, of the very joy and elevation of his position. But nothing can be further than this mood from a pessimistic theory of life, which not merely intensifies the suffering attached to all human sensibility, but turns the very substance and reality of all conscious life into suffering. The subjective evil which plays such a part in all poetry from the beginning is, after all, but an accident in the world. The essence of Pessimism is something different from this. It makes evil objective. It makes it the groundwork of life—not merely a shadow haunting its brightness, but the substance out of which it is wrought.

According to M. Caro, there is one and only one of the poets mentioned above who can be said to be a genuine Pessimist. Leopardi is more than a poet. He is also a philosopher. His thought is based not merely on his own personal experience of suffering, peculiar and aggravated as this was, but on a definite philosophy. And in his review of the subject, accordingly, M. Caro groups Leopardi along with Schopenhauer and Hartmann. He appeals in justification of this course to M. Aulard's volume, which also heads our article, and expresses his astonishment that this writer has not fully perceived the philosophic aim of Leopardi. M. Aulard admits that the Italian frequently speaks of his philosophy, but he professes to be unable to trace any coherence in it, or any desire on the part of its author to propagate a system. Strangely enough, Mr. Gladstone has thought it worth while to republish a panegyric of Leopardi written nearly thirty years ago, full of admiration for the Hellenic genius and poetical power of the young Italian, but equally unconscious that Leopardi's whole system of thought was based on an absolute denial of the existence of God and the hopes of

humanity. We are at a loss to comprehend Mr. Gladstone's strong sympathy with such a writer. The absence of system is no evidence, says M. Caro, of the absence of philosophy; and what, he exclaims, is the aim of any writer, poet or philosopher, but to spread abroad his ideas, and with this view to express them with the most vigorous effect? 'I greatly regret, therefore,' he adds, 'that M. Aulard, having suggested so interesting a problem, has not followed it out.' This is the task which M. Caro himself takes up, on the basis of the interesting collection of documents supplied by his predecessor, but not utilised by him as he thinks they ought to have been. We cannot do better than follow, so far, the thread of M. Caro's exposition.

There is no reason to think that Leopardi knew anything of Schopenhauer or his philosophy, although it is singular that it was in the very year (1818) in which Schopenhauer set out for Italy, after the completion of his chief work, that Leopardi passed from his earlier state of Christian devoutness to his later nihilistic despair. Schopenhauer, however, was unknown as a writer even in Germany till long after this time. But while Leopardi never heard of him or his book, it may be assumed as certain that Leopardi's poems were known to Schopenhauer. He mentions them at least once, and although he does not seem to have realised their significance, they may have touched his peculiar temper by their congenial gloom.

In 1818 Count Giacomo Leopardi was only twenty years of age, but he had already attained an unwonted distinction by his marvellous scholarship and genius. He had also thus early abandoned the faith of his youth. When only seventeen, he had written a species of apology for the Christian religion, under the form of an 'Essay on the popular Errors of the Ancients.' He had also projected the composition of Christian hymns which should utter something of the burden of grief even then weighing upon his heart, the result partly of his health impaired by the ardour of his studies, as in the case of Pascal, and of a morbidly sensitive and sombre temperament. Some snatches of these hymns, which have been preserved, breathe in a Christian form the very notes of a despair which was soon to throw off all restraint. 'Now I go from hope to 'hope,' he cries, 'erring everyday, and forgetting Thee, although 'always deceived. A day will come when, having nowhere else 'to turn to, I shall place all my hope in death, and then I shall 'finally return to Thee.' This day of grace was never to arrive in his case. Almost at the moment that the tears of his penitent misery fell upon the paper which contained the frag-

ments of this hymn, the home of his early faith was for ever shattered around him.

Leopardi passed at once to a fierce and definite scepticism without any of those struggles in which less decisive souls plunge themselves, or any of those regrets which weaker or softer natures feel. He remained immovable in the solitude which he made for himself. Hardly a disdainful allusion to any hopes or fears of another world henceforth escapes him. There is no thought of God, not even of denying Him. The very name is avoided. When he is forced as a poet to allude to any supreme Principle, he speaks of Jupiter or Nature. Nature appears face to face with man, and is the only power which he interrogates as to the mysteries of this miserable life. Nor has Nature any answer to give. ‘I am the child of ‘Destiny,’ she says, ‘and why or wherefore I am neither you ‘nor I can ever comprehend. The inexorable laws which bind ‘us both are seen partially in the light; but their roots are ‘buried in impenetrable darkness.’ With characteristic brusqueness, he compared the attitude of Nature with that of the mummies of Ruysch, resuscitated for a quarter of an hour. ‘They tell how they died. They are asked : “And what follows “death?” But the quarter of an hour has flown past, and the ‘mummies are silent.’

With Leopardi, as with Hartmann, there are three ‘stages of illusion’ through which humanity passes. These stages exhaust every possible view of human happiness, and each is found out in turn as a hollow deception. They may be described severally :—1st, as the stage of individual development, in which man seeks happiness by the free use of all his faculties of sense and intellect, by the cultivation of science and art, of emotion and virtue; 2nd, the stage of Christian piety, in which the thought of happiness is transferred to the future, and the failures of the present life become transmuted into a transcendent glory in the life to come; and 3rd, the stage of industrial and social development, when human society through the sacrifices and labours of successive generations, by the discoveries of science, and the appliances of industry, and the progress of political and social reforms, is to become a new order in which poverty and crime and suffering shall disappear. This is the religion of humanity, the dream of certain amiable enthusiasts, but a dream baseless and delusive as the others. Nature has no answer of encouragement to the human dreamer. No voice ever reaches him from a higher world. He sends his cry into mere emptiness. It is the mere broken echoes of his own heart that speak to him of higher hopes and

fears. The echoes come like the sound of the sea in the convoluted shell when placed to the ear, but, like the sound born within the shell, they merely cheat the heart by a self-made response.

The glories of science and art, of patriotism and love, of heroic action and passion, are especially illusive. They have no substantive worth. They leave no permanent good. Dante, Tasso, Alfieri—for what have they laboured? To what have their efforts come? Some have ended by no longer believing in their country. Others have been wrecked in a senseless struggle. Dante himself—what has he done? He preferred hell to earth, so odious did earth become to him. ‘Hell!’ exclaims Leopardi; ‘and what region, in effect, is not better than ours? And yet less intolerable are the evils which we suffer than the *ennui* which chokes us. O happy one to whom life was weeping! ’

Like Hartmann also, Leopardi is especially bitter over the miserable disappointments of literary fame, after which he yet ardently aspirèd.

‘No one,’ says Hartmann, ‘can deny that it costs much to produce a great work. Genius does not fall full-formed from heaven. The study which is necessary to ripen the fruits of meditation is painful and fatiguing, relieved only by the rare pleasure which comes from the consciousness of difficulty overcome and of expectation yet to be realised. When one has set himself to produce anything at the cost of long preparation, his only really happy moments are those of first conception. No sooner does he begin the task of composition than the struggle arises between the idea and the form of expression. And if the desire to complete what he has begun, if ambition or the love of reputation, did not goad the author—if, finally, the yawning spectre of *ennui* did not erect itself behind indolence—the pleasure of production would never suffice to overcome the fatigues. Then there are the critics envious and indifferent, and the public so Philistine and incompetent. How few men, may we not say, are in any way accessible to the real pleasures of art or science! ’*

In the same vein Leopardi asks: ‘What is a great name? A name which often represents nothing. The idea of the good is constantly changing. And as for scientific works, they soon become stale and are forgotten. The most middling mathematicians of our day know more than Galileo or Newton. Glory is a shadow, and genius, of which it is the only recom-pense, is but a mournful gift to its possessor.’

Elsewhere he launches into a diatribe against the science and learning of the nineteenth century. It is an age of children,

* Philosophie des Unbewussten, c. xiii. p. 702.

he says, and, like children, it wishes to be learned and profound at a stroke without serious work and preparation. Knowledge may be more diffused in our time, but it is more superficial. Savants are less numerous than they used to be. Where are there any truly learned save perhaps in Germany? In Italy and in France science is only the science of results, of compilation. Books are written in less time than it takes to read them. Their cheapness is an index of their real value, and the time that they last is in proportion to the money that they cost. But do not all the newspapers speak of the glory of the age and the progress of the people? He faces the question in one of his Dialogues, and replies without hesitation that the progress of democracy is a decline and not an advance. Other ages had at least great men, if men in general were mediocre. But this is an age of nobodies, in which individuals are thrust to the front without greatness or the power of becoming great.

‘I can hardly,’ he says in a climax of bitterness, ‘keep from smiling at the designs and the hopes of the men of my time. With all my soul I wish them success; but I envy neither them nor their descendants, nor those who may have long to live. . . . Neither the foolish nor the wise, nor the great nor the small, nor the weak nor the powerful, do I any longer envy. I envy only the dead, and with them alone would I change places.’

A despair like this knew no bounds, and admitted of no remedy.

‘Human consciousness is itself a curse; and the brute and the plant are happier than man. The shepherd wandering on the Himalayas—condemned to eternal labour—takes the moon to witness that the beasts he keeps are happier than he is. They, at least, know not their misery. The broom that grows on the sides of Mount Vesuvius, unlike the villages that encircle its foot, is all unconscious of its doom. Some day it, too, will be buried beneath dust and ashes and the cruel power of subterranean fire; but at least it will perish without having raised its pride towards the stars, and is so much wiser and stronger than man that it has never believed itself immortal like him.’

What with Pascal is the glory of man, with Leopardi is his shame. ‘Were the whole universe to crush him,’ said the former, ‘man is yet greater than the universe, because he *knows* “that he dies. The universe *knows nothing*.’ This, says the Italian, is the very note of man’s inferiority and misery, that he has thought without power. And the more civilisation advances the more will this misery of helpless consciousness fix itself on man. The more man adds to his sensibility and intelligence, the more he adds to his suffering. We cannot wonder that a despair like this mingled defiance with its

wretchedness, and that in the ‘*Bruto Minore*’ he should be found facing death with a reckless shout of indifference as to his name and his memory.

‘ O miserable life! we are but the merest trifles. Nature is not troubled at our wounds, nor do the stars darken at the sight of human agony. Dying I appeal not to the deaf kings of Olympus or Cocytus; to the contemptible earth; nor to night; nor to thee, O last ray in the darkness of death, the belief in a future state. Let the winds take my name and my memory.’

A spirit so morbid as this, so passionate in its gloom, could only have been born of personal suffering, both physical and mental. It is no mere philosophy that speaks in such sentences, and we cannot accept without reserve the philosophical explanation which both M. Caro and the author himself give of his pessimistic views of life. The former quotes a well-known letter which Leopardi wrote from Florence in 1832, in which he protests against his opinions being supposed due to his sufferings.

‘ My opinions,’ he says, ‘ have been always those which I have expressed in the “*Bruto Minore*.¹” Led by my own enquiries to a despairing philosophy, I have not hesitated to embrace it entire. It is only the cowardice of men who require to be persuaded of the merit of existence which attributes my philosophical opinions to my special sufferings, and explains by my material circumstances what is alone due to my understanding. Before I die I wish to protest against this invention of weakness and vulgarity, and to pray my readers to employ themselves in refuting my observations and my reasonings rather than in accusing my maladies.’

It may be well, in virtue of such words, to rank Leopardi with Schopenhauer and Hartmann as a formal expositor of Pessimism. He himself evidently claimed such a title. But withal his Pessimism is very little of a reasoned system. His own suffering heart, notwithstanding all his protests, speaks far more powerfully in it than any strength of logic or of understanding. Behind his poetry, as with Shelley, there is no doubt a philosophy; but it is also, as with Shelley, a philosophy woven of his own intense emotions rather than of any rational insight or argument.

In other respects Leopardi’s Pessimism is quite unlike the German systems of which it is the precursor. It rests on no metaphysical basis. It has nothing to say of the genesis of evil, nor yet of its possible cure. He traces it back to no principle, as we shall find both its German expounders do; nor does he work out any scheme for its annihilation, as they both elaborately attempt. He accepts evil as a fact, without

making any effort to explain it. He opposes to it nothing but despair and contempt. ‘*Nostra vita che val?*’ he asks, only to answer, ‘*Solo a spregarla.*’ ‘Our life, what is it worth ‘but to despise it?’

In turning to his two German successors, we meet not with a different spirit, but with a more elaborate and reasoned aim. There is less of ‘divine despair,’ of the ineffable and wistful pathos that haunts alike the verse and prose of the Italian. The atmosphere is coarser—dense with the stale smoke of German metaphysics. But also it must be admitted that the philosophical problem of the mystery of evil is more definitely seized, and handled at least with mere appearance of serious and systematic argument.

Schopenhauer’s personal history was by no means so painful as Leopardi’s, but it was in some respects very unhappy. Born of respectable and wealthy parents, he inherited, with some share of wealth, certain morbid tendencies which cannot, on any principle of right interpretation, be passed over in estimating his philosophy. His grandmother bore her husband an idiotic son, and herself became imbecile in her old age. His father was a man of gloomy temperament and subject to violent outbursts of passion. In his later years he fancied himself the victim of pecuniary losses, and became so strange that when he met with his death by falling from an attic window of his warehouse into the canal, his death was attributed by many to suicide. On the maternal side Schopenhauer inherited a nature more lively and versatile, but hardly more balanced. His mother was clever, attractive, and very fond of society, but by no means well educated, and full of wilfulness and love of excitement. She was married at nineteen to a man twenty years her senior, and on February 22, 1788, their son Arthur was born at Danzig, where his father and grandfather before him carried on a prosperous business. Both his parents delighted in travelling. They took their son with them on one of their lengthened journeys in Belgium, France, and Switzerland, and England, and while his parents made a trip to Scotland Arthur was left at a school at Wimbledon when about sixteen years of age. It was at this time that he laid the foundation of his knowledge of English life and manners, and also contracted his fierce hatred of what he thought English bigotry, so often shown in his writings. He had evidently no ordinary measure of self-opiniativeness from the first. He wished to send to England, ‘to meet the Reverends, a missionary of reason, with the writings of Strauss in the one hand, and the “Kritik” of Kant in the other.’

On his father's death Schopenhauer tried for a time a commercial life, according to a promise which he had made. But he soon tired of this, and his mother yielded to his importunities to enter upon the career of a student. He studied at Göttingen and Berlin; at the latter of these universities he heard Fichte and Schleiermacher. He spent some time also at Weimar, where his mother had gone to reside, and here he had an opportunity of meeting and admiring Goethe. He agreed, however, but ill with his mother, whose volatility and love of pleasure already repelled his gloomy temperament. After the terrible scenes in 1806 which followed the slaughter at Jena, his mother writes to him that she could tell him things that would make his hair stand on end; but she adds: ‘I refrain, for *I know how you love to brood over human misery in any case.*’

This is a glimpse into the heart of the youthful Pessimist well worth noting. Here is another still more unhappily characteristic. When he came to Weimar he did not live with his mother. She would not have him with her, and gives her reasons with a frankness as blunt as his own. If he got his gloom from his father, his mother was evidently capable of teaching him something of that direct and ‘relentless’ style for which his admirers consider him remarkable. ‘I have always ‘told you,’ she says, ‘it is difficult to live with you; and the ‘better I get to know you, the more I feel this difficulty in- ‘crease, *at least for me*. I will not hide it from you: so long ‘as you are what you are, I would rather bring any sacrifice ‘than consent to live with you. . . . Your ill-humour, your ‘complaints of things inevitable, your sullen looks, the ex- ‘traordinary opinions you utter like oracles none may pre- ‘sume to contradict—all this depresses me and troubles ‘me without helping you. Your eternal quibbles, your la- ‘ments over the stupid world and human misery, give me ‘bad nights and unpleasant dreams.’

This is a strange picture of mother and son; but the picture is not yet complete. When Schopenhauer published his first book, the treatise for which he received from the University of Jena his degree of Doctor of Philosophy, he presented a copy to his mother. It bore the formidable title, ‘On the Fourfold ‘Root of the Doctrine of Adequate Cause’ (Die vierfache Wurzel des Satzes zum zureichenden Grunde). His mother did not, or professed that she did not, understand what it meant. ‘The fourfold root!’ she said; ‘oh! I suppose that is a ‘book for apothecaries.’ In the meantime she herself had become an author, having published an account of her travels.

He did not spare her in reply. ‘ It will be sold, mother, when ‘ even the lumber-room will not contain a copy of your works.’ But she was equal to the occasion. ‘ The whole edition of ‘ yours will still be on hand,’ she answered.

We dwell on such traits as these because they go deep into Schopenhauer’s philosophy. It is all very well to claim that his philosophy be examined on its own merits. Let this be done by all means. But there never was a man whose thought was more the expression of his personality, from his youth upwards, than that of Schopenhauer. And his personality was far from beautiful. He was honest—strictly honest no doubt—but his violence, rudeness, contradictoriness, and personal cowardice are as conspicuous as his honesty. He could not hear the postman’s knock without trepidation. The slightest noise at night made him start and seize the pistols that always lay ready to his hand. He fled on the mere hint of infectious disease, and he carried with him a leathern drinking cup, in case he should be poisoned or catch some malady from others. He was suspicious and distrustful. ‘ It is safer trusting fear ‘ than faith’ was one of his favourite quotations. His notes as to his property were never confided to the German language. His expenses were written in English, his business affairs in Greek or Latin. He hid bonds among old letters and gold under his inkstand. His coupons were labelled, ‘ Arcana Medica.’ *

In a character like this, combined with a profound and meditative intellect, and a tendency described by himself to become possessed with an idea till he had followed it through all its windings and fairly run it down, Pessimism found a congenial soil. It sprang up as the natural growth both of his personal feeling and his scientific culture. No doubt, like Leopardi, he believed his system to be due to his understanding only, his superior penetration into the hollowness of all earthly good; but if the system got its form from his vigorous intellect, it was yet rooted in the fibres of his own gloomy and unhappy disposition. His cognition lay close to his feeling, and took from the latter its sombre and depressing hues, and the base cynicism with which he touched many of the sacred realities of life.

His *magnum opus* was published in 1819, when he had reached the age of thirty-one. It bears the now well-known title ‘ Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung.’ It fell, like

* These details are quoted almost verbatim from Miss Zimmern’s ‘ Life,’ 1876, an extremely readable little book.

Hume's famous 'Treatise of Human Nature' exactly eighty years before, 'dead-born' from the press. And this want of appreciation greatly aggravated the author's unhappiness. He went to Italy and made a long sojourn there. On his return he tried to gather around him pupils as a *privat-docent* in Berlin; but he was also doomed to failure in this effort. Hegel's influence was then all-predominant; and although Schopenhauer despised Hegel, and denounced his philosophy as 'thoroughly worthless'—at once 'nonsensical' in substance and 'repulsive and disgusting' in diction—he was wholly unable to withdraw attention from it to his own speculations. Disgusted with all 'chair philosophers,' with women, and with Jews (who enjoyed a special share of his odium), he retired to Frankfort, and settled there as a confirmed recluse. By-and-by he published the second volume of his great work, and also some essays, one of which gained a prize bestowed by a Norwegian university, on the vexed question of the freedom of the will. But his writings still failed to attract any adequate attention. It was not till 1851, when he published his 'Par-'erga und Paralipomena,' that there was any general recognition of his literary and philosophical merits. The popular style of these essays at length brought to him some measure of fame. This helped to shed a wintry gleam of satisfaction on his old age. He died in 1860.

What then is Schopenhauer's philosophy? In other words, what is the intellectual basis of his Pessimism? It was his boast, in contrast to the 'chair philosophers' of Berlin and elsewhere, that his thought was without obscurity, and that he could express himself directly and clearly; nor can his system be said to present any difficulty beyond that which always more or less lies in the interpretation of German philosophical nomenclature. The world is to him, in its primary essence, Will. This is the name which he gives to the one universal substance. To use his own words, Will is 'the 'innermost essence, the kernel of every individual thing, and 'equally so of the totality of existence. It appears in every 'blind force of nature; it manifests itself also in the deliberate 'action of man.' This initiative statement is enough to show that the first business of the student of this modern philosophy is to unlearn the customary use of philosophical terms—to cast off the associations of phrases which may have become habitual with him. When he has done this in the case both of Schopenhauer and of Hartmann, he has gone a great way to overcome any difficulties which their philosophies involve. Hartmann, indeed, is a much harder writer than Schopen-

hauer. He falls back into the obscurities, 'the repulsive and 'disgusting diction,' of the older German philosophers, which the latter constantly reprobated. But both demand, preliminarily to their study, a complete freedom from the old presuppositions of philosophical nomenclature. Will, with both, is divorced from all moral or intelligent meaning. It is 'movement' simply, or 'force' in the most general sense. It is the ultimate and onward-moving spring of all things. 'Instead of subsuming,' as Mr. Sully well says, 'the notion 'Will under that of Force, as modern savants are wont to do, 'Schopenhauer reverses the process.' The justification of this course is that we know nothing of physical forces apart from their phenomenal effects, whereas Will is known to us immediately in our self-consciousness. 'By reducing the knowledge 'of Force to that of Will, we have reduced in fact something 'more unfamiliar to a thing infinitely better known, nay 'more, to that which alone is known to us immediately and 'completely.*'

This Will is at first mere blind impulse awaking in the depths of eternity, in what manner is unknown, and pushing itself forward through all grades of inorganic, and then organic, and finally sentient and conscious existence. In man it attains to consciousness, and in the same moment necessarily realises itself as suffering already begun in the sphere of sentient existence. With the development of sentience suffering emerges, but as yet is rather felt than known. In the higher human consciousness it is fully developed as an inherent and necessary condition of all consciousness. Man only knows Will as a constant seeking, an effort to be other or more than it is, and the essence of all such effort is pain. To live—above all, to live consciously—is to will, and to will is to suffer. Effort is born of need. So long as there is need there is dissatisfaction, and dissatisfaction is suffering. Every effort involves fatigue; and even when need is satisfied, the satisfaction is found to be illusory and fleeting. New needs necessarily spring up out of the old, and new need is new suffering. Human life is only a struggle for existence with the certainty of being vanquished.

From this theory of Will two consequences arise:—First, that all pleasure is negative; pain alone is positive, of the very essence of being. Secondly, that the higher the intelligent consciousness, the more sensibility there is to pain. The idea of human progress is therefore the most false and deluding of all

human ideas. The more what is called civilisation advances, the more intimate and penetrating will become the mass of human wretchedness.

We have spoken, and necessarily spoken, in these brief explanations, of Will as a motive power striving after continual self-development, and attaining such development in the ascending ranks of organic existence. It is impossible to avoid this mode of speech, and Schopenhauer himself constantly practises it. He speaks of the Will as a striving after manifestation and 'the highest possible objectivation' in the higher forms of organic life and in consciousness. Yet Will in its true nature is with him purposeless, a mere blind struggling force without intellectual representation or prevision. 'Absence of 'end,' he says, 'belongs to the nature of Will *per se*, which is 'an endless striving.' Will as the ultimate cause or substance of the universe is 'alogical.' Intelligence or conscious purpose, so far from being a primary attribute of it, is only a phenomenon appearing in the course of its development. Will, in short, is the substratum or absolute principle of all existence—the *noumenon*—although it implies a contradiction of thought to use such an expression. Intelligence is merely one of the phenomenal forms in which Will manifests itself. And hence the title of his book, 'Die Welt als Wille und 'Vorstellung.' 'Will' is primary. 'Vorstellung' or 'conscious representation' is only secondary or tertiary. True, to *us* the world is 'Vorstellung.' It is only as we conceive it or are conscious of it that the world has for us any existence. Schopenhauer boasted of starting directly from the subjective idealism of Kant and following it out. The whole school of 'absolute' philosophy which had followed Kant was his special abomination. He can use no words too strong in condemnation of what he believes its folly and absurdity. 'People like 'Fichte, Schelling, or Hegel,' he said, 'should be shut out 'from the ranks of philosophers, as of yore the dealers and 'money-changers were cast out of the Temple.' 'Hegel's 'philosophy, instead of thoughts, contains mere words;' and for this reason he added that it was particularly suitable for a 'chair philosophy,' because 'boys want words to copy and 'take home with them—they do not want thoughts.' Again, a fitting motto for Hegel's writings would be Shakespeare's: 'Such stuff as madmen tongue, and brain not.*

This violent hostility to the contemporary philosophy of Germany is with Schopenhauer no mere expression of wounded

* Cymbeline, act v. scene 4.

vanity. He resented no doubt the fact of Hegel's class-room at Berlin being filled with enthusiastic students, while he vainly tried, in the years following his return from Rome (1820-22), to obtain an audience as a *privat-docent*. It was his nature to hate bitterly whatever came across his path or disturbed his colossal self-complacency. But the opposition between him and the reigning philosophical school was radical. It went to the very heart of his thinking. Hegel and his great contemporaries had at least this in common, that they sought, in the spirit of the Greek philosophy from the time of Anaxagoras, to enthrone *Reason* at the head of the universe. The world in its manifold activities was to each, whatever more special explanation he might give of it, a *rational* world, of which 'consciousness' was not an accident, but the essence. One and all sought the solution of existence in some form of Reason, Schopenhauer sought it in *unreason*. It was his boast that he had brought back philosophy to the point at which it had gone astray in the hands of Anaxagoras, and that he had finally set reflection below instinct—intelligence below will. The latter is the substance of the world, the former merely one of its accidents. To quote M. Ribot's summary of this part of his doctrine:—

' Since Will is the centre of ourselves and of all things, we must give it the first rank. Truly speaking, intelligence is only a tertiary phenomenon. The first place belongs to the Will, the second to the organism, which is its immediate objectivation, the third to thought, which is a function of the brain and consequently of the organism. Therefore one may say intelligence is the secondary phenomenon, the organisation the primary phenomenon. *The Will is metaphysical*; the *intelligence is physical*; the intelligence is the semblance, the Will the thing itself (*the Ding an sich*). In a still more metaphorical sense, Will is the substance of the man, intelligence the accident; Will is the matter, intelligence the form; Will is the heat, intelligence is the light.'

It is needless to dwell further on such a philosophic principle. It has no special significance save in the audacity with which it is put forth. It certainly has no novelty save a novelty of nomenclature. It was something new to entitle the blind force which, according to Schopenhauer, is the root and substance of all things, as Will; but the conception of the world as in all its manifestations the expression of such a force is as old as philosophy itself. Not only so, but the very definition of Schopenhauer by which he makes Will more particularly 'a will to live,' are but echoes of Indian thought, of which we know from his note-books that he was an ardent student. Of the clearness,

force, and, in a certain sense, originality, of Schopenhauer's intellect, there can be little question to anyone who knows his writings. He was by no means the genius he believed himself to be, nor that his herd of admirers now believe him to be. But he had great brightness and life and vigour of thought. The substance of his philosophy withal is as stale as can be. It is a mere graft from the Upanishads upon Kant—a species of modern Buddhism, neither more nor less, as he himself was ready to admit. This appears still more plainly when we turn to the ethical, which was the really prominent and important, aspect of his system.

As all is Will in nature and in man—as existence in all its forms comes of the blind irrepressible instinct to live—so life is necessarily in all its forms suffering. For it is of the essence of Will never to be satisfied, but to be still only craving for satisfaction. Will is striving, and striving is necessarily suffering. ‘All striving springs out of defect and discontent with its condition, is therefore suffering so long as it is not pacified.’ And as the spring of existence never relaxes, Will can never be effectually pacified. ‘No satisfaction is enduring; it is only ‘the starting-point for a new striving.’ Life is thus doomed to ceaseless movement, and the impulse of the movement, as with the Buddhist, is ‘thirst.’ ‘Trishna,’ or ‘thirst,’ says the Buddhist, results in ‘grasping,’ and ‘grasping’ issues in new ‘being.’ This is the doom of Karma which lies on all sentient being. The ‘will to live’ irrepressibly stirring in all organic activity and pushing it forwards to ever new developments of suffering is the same idea repeating itself in the nineteenth century. The suffering lies in the very nature of the development, as springing from constant unrest. There may be pleasure for a moment in satisfaction; but satisfaction immediately gives way to new desire; and it is the note of desire and not the note of satisfaction which repeats itself in life. Life is thus a prolonged pain.

But not only is pleasure momentary, while suffering is normal. Suffering is always positive, while pleasure is only negative. It never comes to us of itself or originally, but only as ‘the ‘stilling of a wish.’ ‘Wish (that is, defect) is the antecedent ‘emotion of all enjoyment. With pacification, however, the ‘wish ceases, and so the enjoyment. Consequently satisfaction, or the state of happiness (*beglückung*), can be nothing ‘more than deliverance from a pain, from a need.’ Again, he says more particularly:—

‘We feel pain, but not painlessness; we feel care, but not freedom from care; fear, but not security. We feel the wish, as we feel hunger

and thirst ; but as soon as it is fulfilled it is much the same as with the agreeable morsel which, the very moment it is swallowed, ceases to exist for our sensibility. We miss painfully our pleasures and joys as soon as they fail us ; but pains are not immediately missed even when they leave us after tarrying long with us, but at most we remember them voluntarily by means of reflection. For only pain and want can be felt positively, and so announce themselves as something really present. Happiness, on the contrary, is simply negative. Accordingly we do not appreciate the three greatest goods of life, health, youth, and freedom, so long as we possess them, but only after we have lost them ; for these are only negations.' (ii. 659-60.)

The balance of life, therefore, is always towards suffering, not merely because of the unrest that lies in it essentially, but because pain is everywhere more substantive than pleasure. It touches us more directly ; it leaves behind it nothing, while pleasure usually comes after pain, and vanishes with its coming, leaving a distinct sense of loss behind. 'Sweet is pleasure 'after pain,' said the great poet of cynicism. Such as the sweetness is, it is only in the nature of things for a moment, says the philosopher of Pessimism. The balance swings back immediately, and a new pain of desire springs out of the very bosom of the sweetness.

Life is thus a continual movement of unfulfilled desires, and when definite objects do not present themselves to the will's strivings the baffled impulse shows itself in the form of *ennui*. '*Ennui*' is no frivolity with Schopenhauer. 'In the end 'it paints true despair upon the countenance.' 'Human life,' he says, 'oscillates between pain and *ennui*, which two states 'are indeed the ultimate elements of life.' 'As want is the 'scourge of the people, so is *ennui* that of the fashionable 'world.'

As misery is thus the law of being, the higher the being the more the misery. From the lower species of animals to the vertebrates, and thence to man, the ratio of suffering is one of increase. 'Man,' he says, 'is the most perfect objectivation of will, and 'is therefore the most needy of all beings ; he is concrete, 'willing and needing through and through, a concrete embodiment of a thousand needs.' And the more highly developed man is, the more he suffers. The sensibility to pain increases instead of diminishes with civilisation. The 'progress of intellect' is the progress of suffering, so that the world is tending upon the whole to become worse instead of better. Nothing is more alien to Schopenhauer than the optimism of modern progressists, positivist or otherwise. There is no hope for humanity in the future, any more than there is any reality of

good in the past. The past with him is a mere ‘heavy and ‘confused dream;’ the future is only a painful repetition of it.

The one bright spot in human existence is the feeling for art. Here the mind emerges for a time ‘out of the endless ‘stream of willing,’ and the object is held before us not in its individuality, but as ‘a part of the universal reality.’ He expressed this more particularly by saying ‘that in a work of ‘art we contemplate the pure (Platonic) idea;’ and that the artist rises above himself into the region of pure, will-less knowledge. In the delight of the beautiful aspects of nature and art, the objects are beheld by us in pure objectivity, and give us hence a sense of rest which comes to us in no other manner. But this is only the transient experience of the few, and even in these few the art-endowment is allied with such an increase of intellectual sensibility as to expose its possessors to a greater amount of pain otherwise than is felt by duller minds.

Is there no ending, then, to all this course of misery? Does no light fall upon the darkened picture from any quarter? As in his view of life, so in his idea of the only salvation from its misery, Schopenhauer is a Buddhist. He cannot be said to add anything to the old Oriental doctrine. As misery clings to desire, to the ceaseless operation of Will, so happiness can only come from the absolute negation of desire, the cessation of Will; and this again can only come, as with the Buddhist, through science, through knowledge rising to an ‘apprehension of universal ideas,’ of the world as a totality. This acts as a quietive to the Will. He speaks of the process sometimes as purely intellectual, as a reaction of the intellect on the Will, sometimes as mainly moral through the increase of a higher insight in the Will itself, in which it may be said to rise above its own blind impulsive nature, and accomplish, so to speak, its own abolition. This bearing of the subject is handled by Schopenhauer not without a certain ethical fervour. He dwells especially on the effects of love and pity in liberating the Will from the bondage of its own selfishness—the principle of individuality which, with him as with Buddha, is the veil of Maia to be torn away. Love and pity are the most powerful factors by which the individual is carried out of himself, and the essential unity of all sentient existence discerned. Both serve to reveal the infinite sadness of human life, the emptiness of individual aims, and so pass directly into a denial of ‘the will to live.’ They foster *asceticism*, which had a great attraction for Schopenhauer, although he was no ascetic himself. ‘I preach sanctity,’ he said, ‘but I am myself no saint.’ As-

ceticism, however, was his highest ideal. The ascetic was even before the artist.

'When a man,' he says, 'through the power of love and pity, ceases to draw an egoistic distinction between himself and others, and takes as much part in their sorrows as his own, he enters into the meaning of the whole, seizes its being, acknowledges the nullity of all struggle, and his cognition becomes the quietus of will. Will now turns away from life; man attains to the state of voluntary renunciation, to resignation, negation of the will to live. The phenomenon by which this is shown is the transition from virtue to asceticism.'

And so the practical upshot of Schopenhauerism, if it can be said to have a practical upshot at all, is the same as Buddhism no less than its beginning. Commencing in desire, it ends in the negation of all desire through science and virtue. But the modern system is inferior in every respect to the ancient, as the character of the Frankfort Pessimist was to that of the Enlightened one who, more than two thousand years ago, preached the same doctrine in the streets of Benares. We cannot even allow that there is any advance in the philosophy of modern Pessimism. It may be more clearly formulated than the philosophy of the Buddha, and may borrow a certain coherence from the generalisations of modern thought which have been worked into the system by the author; but it is in no respect more profound or thorough-going. And, so far as the ethics of the two systems are concerned, Buddhism stands on an infinitely higher platform. Its 'noble path' is a higher guide to conduct and the bliss of negation than anything sketched by Schopenhauer. The Pessimism of the latter, making every allowance for what is ethically good in it, reflects everywhere his own harsh and unamiable character, the cynicism, half humorous and half dismal, in which he spent his life; and in one important particular, the passion of love, which we have not chosen to touch in these pages, it may be said to be frankly brutal like its author. The Pessimism of the great Oriental teacher, on the other hand, borrows everywhere a tender grace from his beautiful and loving character. The one is a Pessimism of pathos, the other a Pessimism of despair. The one is a religion of sorrow, the other a philosophy of ill-humour with the world.

To enter into any detailed criticism of the ethical details of such a system appears to us unnecessary. Even if its great postulate of 'an enormous Will rushing constantly into life' were granted, there is hardly one of its ethical positions that could not be contradicted with far more force of reason than they are asserted. Suppose life to be a ceaseless effort, a con-

tinually irrepressible ‘will to live.’ It is a mere assumption to identify effort with pain, the movement of Will with suffering. It might be far more truly asserted that effort is enjoyment, and that every renewed spring of Will is a new source of pleasure. The latter assertion is far more consistent with experience than the other. If Will is the root of our being, then it is the law of our being. Our being is fitted to the spring that works it; and the incessant play of nature is an incessant source of satisfaction. It is only when this play is interfered with through defect of organism or the conflict of other wills that pain arises. But, as M. Caro says, these are consequences and not original characteristics of the action of Will.

‘The effect in itself in a healthy organism is joy. It constitutes originally a pure and simple pleasure, that of the consciousness of life. Without this consciousness we should never be able to distinguish ourselves from life around us. We should be lost in the onward continuity of being. Whatever pain may come from the abuse of our activity, we have no right to attribute this pain to the activity itself. An irresistible instinct carries man towards action, and through action towards some foreseen pleasure, or expected happiness, or imposed duty. This irresistible instinct is nothing else than the instinct of life itself; it explains and sums it up. In the very moment in which it develops the sentiment of being within us, it measures the true worth of being. The Pessimistic school misconceives these rudimentary truths, and repeats in all tones that Will, from the moment it attains to consciousness, becomes a curse to itself, recognising in its consciousness only misery. Without exaggerating the other side or undervaluing the rigour of the laws under which human life proceeds, and the bitterness of the circumstances which often encompass it, we may oppose to this fantastic psychology a picture of an opposite kind far more true to experience—the picture, namely, of the pure joys which lie in a long sustained effort in the face of obstacles towards a triumphant end, of an energy first mistress of itself and then mistress of life, whether in subduing the bad wills of men, or in triumphing over the difficulties of science or the resistances of art—of Work, in short, the true friend and consoler of man, which raises him above all his weaknesses, purifies and ennobles him, saves him from vulgar temptation, and helps him to bear his burden through days of sadness, and before which even the deepest griefs give way for a time. In reality, when it has overcome the first weariness and distaste it may inspire, Work itself, apart from all results, is one of the most lively pleasures. To treat it, with the Pessimists, as an enemy, is to misconceive the very idea of pleasure. For the workman to see his work growing under his hand or in his thought, to identify himself with it, as Aristotle said (*Ethic.* iv. 7), whether it be the labourer with his harvest, or the architect with his house, or the sculptor with his statue, whether it be a poem or a book, it matters not. The joy of creation more than redeems all the pains of labour;

and as the conscious labour against external obstacles is the first joy of awakening life, so the completed work is the most intense of pleasures, bringing to full birth in us the sense of personality, and consecrating our triumph, if only partial and momentary, over nature. Such is the true character of effort or Will in action; and here, M. Caro rightly adds, ‘we are at the very heart of Pessinism. As the action of Will is not only not identical with suffering, but the absolute condition of all life and knowledge, and as such the source of our highest pleasures, Pessimism has no ground in reason.’*

But it is more than time to turn to the cognate system represented by the living name of Hartmann. It is a question with the school how far Hartmann is to be regarded as a disciple of Schopenhauer. He himself makes a claim to independent investigation; and a writer in a recent number of ‘Mind’ (Jan. 1879), under the name of ‘O. Plumacher,’ takes Mr. Sully to task for classing him in this category along with Bahnsen and Frauenstädt. ‘Hartmann,’ says this writer, ‘is no more properly called a successor of Schopenhauer than of Hegel. All that can be said is that as every vital system of philosophy must assimilate the main ideas of its predecessor, so Hartmann’s is a higher synthesis of Schopenhauer’s “alogical” will and Hegel’s logical idea as attributes of the unconscious spirit.’ This writer talks in a very magnificent way of Mr. Sully’s ignorance of his favourite philosopher, and appeals to certain later writings of his master in evidence of his distinctive philosophic claims. No one who has tried to read the most recent of all Hartmann’s works, which appeared only last year—the first volume, namely, of his ethics entitled ‘The Phenomenology of the Moral Consciousness,’ can well doubt Hartmann’s claim to be reckoned a philosopher after the true German fashion. The obscurities both of his thought and language in this work are certainly entitled to place him on the true metaphysical level, although he still claims to write as a man of the world, and to address the unacademic reader. Here we must be content with considering Hartmann mainly in his connexion with Schopenhauer, and as represented by his first work published in 1869. To endeavour to estimate his philosophy as a whole would lead us into an endless and fruitless field.

Hartmann is even less of a ‘chair philosopher’ than Schopenhauer was. The son of a soldier in the Prussian army, he was trained as a soldier in the artillery department, in which his father was a captain. He has himself described

* *Le Pessimisme*, pp. 122-6.

his 'course of development,'* and tells us that he was unhappy at school, and not particularly interested in classical studies, but that he was fond of mathematics and natural science. His chief pleasure, however, as a youth, was found in the perusal of English novels and the pursuit of music and painting, in both of which he attained considerable excellence. It is interesting to note how devoted to English literature both the Pessimist philosophers of Germany have been. Hartmann says he was repelled from a university career by the rawness and coarse vulgarity of student life, and that he finally decided on becoming a soldier because he believed that in that profession he would have the best chance of becoming 'a whole man' (*ein ganzer Mann*). He joined a regiment of artillery in 1858, when he was sixteen years old (having been born in 1842), and seems to have found pleasure in his military instruction and duties. Evidently, however, he was born to be a philosopher more than a soldier. Already in his thirteenth year he had begun to note down philosophical doubts and aphorisms, and in his seventeenth year (1858), when he left the gymnasium, he composed his 'first connected work,' under the title of 'Reflections on the Mind,' in which he inclined, he says, to a 'psychological determinism,' and argued the question of immortality in the sense of a Pantheistic absorption of the individual into the Absolute Spirit. His philosophical studies were greatly advanced before 1863, in the course of which and the following year he wrote a multitude of smaller essays, and also three more serious philosophical studies, in one of which he specially deals with Schopenhauer's philosophy, with which he had become acquainted in the autumn of that year. A disorder in the knee interrupted his military duties, and finally forced him to abandon his profession and to throw himself entirely into a philosophical career. His vanity, no less than his undoubted capacity, whispered to him that this was his true vocation. He believed himself, during the twenty-two years that he had lived, to have 'triumphed over more errors, got rid of more prejudices, and 'seen through more illusions, than many cultivated men are 'allowed to do in their whole life.'

The result of Hartmann's enforced leisure was the preparation of the 'Philosophy of the Unconscious' (*Philosophie des Unbewussten*), which he had already begun in 1864. He takes credit for his pure disinterestedness and love of enquiry

* 'Mein Entwickelungsgang,' in his 'Gesammelte Studien und Aufsätze.' Berlin, 1876.

in the composition of this work, as in all his philosophical labours. In writing it he obeyed merely his impulses to find the truth, irrespective of the praise or blame which his researches, when calling things by their right names, might call forth. Like Schopenhauer also, he congratulated himself on his freedom from the philosophical bias of the time. He wrote with no professional object, neither as 'a means of gaining a professorship, nor as a confirmation of a professorial reputation, nor finally as a literary investment.' He carried on his philosophical thinking in perfect independence of what he calls the *Zunft-Philosophie*, or 'philosophy of the guild.' His philosophy, in short, is, he believes, in a peculiar sense the product of his own thought, the expression of his inward calling to the philosophic life, the utterance of a burden which would otherwise have oppressed his soul. It was in the nature of things, he says, that the Pessimism of Schopenhauer should find numerous disciples; but his own philosophical standpoint is not to be adjusted to any external accident, and especially nothing could be more unjustifiable than to attribute his Pessimism to any of the outward circumstances of his life. It is something at once more inward and more elevated, born in the depths of his own spirit, and destined to effect a reconciliation between the philosophy of Schopenhauer and the optimistic theories of human development. This is a somewhat free version of Hartmann's philosophic ambition from his own-mouth; and we may say of him at least, that it is not his fault if the world remains insensible to his greatness as a philosopher.

By the year 1867 the 'Philosophy of the Unconscious' was finished; but it did not see the light till two years afterwards. It soon attained popularity, the copy before us being the fifth and improved edition, with the date of 1873, and a portrait of the author, a strong and bright-minded face, with a long carefully arranged beard and moustache, and a decided look of self-elation in the eyes. It is a bulky treatise of more than 800 pages, in the course of which the author elaborately discusses all the aspects of the 'Unconscious,' first in organic functions, and secondly in the human mind. In the third section of the work he treats, under the title of 'The Metaphysics of the Unconscious,' all the conditions and results flowing from the recognition of the 'Unconscious' as the all-pervading power and substance of being. What the 'alogical' Will is to Schopenhauer the 'Unconscious' is to Hartmann—the staple of which the world is woven, or rather which weaves itself into the world. With him, as with Scho-

penhauer, nothing is at first more puzzling to the reader than the constant ascription of intention or conscious purpose to that which is, *ex hypothesi*, without intelligence or design. The Unconscious is really an ‘organising Unconscious.’ The whole process of organic development is represented as being designed by the Unconscious. Nor is this a mere name for the forces of matter working endlessly onwards and clothing themselves in ever new forms. On the contrary, it is, as Mr. Sully says, ‘a will enlightened by an intelligence which pre-sides over these, which every now and then interferes with their ‘action by introducing a new element’! The ‘Unconscious,’ in short, in Hartmann’s hands becomes a species of deity. He himself recognises this, and in one of the chapters of the third part of his book (c. viii.) discusses the relation between his conception of the ‘Unconscious’ and the God of Theism, the main difference being that the latter is supposed to work after the manner of a human artist ‘through discursive reflection,’ whereas the Unconscious moves from within in virtue of an immanent, indwelling teleological aim. His philosophy holds, he imagines, ‘the golden mean’ between a Theism of this kind and mere materialism. No Theist certainly can be more devoted to teleology than Hartmann. It pervades his whole philosophy, and reappears with more force than ever in his new ethical work. It is the idea of ‘aim’ or ‘end’ in nature and life and history which, more than any other, is the key to his mode of thought, and the only solvent for the problem of existence. He professes in his latest work to make this idea—the idea of *zweck*—plain to the educated reader in the following manner:—‘The form of the application of the logical ‘to the alogical is the form of the externalisation of the idea ‘into reality or “aim.” The “aim” is the logical in its solid citation through the alogical, or the idea, in its actuality as ‘content, of a will blindly realising itself.’ It is to be hoped that the reader, educated or uneducated, is grateful for the explanation.*

It is the recognition of this principle of the logical idea in conflict with the ‘atalogical’ Will or the ‘Unconscious,’ which opens to Hartmann the prospect of a finale to this world of evil. To Schopenhauer, as to the Oriental Buddhist, the only gateway of relief is self-annihilation. But Hartmann, borrowing so far from Hegel, sees something of a rational meaning be-

* The same idea, expressed perhaps less obscurely, the reader will find in the ‘Philosophie des Unbewussten,’ pp. 755–6, partly summarised and partly quoted by Mr. Sully, p. 139.

neath all the alogical movement of the world. The world-process which comes into being through an utterly arbitrary act, of which he professes to give no explanation, is impregnated, so to speak, by the aim of returning into nothing, out of which it came. That there is such an aim pervading the world he holds beyond question, and that man is bound to further this aim by morality. The picture which he draws in his new work, astounding as it may be, really represents the pith and climax of all his philosophy—the picture of ‘humanity hurling back into nothing the world-process, arising in an absolutely capricious way—and accomplishing this by moral conduct’!

The attempt to seize, in some possibly intelligible form, Hartmann’s system of thought, has led us away from its more purely pessimistic aspects; but these everywhere appear in minute detail in his writings. He argues the pessimistic conclusion *à priori* from the nature of Will or the non-rational, unconscious impulse moving through all things—in this coinciding with and virtually repeating Schopenhauer. But he also argues the same conclusion far more at length *à posteriori* than his predecessor. He balances in a most detailed, if also in a very haphazard and confused, manner all the pains and pleasures of life (c. viii. 6), and, striking the balance, endeavours to show how greatly the former outweigh the latter. It would weary our readers beyond measure to go through his analysis. Suffice it to say that he virtually adopts the bitter saying of Petrarch: ‘*Mille piacer non vaglioni un tormento.*’ Every form of pleasure is weak and transitory in comparison with its corresponding pain. Every disappointment of will makes itself felt; the relief which comes from satisfaction sometimes never rises into the sphere of consciousness. The latter at the best is momentary, the former may be indefinitely prolonged. According to him a person would prefer ‘to have no sensation rather than to hear first all musical discords for five minutes and afterwards a beautiful musical composition for the same interval.’

Taking the two great instincts—hunger and love—which, according to Schiller, move the world in so far as this is not done by philosophy, he enters into an elaborate estimate of the balance of miseries which flow from them. The sufferings of hunger are infinite, and they prevail through a great part of the world, terminating in death or physical and mental deterioration. What, in comparison with such sufferings, is any pleasure to the individuals who are able to satiate their hunger? Of the other moving instinct of nature he writes with hardly less coarseness

than his predecessor. Seizing it entirely on the physical side, he allows its reality as a source of pleasure, but paints vividly all the inconveniences and evils which flow from it. After all the ill that has been said of love in all languages and literatures, and the savage humour of Schopenhauer on the subject, it might have been thought impossible to say anything about it original. But Hartmann, as M. Caro says, has succeeded 'in grouping in one darkened mass all the miseries and deceptions of the heart. Not a ray of light falls upon the sombre picture.'

These details of the preponderating misery of existence are specially drawn out in illustration of the first of the three stages of illusion already described from his pages. He does not deny that men naturally prize life, and love it. But this instinctive appreciation of life is merely an illusion with which man cheats himself. In order to show this, he sets on one hand all the possible advantages, and on the other the disadvantages, of life, such as health, youth, liberty, material comfort, hunger, love, friendship, family happiness, religious edification, immorality! enjoyment of science and art, sleeping, dreaming, envy, vexation, &c. We do not pretend to exhaust the classification. Well may Mr. Sully (*pace* his critic in 'Mind') exclaim, What a classification! It makes no claim to either scientific accuracy or empirical comprehensiveness; but it enables the writer to wander hither and thither, and to dwell at will on all the dark spots in the picture. 'Heap together,' as Mr. Sully says, 'a number of the leading impulses and dominant circumstances of life,' and make 'the miscellaneous pile stand for the whole.' Then 'bring into strong light all the evils and drawbacks,' and 'touch with the lightest hand possible the accompanying advantages (or, if they are not too palpable, pass them by altogether), sum up the results, and you have a balance in favour of pain.*'

Against the possibility of a future life Hartmann argues at some length on his own principles; † but he reserves his chief sarcasms for the third and last stage of illusion. The world in itself is utterly hopeless. Even its material condition improves but slightly; the amount of wrong-doing and crime continues a fixed quantity, although veiling itself in more decent forms. If the art of healing advances, the forms of disease become more subtle and obscure. With the increase of intelligence there is an increase of sensibility; and pain in some new variety dogs every footstep of advancing civilisation. Science and art—astonishing as may seem the

* Sully's 'Pessimism,' p. 239.

† Pp. 715–28.

achievements of the former—are less and less the result of genius, and more and more that of mediocre minds, and of skill mechanically applied. They are moreover becoming less an enjoyment in themselves, and more a refreshment after weariness, or even an indulgence of intellectual pride or æsthetic vanity. One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh, but the world remains bad as ever. It is an old story, and was told long ago, and far more pathetically and by a better preacher than Hartmann : ‘All things are full of ‘labour; man cannot utter it; the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing. The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be, and that which is done is that ‘which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun.’

The hideous jargon of these sciolists may be summed up in the words ‘Curse God, and die.’ That is the Satanic message they bring, like the mocking devils of old, to the Jobs and the Fausts of modern society. Nor do they shrink from the corollary of their frightful doctrine. On the contrary, they teach that the love of life is a superstition to be dispelled; that whosoever brings a human being into the world forges another link in the chain of suffering; and that the only consummation to be desired is the extinction of the human species and the annihilation of the race. ‘Childless thou art, childless remain,’ said Eve in her hour of despair: and this unnatural theme is developed by these Germans in prurient language with which we cannot pollute our pages. But their theory may be expressed in the words of the first Woman, brooding over her sin :—

‘Why stand we longer shivering under fears
That show no end but death, and have the power
Of many ways to die, the shortest choosing
Destruction with destruction to destroy.’

Paradise Lost, x. 1003.

Our readers are probably tired by this time of this old philosophy with a new face. We confess that, clever and self-confident as Hartmann is, he interests us, as a thinker, much less than Schopenhauer or Leopardi. In the two latter, and in the Italian particularly, there is the pathos of a morose fate haunting life. There is a cry of suffering—if it be often, in Schopenhauer’s case, only the suffering of wounded self-esteem—in the writings of both. And this touch of feeling makes them akin with the sympathetic reader. Hartmann, with all his pretensions as an analyst of human misery, is really, as Mr. Sully calls him, something of a ‘jaunty Junker,’ to whom

Pessimism is a pastime in which he delights to employ himself. We believe without any reserve—or any regard to the complacent glimpse of his inner life to which he admits us at the close of his personal sketch—that his Pessimism is in no respect the result of his external circumstances. We should think more of him, perhaps, if it were. He has found ‘Pessimism’ in the air, and he has made himself its expositor. He has drawn together the floating remains of the old metaphysical systems of Germany, especially of Hegelianism, and, combining these with the system of Schopenhauer and the generalisations of modern science, he has elaborated all of them, with a certain power of systematic thought, into his ‘Philosophy of the Unconscious.’ Germany will never want systematisers like Hartmann, and amidst the general decay of old beliefs and the prevailing political and social disintegration of that country, the popularity of the Pessimistic philosophy is by no means so surprising a phenomenon as it may at first appear. It is only due to Hartmann also to say that, although a greatly inferior writer to Schopenhauer, he writes with a certain dash and stroke of power. He is prosy—what philosophic German is not?—and his sentences lumber along in many unnecessary clauses and strange combinations of words; but, as Mr. Sully says, he makes his philosophy ‘concrete by the application of everyday language, the interspersion of humorous allusions among the highest abstractions;’ and this, in the view of the same critic, forms an attractive ‘bait’ for a large class of readers in Germany, ‘which desires to add an easy acquaintance with philosophy to its other literary attainments.’

Hartmann, like Lange and others in his own country, and unhappily like not a few writers at home, has another attraction for a considerable set of readers. He is full of what cannot be called else than the slang of that Modernism which has sprung up in the wake of exhausted creeds, and a stale revival of mediæval and dogmatic extravagances in the churches. He knows all about the origin of Christianity—whose ‘kindling glow,’ he graciously allows, ‘still beats in this extreme corner of the old world’—and about its primitive character as a pessimistic faith. He is the apostle of all those historic and scientific generalisations which sound so grandly in our day without explaining anything. He is the heir, in short, of all the vague theories and materialistic *persiflage* which have set aside the results of ancient wisdom and the modesties of ancient reverence. Here is the secret of much of his popularity in Germany, and the clue to the growth of a species of dis-

cipleship in this country. Even modern paganism must have its priests, and vacant altars must burn with fire of some kind. To the hosts of readers who have parted with the old Christian ideals, there is a craving for some scheme of thought—some ideals, however absurd and extravagant, to fill up the void. Writers like Hartmann are as missionaries to these forlorn souls. They give coherency to sceptical restlessness, and clothe nihilism in a semi-scientific and semi-poetic form which passes for something of a religion. Hartmann's 'Un-'conscious' is really little else than a new species of '*quasi-*' Divine Providence' based on Nature, and working out, with the most ingenious contrivances, its own annihilation, travelling with what speed it may towards Nothing !

To anyone at all acquainted with the spiritual and social state of Germany, the absolute void of faith which the overthrow of successive systems of philosophical or religious thought has left in the national consciousness, the rise of Pessimism is intelligible, however deplorable. It is merely a deepened phase of the materialistic spirit which has spread itself everywhere in that country, in reaction from the speculative extravagances of a former generation, and the failure of ideals which have crumbled into dust. It is impossible for the German intellect to rest content with the mere empiricism of materialistic science. Philosophy without metaphysic, morality without metaphysic, may satisfy other nations, or a large class of mind in France and England; but the German cannot even have Materialism without metaphysic. And the Pessimism of Hartmann, as of Schopenhauer, is nothing else than an attempt to find a metaphysical basis for modern Materialism.

But we must ask, ere we conclude, Is this the Germany which we loved and admired forty or fifty years ago, in the days of her intellectual glory ? Are these the descendants of a long line of illustrious thinkers from Luther to Kant and Schelling ? Are these the countrymen of Schiller, Jean Paul, F. Schlegel, and Novalis ? Did Goethe in his greatest work only foreshadow this aberration of the human intellect ? With rulers whose policy is 'Blood and Iron,' with statesmen whose maxims of government are intolerant and reactionary, with a philosophy sunk in godless materialism, with a literature abandoned to blasphemy and licentiousness, with false conceptions of fundamental truths rampant amongst the people, neither military power nor extended education can avert the dangers which threaten the whole fabric of society. The acceptance which these wild theories of Schopenhauer and Hartmann have met with in Germany is a marvellous and appalling sign

of the times: for we cannot conceive it possible that a nation should imbibe large draughts of this poison, and live. The French Revolution was preceded, in the last century, by a gorgeous vision of the perfectibility of mankind: is Germany to be convulsed by the horrid dream of its annihilation, and by repudiating all that dignifies human existence?

There never was anything more hopeless than this struggle of the modern mind to banish the idea of an absolute or metaphysical order from human thought. Mr. Sully points out how ontology has exhausted the whole round of human principles and feelings in its successive attempts to find a Source of Being. He shows clearly enough how there is no difference in method between such attempts of speculation in our day and the old interpretation of Nature ‘as tenanted and inspired by ‘an integral conscious Mind.’ But he misses the chief lesson of his own statement. The multiplicity of such attempts seems to him only to argue the folly of the method. Does it not more truly argue the essential reasonableness both of the method and of the old conclusion, which is acknowledged to be its highest result? He is good enough to say: ‘If we must ‘pursue this method at all, would it not be somewhat more ‘rational to go back to the hypothesis of Theism, and provide ‘ourselves with a Reality which is a concrete and complete con-‘ception?’ He offers ‘this suggestion, whatever its worth, to ‘modern apologists of Theism.’ We overlook the sneer in the truth of the suggestion. Mr. Sully’s study of Pessimism should have taught him more than he has learned from it. No study could well demonstrate more thoroughly the hollowness of that Sensationalism of which he is an expositor and advocate. If such a philosophy could satisfy man, Pessimism would not merely be bad metaphysics; it would be an insane and monstrous dream. But so ineradicably does the human mind cleave to some theory of Being, and not merely of Experience, that it takes up with the sad dream of Pessimism rather than grovel for ever in the conclusions of sense. We have no doubt whatever that when the Modern spirit has exhausted its searches in all directions, and seen how hollow are the successive theories which it would place in the room of the Divine Idea which has been the strength and consolation of man in all generations, it will return to this belief not in mere cynicism or ‘apology,’ but as the only true light of the world—the faith which is at once most rational in itself, and which throws the brightest illumination of reason around the mysteries of existence.

- ART. X.—1.** *My Command in South Africa (1874–1878), comprising Experiences of Travel in the Colonies of South Africa and the Independent States.* By General Sir ARTHUR THURLOW CUNYNGHAME, G.C.B., then Lieutenant-Governor and Commander of the Forces in South Africa. 8vo. London: 1879.
- 2.** *South Africa.* By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Two vols. 8vo. London: 1878.
- 3.** *Natal: a History and Description of the Colony.* By HENRY BROOKS. Edited by Dr. R. J. MANN. 8vo. London: 1876.
- 4.** *Compendium of the History and Geography of South Africa.* By GEORGE MCCALL THEAL. Printed at the Lovedale Missionary Institution, Alice, South Africa, and republished in London. 1878. 8vo.
- 5.** *Vier Jahre in Afrika (1871–1875).* Von ERNST VON WEBER. Zwei Bände. Leipzig: 1878.
- 6.** *Further Correspondence respecting the Affairs of South Africa.* Presented to Parliament in February and March 1879.

TWO years ago, in January 1877, the ‘Quarterly Review’ published a remarkable article on the affairs of South Africa, which obviously expressed the opinions of the eminent historian who had recently visited that country in a semi-official capacity. We differed from many things which were advanced in that article. We could not accept the charges freely made against the past policy of the British Government, or the genial admiration of the writer for the patriarchal virtues of the Dutch Boers, or the confident hope that the arrival of Sir Bartle Frere in South Africa would raise order out of chaos, or peace and prosperity out of misgovernment and confusion. A reply was therefore published by this Journal in the month of April, 1877, and we may venture to say that it was written by no unworthy hand. The controversy was, in fact, maintained with signal ability on both sides, and if it failed to attract in any great measure the attention of the public, this must be attributed to the absorbing interest of the Eastern Question, and to the fact that the discussion was chiefly of a retrospective character. The people of England, ever intent on one thing at a time, failed to perceive the very serious questions which were already in full agitation in the British South African possessions. Atrocities, far more dreadful than those

of Bulgaria, were being committed by savages on our own frontier. Christian civilisation was threatened by hordes far more barbarous than Turks or Bashi-Bazouks. The scene was not a foreign country, but a part of the Queen's dominions. The victims might be our fellow-subjects or our own troops ; and the cost of the sixth Kaffir war, and of the Zulu war which follows it, was pretty sure to fall in the end on the British taxpayer. To prolong the discussion of the Eastern Question or the Afghan war at the present time would be an anachronism. We are invited, and indeed compelled, to turn our attention to a subject even more directly affecting our imperial interests and our military resources ; for it is obvious that the outbreak of war in South Africa tends to weaken the influence of England in other parts of the globe, and is a practical diversion in favour of our rivals or antagonists elsewhere.

In February 1878 the state of affairs in South Africa was thus briefly summarised by Sir Arthur Cunynghame :—

' Affairs within the colony were now in considerable confusion. The Fingoes, our allies, were guilty of great outrages upon the unfortunate Gaikas. They went about in bands, intercepting the women and plundering them, and if they found a man in a woman's dress, they made very short work of him with assegais.

' On all sides difficulties seemed to be on the increase. A war unfinished on the Kei, a rebellion in the colony, of which the proportions could not be ascertained, but reaching to our doors, a rising in Pondoland, and insults heaped upon the Government by the paramount chief Umgaikela. An outbreak in the East Griqualand location at Kokstadt ; the Transvaal continually threatened by Secocoeni ; and Cetewayo, King of the Zulus, actually in arms on the border of Natal, driving away the settlers, and erecting his forts upon the Boer locations.

' Alarming letters were received by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Transvaal from the extreme eastern frontier by every post, and a force was then at Utrecht protecting our borders, while the small number of Imperial troops at Pretoria were detaching men to Middleburg, and the Boers were holding seditious meetings even in the capital.

' There were risings on the borders of Griqualand West, the Barolongs and the Batlapins taking the field.' (P. 369.)

In justice to Sir Bartle Frere, it must be said that the difficulties he had to encounter upon his arrival in South Africa were of the most formidable and complicated description. They were aggravated by the fact that his own ministers were absolutely incapable of foreseeing any danger or providing against any emergency ; and that he had at last to dismiss them. When the war broke out on the Kei, her Majesty's forces on the frontier consisted of the greater part of *one regiment*, the first battalion of the 24th, the same corps which has

since perished so heroically at Insandlana, but with *no* cavalry and *no* artillery. Even the horses of the infantry soldiers selected for mounted service had been sold at the request of the Cape Ministry. The organisation of the frontier police was exceedingly defective; and although volunteers were not wanting, both in the towns and amongst the burgher farmers of the district, all regular preparations for defence had been not only neglected, but opposed, by the Cape Government. This being the case, as is now formally stated by the Commander of the Forces in South Africa himself in the volume before us, the wonder is, not that disasters have occurred, but that they did not occur sooner, and that they have not been more complete. The war in Kaffraria was, in spite of all difficulties, brought to a successful termination. The details of the operations are related with simplicity and perspicuity by Sir Arthur Cunynghame, and we do not propose to revert to them, though the campaign was a much more serious affair than Mr. Trollope would lead his readers to suppose. It suffices for our present purpose to remark that, in spite of the gallant and successful efforts of a handful of brave fellows in this contest, the impression on the native tribes generally had been that of the extreme weakness of the British power, and all the evidence before us proves that an opinion had spread amongst them that the time was come when the white man might be expelled from the land and driven into the sea.

In order to understand more thoroughly this critical state of affairs, we shall avail ourselves of the works we have placed at the head of this article. Sir Arthur Cunynghame gives us a vivid picture of the war. Mr. Trollope travelled through the colonies in an easy good-humoured manner, and brought back the impression that Boers and Kaffirs were both, in their way, a good sort of people, travelling slowly onwards on the track of civilisation; but he writes without a suspicion that he had been treading on a volcano, or that passions were at work which might speedily, in the opinion of Sir Bartle Frere, involve the whole of South Africa in a conflagration. Mr. Theal's volume is by far the most accurate and useful compendium that exists of the history of South Africa. It derives additional interest from the fact that it was written, and well written, in the country, and printed, and well printed, by native compositors at the Missionary institution at Lovedale. We shall avail ourselves largely in the following pages of the information it contains. Mr. Theal writes in the enthusiastic spirit of a colonist and a missionary. He thinks that the Cape Colony is destined 'by a higher hand than that

' of man to bring into the sisterhood of nations the people of a continent hitherto steeped in misery and vice, and that the future cannot be otherwise than grand and bright' (p. 71). We wish to speak with all possible respect of the South African Missions, who have been the best allies of civil government, and have done whatever has been done to implant habits of industry and culture among these savage races. But it is impossible to read Mr. Theal's thrilling narrative without the deepest feelings of horror and compassion. The blood of civilised and uncivilised man has been shed in torrents in these dreadful wars. Massacre has succeeded massacre. Flourishing villages and homesteads have been burnt and destroyed. Native tribes have been extirpated. At the end of every struggle it has been supposed that this war was the last, and that the future at least was 'grand and bright.' Civilisation has, we would fain believe, made some progress; but nowhere on the face of the earth has this been accomplished at a more frightful cost of human life, and even now its steps are threatened and insecure. The 'History of Natal,' by Mr. Brooks, an old resident in the colony, is of peculiar value and interest at the present time, when the impending contest between barbarism and civilisation is to be fought out on the borders of Natal itself. The volume is extremely well edited by Dr. R. J. Mann, and it supplies a vast deal of information which may be of great utility at this moment.

To these works must be added Herr von Weber's 'Four Years in Africa,' which is a comprehensive and most entertaining narrative of life in South Africa by a German gentleman who resided there for some time, and actually worked a claim at the diamond fields in his own behalf. His account of this diamond traffic is by far the best we have met with, and he afterwards visited all the British South African colonies and the Free State. Herr von Weber's sympathies are all with the Boers. He hates the Kaffirs with the fervour of a Dutchman, although he is in fact a Saxon. He thinks that South Africa is to be colonised and civilised by men of the German race, and he is not always just or kindly to his English neighbours. It is not worth while to correct his blunders and misstatements, though he calls Sir Bartle Frere an admiral, and speaks of Demerara as an island! Upon the whole, as it is good to see ourselves as others see us, we are obliged to him for his criticisms; and he has certainly contrived to afford us a good deal of amusement and information, though we cannot accept his conclusion that South Africa will one day be turned into a Dutch Federal republic.

The South African dependencies of the British Crown are not only of amazing extent, but they comprise a variety of peculiar conditions dissimilar to those of any other colony. The combination of these circumstances presents a problem of extreme intricacy both to the Government at the Cape and to the Government of Great Britain. At the present moment it may be of interest if we endeavour briefly to point out what these conditions are. The territory of the Cape Colony has a breadth of about 300 miles, and a length from east to west of about 800, comprising an area of 450,000 square miles, not including the recently annexed territory of the Transvaal, which consists of 120,000 square miles more, as much as the whole of Italy. Elsewhere it is stated at 40,000,000 acres, of which only 400,000 are under cultivation. Roughly speaking, this extent is equal to that of France, Germany, Belgium, and Holland united, or five times the area of Great Britain. The land rises in ridges from the shores of the Indian Ocean to a level plateau at an elevation of 3,000 or 4,000 feet. The rivers, descending from this height, are rapid and not navigable—impassable torrents at one season, or dried up in rocky channels at another. Forests are scarce, and therefore fuel not abundant. The want of wood, both for construction and for fuel, tells in a variety of ways. Thus there is scarcely a boarded floor in the whole upper country, and fires are only made for cooking. There is no hay, an inconvenient circumstance in a country where everybody rides or drives; horses and oxen are foddered on green corn-stalks dried. Hence the employment of cavalry and artillery in the country is difficult, for horses are liable to a peculiarly fatal disease, and they must carry their forage with them. Mr. Trollope affirms that the transport of a load of wood from the coast to Bloemfontein costs 15*l.* Everything at the Cape depends on the supply of water, and this is regulated by artificial means. With water you can grow corn, hay, and trees; the difficulty lies in the process of irrigation. These details are characteristic, because they affect the conditions of social life. The soil is fertile when moistened, but it is parched in summer, when the lack of water is felt, the surface being rich but not deep. This want of water is supplied to the flocks of sheep and herds of deer by the extraordinary abundance of succulent plants on which these animals feed. It is therefore a pastoral, not a corn-growing country, and is in most parts ill adapted to support a large civilised population. Famines are not unknown; the natives sometimes die by myriads of starvation, and even the British troops have suffered from

the want of supplies. Except meat and fish, almost all the necessaries of life are dear. The wool of South Africa sells in England for one-third less than the wool of Australia, the quality being inferior.

Hence South Africa is not to be compared with North America or Australia as a field for emigration from Europe. The result is that the white population is still extremely small, not exceeding 450,000 souls. Of these Mr. Trollope calculated that not more than 120,000 are of English descent. Herr von Weber allows us only 90,000 Englishmen, and Mr. Trollope says that there are only 5,000 English occupiers of land. But if the white population is small, the black or native population outnumbers it fourfold, and in some parts (as in Natal) this disproportion amounts to sixteen to one. The average is eight to one. The white population of Natal, which is chiefly British, has only increased from 16,000 to 20,000 in the last twenty years, and it seems that the progeny of white parents can with difficulty be reared there. Moreover, beyond the confines of British territory lies the inexhaustible native population of the African continent—innumerable races of men, savage, superstitious, and warlike, who are brought into contact with the advancing pioneers of civilisation, and attracted, rather than repelled, by the prospect of plunder, by the wages of labour, by the desire of drink, or, above all, for the acquisition of arms. Whatever else the black man has learned of us, he knows that the possession of a rifle makes him formidable; and such has been the infatuation or the corruption of the local Government that we believe 750,000 stand of arms, muskets or rifles, have been sold within the last few years to the natives. These native races, which are far too numerous ever to be exterminated, like the New Zealanders or the Australian aborigines, or to be driven back into their wildernesses, like the North American Indians, are daring and brave. Some of them, we know, have made considerable progress in the art of war. In short, the South African colonies are permeated and surrounded by hosts of savages armed with the weapons of civilised men. But it must also be said that some of these tribes are friendly to the British Government, though no great reliance can be placed upon them; and that the Kaffir race shows some aptitude for labour and industry which raises it above the North American or Australian Indians, or even the Maories of New Zealand. The most encouraging feature of the case is that the Africans, whether in the state of slavery or of freedom, are not incapable of receiving instruction in the arts of civilised life. It is there that the

Christian missions and schools have produced the most creditable results ; and in the Cape Colony the Kaffir, earning 10s. a week and his food, enjoys and exercises the franchise and all the rights of a citizen of a free country. But it would be a mistake to suppose that the progress of civilisation has effaced the hostility of races so widely different from each other. After all, its influence must be extremely superficial. It appears from the census of 1875 that of the Kaffirs within the Cape Colony whom we have invested with the franchise, only 1·86 per cent. can read. The prevailing vices are indolence and drunkenness. In spite of the enormous native population, but a small proportion of the Kaffirs or Zulus will work. The land is infested with idle savages ; while, to plant the sugar-canies of Natal or the mealie-gardens of the Cape, coolies and Chinese are imported from Asia. There are 10,000 coolies in Natal. Herr von Weber would people the Cape with yellow men. The country suffers from a redundant population of strong wild men and yet a scarcity of labour. The citizens of the Free State, wiser in their generation, admit no Kaffir within their frontier who will not work. This loafing class is of course the least civilised and the most dangerous part of the native population.

The existence of the white settler in South Africa, and probably of his descendants for many generations, must be one of danger, if not of warfare. He carries his life in his hand.. The very labourers he employs may become his enemies. The wages he pays them will be spent in arms, which may be used against him. Six Kaffir wars have broken out in half a century, and hideous tales of domestic massacre are not infrequent. No wonder that the British emigrant, free to choose his future home in lands where life and property are secure, declines to expose himself and family to these dangers. We therefore assert with entire conviction that these South African territories will never be colonised or cultivated by any large number of settlers from this country. The Englishmen who have gone there are either traders or speculators, in the ports, or mines, or diamond fields.

The Dutch Boers accepted these hard conditions, but they accepted them with feelings of mutual hatred and distrust. To them the slavery of the native races appeared to be inseparable from their position, and the philanthropic policy of the British Government utterly unintelligible. Hence, even within the slender ranks of the white population, discord prevailed, and our administration has found it as difficult to deal with the Boers as with the natives.

The discovery of diamonds in what is now called West Griqualand, in 1871, increased and aggravated these difficulties by the introduction of the element of sudden and excessive wealth. A fresh population of civilised men was attracted to the diamond fields from all parts of the earth by the love of adventure and the hope of gain; but they consisted for the most part of the waifs and strays of humanity. Fresh hordes of natives were also drawn to the diamond fields by the enormous wages which could be earned there, to be spent in the purchase of arms and gunpowder.* It has been computed that the value of the diamonds found in the last seven years has reached ten millions sterling, and that the wages paid to natives at the diggings in four years amounted to 1,800,000*l.* Here, then, we have a curious sequence of events. The precious stones and the ostrich feathers, which form two of the most important parts of the wealth and exports of the Cape Colony, serve to gratify the vanity and avarice of Europe; but on the country producing them they have bestowed the still more fatal gift of the means and implements of internecine war.

Another curious result may be traced to the same cause. The Cape Colony, which down to 1871 had been one of limited financial resources, suddenly became rich. The larger part of the profits made in the diamond diggings passed, of course, into the pockets of the adventurers who had flocked to Bloemfontein and Kimberley. But an impulse was given to trade, imports, and expenditure, which told immediately on the finances of the colony. The imports, which had been 2,352,043*l.* in 1870, rose to 5,558,215*l.* in 1874. The colonial revenue was 831,211 in 1870; nearly two millions in 1874; and about a million and a half in 1876 and 1877. The consequence was that the colonial Government largely extended its operations. Great public works were undertaken. Loans were contracted.†

* Herr von Weber states that the sales of gunpowder to natives at Kimberley in fifteen months from April 1, 1873, to July 1, 1874, amounted in value to 75,000*l.*

† A Cape of Good Hope Government loan for four millions was issued on July 10, 1878. The memorandum for the information of investors states that the actual revenue has for several years largely exceeded the estimates, whilst the actual expenditure has been considerably below the estimated expenditure. The revenue in 1875 was equal to 2*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* per head of the population, the total population (including natives) being 720,984; the total revenue 1,602,918*l.*; the public debt was 3,847,108*l.*; and the annual charge 187,229*l.* These figures were, however, subsequently enlarged. The object of the new loan of four millions was the extension of public works; but the Cape

Five hundred miles of railroad were constructed. Nearly a million was promised for the completion of Port Elizabeth. The colonial ministers largely availed themselves of the influence derived from this plethora of wealth. Strange stories are told, but which we are unable to verify, of the contracts and bargains they made. At any rate an immense amount of patronage was thrown into their hands, and with patronage power. Hence these ministers of the Cape Colony thwarted and opposed, for their personal and local interests, all the efforts of the Imperial Government to deal in a becoming spirit with the general interests of South Africa. They defeated the confederation scheme which had been recommended by Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Froude. They utterly neglected the defence of the provinces, and made no provision for the improvement of the colonial military establishment. They refused to acknowledge the danger at their gates, even when it was pointed out to them; and, provided the traders in Cape Town and the western districts were making large profits, they affected a sublime indifference to the perils of Natal and Kaffraria, and even evaded the restrictions which the legislature had tardily attempted to place on the sale of arms. It must, however, in fairness be stated that these remarks apply to the late Cape administration rather than to the present ministers, who have endeavoured to atone for some of the errors of their predecessors.

In 1853 constitutional government was established at the Cape of Good Hope, which had previously been a Crown colony. In 1872 the Responsible Government Bill (as it was termed) was passed by a majority of one in the Cape Parliament, and the principle of popular representative and ministerial responsibility carried to the fullest extent. But the outlying provinces, and the separate colony of Natal, are not included within the limits of the constitution. Hence there is the utmost diversity in the administration of the country. The governor alone represents the common interests of the whole territory, and the power of the governor is at the Cape

Government seem to have lost sight of the fact that they cannot be allowed to throw on the mother country the expenses of war, whilst they are raising money for profitable investments for their own benefit. The Cape Colony receives the Customs duties on the supplies from Europe which are consumed in the interior; hence it levies taxes on a portion of the territory and the population which do not belong to it, and even on the Free Orange State, which is surrounded on all sides by British provinces.

extremely limited. As at least two-thirds of the white population are Dutch, the English settlers, who reside chiefly in the Eastern province, are, of course, entirely outnumbered and outvoted by the Dutch party. So that even within the Cape Colony the Western and the Eastern districts are at variance. Had the duties of government been purely local, they might probably have been sufficiently well performed by these local politicians. But when they rose to the importance of the affairs of an empire—the military defence of a huge territory, the organisation of an efficient police, the conduct of difficult negotiations with subtle or hostile native chiefs and tribes, and the adoption of a system of policy embracing the whole of South Africa—it is not too much to say that the Cape statesmen were utterly incompetent to the discharge of these duties, and that they have miserably failed in the performance of them. The result has been not only disgrace and defeat, but danger to every civilised interest in the country. For aught the Cape Ministry could or would have done, the whole native population might have risen, and the organised force of the Zulus might have ravaged the land. It is evident from Sir Bartle Frere's despatches and from General Cunynghame's reports that these perils were not imaginary. Their apprehensions have since been confirmed by more serious events. They were foreseen and pointed out by Herr von Weber, who said in 1876 that the sword of Damocles hung over these colonies. And the end of it is, for the present, that the British Government, which resisted as long as it could the pressing appeals for reinforcements, has been compelled to despatch an army in hot haste to the eastern coast, and to lay on the table of the House of Commons an estimate of a million and a half as the first instalment required for the present by another Cape war. We say 'for the present,' because we entertain no doubt that the South African colonies both can and ought to defray the cost of their own defence. It is quite enough to lend them British troops without laying the burden on the British taxpayers. From the moment that British troops are in the field, and that this country is conducting military operations in South Africa, it is impossible to admit that the control of the forces, or the political measures which may become necessary, fall within the competency of the colonial Government or Legislature. These are measures which the Imperial Government has reluctantly been compelled to take. Ministers are responsible for them not to a Cape Parliament elected by a strange medley of colonists, Dutch Boers and Kaffirs (for even the Kaffirs have votes), but

to the House of Commons. The whole question must be dealt with as one of Imperial policy ; and although we should have much preferred to leave the Cape colonists, the Boers, and the Kaffirs to settle their own quarrels, since we have been compelled to interfere with a large detachment of the forces of Great Britain, we may fairly claim to determine the future policy to be pursued in South Africa by larger considerations than the politicians of Cape Town might embrace, especially as in many important particulars their interests are at variance with our own.

It would be difficult to show that the people of the United Kingdom derive any direct advantage from the possessions of the Crown in South Africa, except that which consists in the occupation of an important naval and commercial station at Cape Town and in Simon's Bay. This truth has been repeatedly recognised by British statesmen. As far as England is concerned, it would be far better to occupy and fortify a position not much larger than the fortress and territory of Gibraltar, at the extremity of South Africa. For the reasons given above, South Africa can never compete with North America or Australia as a field of emigration and settlement. Although it has been in our own possession for seventy years, and in that of the Dutch for two centuries, the European population is small. Natal, with a subtropical climate, has been occupied for thirty years ; yet it barely contains 20,000 white men. The bulk of the population of South Africa consists, and must continue to consist, of semi-reclaimed savages. In countries in which the labouring population consists of an inferior race, the dignity of labour itself suffers : the white man, whether under a system of slavery or of freedom, scorns to perform tasks which he can delegate to helots. He conceives himself to be an overseer of coloured men, not a fellow-labourer. No English agricultural labourer will work side by side with a Kaffir. If the South African territories were in reality a British-born colony, we should place more reliance on the power of the race to work out its own destinies. But the population is in the main not British. The colony was not settled, but conquered, by Englishmen. A large portion of it is inhabited by the Dutch, who are in their hearts opposed to British rule and to the humane principles of British colonial policy ; a still larger portion is occupied by the native races. The extreme difficulty of adjusting the conflict of these discordant elements has led to numerous troubles, of which England has had to pay the cost. Thus we have been drawn on to occupy province after province, not from any

want of territory or desire of conquest, but simply because it seemed inconsistent with the honour and humanity of this country to allow Dutch Boers and Kaffir tribes, who were the subjects of the Crown, or protected by the Crown, to outrage, plunder, and destroy each other. And, even now, with a full sense of the burden and difficulty of the task, it seems impossible to draw back from it. The least, therefore, that we can demand is that this country and its representatives should assume the necessary power to execute their own policy, and that the people for whose benefit we are called upon to make these exertions and sacrifices should bear their full share of them both in person and in purse.

There is no subject on which more confused and erroneous notions are apt to be entertained, and to acquire popular influence, than the occupation of territory and the acquisition of land. Land in itself has no value at all except that which man confers upon it. Of tropical lands, which cannot be cultivated by the labour of white men, and which do not even afford a healthy or suitable place of abode to the European races, there is on the face of the globe an immense excess, and no inconsiderable portion of it is included within the British Empire. Every British island in the West Indies, except Barbadoes, could be made to support a far larger population than it possesses, if capital and labour were applied to it in proportion to its extent. If a man wishes to emigrate or to invest his capital abroad, there are fifty places where mere land, and land of great fertility, may be procured with great facility and at a low price. To increase the area of these unappropriated regions adds in truth nothing at all to the wealth and strength of the Empire. But when these lands, unappropriated by civilised man, are infested by hordes of savages, who are naturally resolved to defend as long as they can their own right of possession, or when they have been partially occupied by squatters, or previous settlers, who resist the authority of a constituted government, they not only offer no attraction to emigrants from Europe, but they may prove a most onerous acquisition to the government which seeks to establish its authority over them. This, if we mistake not, is the case with the Transvaal and several of the outlying provinces of the British dominions in South Africa. They must not only be defended against the aggressions of the wild and warlike tribes that lie beyond them, but even the internal population, such as it is, may be hostile to the rule we are seeking to establish. In South Africa we have endeavoured to protect the natives from the tyranny and oppression of the

Boers, and to protect the Boers against the natives, who would otherwise in some places become too strong for them. The Boers in the Transvaal made war on Secocoeni, and failed. Their failure convinced the King of the Zulus that his army could invade and ravage the country, and if left to themselves there is little doubt that this would have been the result. The Boers were utterly incapable of defending the vast territory they had occupied between the Buffalo and the Limpopo rivers. To save them from a great danger, if not total destruction, the country was annexed. But the result is that the Boers resent our interference, and would gladly repudiate our authority; and, on the other hand, the Zulus, indignant with us for having rescued the Transvaal from their incursion, are ready to turn their arms against us and threaten our own colony of Natal. Both parties, though ready enough to destroy one another, are hostile to England. The Government at the Cape, which has promoted these extravagant extensions of territory, is wholly unable to defend them, and, indeed, has but little interest in these distant provinces. The farmers in the Cape Colony are not disposed to take part in wars nearly 1,000 miles off, when they may have to protect their own homesteads. And the matter ends by the appearance of a British army in the field, and the establishment, for a time, of what must be a system of military occupation. We really seem to be playing in South Africa the same game we have criticised so freely as costly, unproductive, and disastrous, when the French played it in Algeria, with the addition that the distance is far greater, that Kaffirs are more numerous and less civilised than Arabs, and that the Dutch population of the Cape is unfriendly to us. These considerations, to which many more might be added, lead us to fear that the annexation of the Transvaal may prove to have been a grand mistake. Its immediate results cannot fail to be extremely onerous and injurious to British interests, properly so called; and the benefits to be anticipated from such a possession are so remote, that we can place no reliance on them. It appears to be the fate or the policy of the present administration to engage in undertakings, not only within the British dominions, but beyond them, which really confound us by their magnitude. We are engaged in rectifying a frontier in Central Asia with one army, and in punishing a Zulu chief in South Africa with another. The purchase of the Suez Canal shares has led us to interfere largely in the administration of Egypt; we are engaged in restoring order and civilisation in Cyprus, and meanwhile the British fleet has been mounting guard for the Sultan in the Sea of Marmora, and we have as-

sumed the defence of the Asiatic dominions of the Porte, if any Power should think fit to attack them. Whilst we write there is some reason to fear that we may have to deal with a third savage on the throne of Burmah; and if British troops are to be sent wherever atrocities are committed by neighbouring barbarians, the army ought to receive a sensible augmentation. These appear to us to be formidable and dangerous liabilities; and there is not one of them which can be said directly to affect the welfare of the English people.

If the colonies and provinces of South Africa contained within themselves the elements of an independent government qualified to perform all the duties of administration and self-defence, none would rejoice more heartily than the British public. It has long been a maxim of our colonial policy, that the utmost liberty of self-government is willingly conceded to our foreign dependencies, on the sole condition that they do not call for the armed intervention of Great Britain, except to protect them from outward aggression. On this principle, Lord Carnarvon's well-meant proposal of a South African Confederation was based. The desire of the British Government was to see the South African colonies strong, and to be strong they must be united, at least by a federal tie and by military union. The failure of the scheme was mainly caused by the exorbitant pretensions and intrigues of the Cape politicians; but there were several other reasons which rendered it extremely difficult of execution. The South African colonies do not at present possess a centre of unity and national feeling. They contain, as we have seen, three discordant populations—the Anglo-African traders and adventurers, the Dutch farmers of the interior, and the semi-civilised or savage natives. Neither the traders of Cape Town nor the farmers of the interior are likely to produce a race of statesmen, or men trained to deal with the most arduous questions of government. The interests and wants of Natal and the Transvaal are exceedingly different from those of the western and southern provinces. The diamond fields of West Griqualand raise other difficulties from the miscellaneous character of the population attracted thither, and the peculiar tenure of that species of property; yet we are convinced that the authority of the Crown was absolutely necessary to establish order and redeem that district from total anarchy. The Dutch authorities in the Free Orange State were unequal to the task. We are therefore led insensibly to the conclusion that in the present state of the affairs of South Africa, since the British Government has been compelled to send an army of considerable strength to

restore peace and order on the frontier of Natal, and to crush a native enemy who, in the opinion of Sir Bartle Frere, threatened the whole colony with destruction, so, having achieved this painful task, it will be equally necessary to reorganise the government and administration of the country by Imperial authority, emanating from the British Parliament, and exercised by one or more of the ablest public servants of the Crown. Our own responsibility in the matter is precisely in the ratio of the power we are compelled to exert, and of the sacrifices which this country is not unwilling to make for the safety and welfare of its dominions; but having made these sacrifices it is impossible for us to allow the results of them to be frittered away or marred by the local jealousies or the inaptitude of rival races or rival competitors for colonial power. We are now paying the penalty of a policy originating with colonial authorities, but implicating the Home Government and the whole Empire in grave responsibilities. Take, for example, two of the most important steps that have been adopted—the annexation of the Transvaal and the coronation of Cetewayo as King of the Zulus. These appear to have been, as far as we can learn, the personal acts of Sir Theophilus Shepstone. The British Government had no knowledge of these proceedings until it was too late to repudiate them; and the responsibility of the British Crown was engaged by the mere *coup de tête* of a subordinate officer.

Sir Theophilus Shepstone enjoys a high reputation for his extensive knowledge of South Africa and the influence he was supposed to possess over the native tribes. We are certainly not in a condition to dispute his local acquirements; but we must be allowed to view these questions from a totally different point of sight, and in our judgment both these measures were unwise, or at least premature. The Transvaal is an enormous region, lying beyond the range of mountains parallel with the coast, and including the great valley or basin of the Orange and the Vaal rivers. Its inhabitants are either Dutch Boers or native Africans. The Europeans, Mr. Theal informs us, are supposed to be 25,000 or 30,000, and the natives twenty to one of the whites. Although advantage was taken of a critical juncture to proclaim the authority of the British Crown in this region, there is no evidence to show that our dominion was desired by the majority of the very sparse population, or that it is in any way beneficial to ourselves. On the contrary, Sir Bartle Frere states in his last despatch that 'the majority of the Transvaal European population is in a state of avowed readiness to take any opportunity of shaking off the yoke of the English Government;' and he implies that if we were

not at war with the Zulus we should certainly be at war in the Transvaal.

The Transvaal is, according to Sir Arthur Cunynghame, Mr. Aylward, and other writers, a finer agricultural province than the Cape Colony. It is better watered; the soil is more fertile; it is better adapted to the cultivation of corn, and indeed of semi-tropical productions. But as it lies several degrees nearer to the equator, and even to the north of Natal, the variations of temperature are extreme, and the heat in summer is too great to allow of field labour by white men. Enormous grants of land were made by the Dutch to their own farmers before the annexation; consequently the present Government of the Transvaal has no land to give away. Chevalier Fossman, a Swedish gentleman, who is the Consul-General of Portugal, and has lived in South Africa for twenty-five years, seems to have foreseen the future importance of the country, and to have secured in it, for himself, one of the largest estates in the world. He holds 800,000 acres, or 1,250 square miles; his farms being all surveyed and registered, with a printed description of each of them. They are said to consist of fine corn-growing lands, largely abounding in minerals, coal, iron, lead, silver, and gold.

We know not whether these vast possessions excited the cupidity of the colonial authorities, but for ourselves we are satisfied that they can only be explored and rendered valuable by private enterprise. Government may have a hard and costly task in defending a vast territory, but it neither picks up diamonds, nor searches for nuggets, nor grows corn. The whole burden is thrown upon the State, and possibly upon the people of this country, whilst the harvest, whether present or prospective, is to be reaped by a small number of protected settlers, or even by a class of proprietors who are absolutely hostile to our rule. There are not, as far as we know, any British settlers in the Transvaal: the white population is said to be exclusively Dutch, with the exception of a small detachment of British troops at Pretoria, and a few traders in that town.

Shortly after the annexation of the Transvaal, which took place on April 12, 1877, Sir Arthur Cunynghame, being then in command of the forces in South Africa, thought it his duty to visit the province. The account he gives of this journey is one of the most interesting parts of his book. If the commission of atrocities by one savage race on another, in a territory not subject to Great Britain or her laws, is a sufficient ground for intervention and annexation, that motive undoubt-

edly existed in the Transvaal. But the same course of reasoning might compel you to march to Dahomey or to Timbuctoo. Certain it is, the warfare between the Boer and the Kaffir was ferocious and internecine. Here are a few examples:—

‘ There is a field cornet who recently visited a kraal of friendly natives, when he off-saddled and partook of the hospitality of the people, the chief giving him a goat to slaughter. Thirteen natives were commandeered from this kraal, and accompanied an expedition commanded by Abel Erasmus. On the third day the men were told by Erasmus to go home, as he intended returning; and, after they were deprived of the ammunition in their possession, they went back to their kraal. Not suspecting any danger, they were sleeping in fancied security, when about dawn the next morning Erasmus attacked their kraal, killed three old men who were sitting round a fire, wounded a man and a woman, and took six women and eighteen children prisoners. He also captured a number of cattle, and threatened, if more were not given, to kill the chief and all his people. It is this same Erasmus who, according to the telegram we publish to-day, has attacked another friendly chief, and shed more innocent blood. . . .

‘ On August 25 a party went out from Steelport to scour the surrounding mountains. The party on their way to a kraal met some women who had been for mealies. The first was quite a young woman, who was first wounded, and then shot through the head as she lay upon the ground. Whether any more women were killed before the horsemen entered the kraal we cannot say. Several were killed in the kraal. The number of ten has been given by a camp Kafir. . . .

‘ The two women were taken to the Steelport laager, and a council of war was held as to what should be done with them. It was decided that they should be set at liberty, as two other women had been previously. They were accordingly sent out under an escort. They were accompanied by two of the camp Kafirs. When they arrived at the river, one of the chief filibusters is said to have told the Kafirs, “ Now ‘ you are to kill these women, and to know they are dead I must hear ‘ the shots.” The women were accordingly followed. One of them put her hands together and besought the Kafirs, whose intention she appears to have divined, not to shoot her. She had a baby on her back. Supplication, however, was of no avail. The man levelled his gun. The ball went through the baby’s head and into the woman’s shoulder. . . .

‘ Slaves are sold here every day. There are plenty of witnesses to prove all I am going to say. — bought a salted horse (that is, a horse which has had the sickness) from a farmer for two little Kafirs. I believe the father of the Kafirs was first shot, and then the Kafir that was sent to shoot him said, “ Now that the father is dead let us kill the ‘ mother, or she may tell tales.” D. S. bought another slave—in fact, all the farmers trade in them.

‘ The prisoners at Kruger’s Post have been shot in the night, sooner than take them to Leydenburg. One was killed at 3 o’clock in the morning, and the other was taken away and killed at Spekboom at 11

o'clock at night. They wanted to put him up for a target, but it was said the English people at Kruger's Post would not allow it. Next a Kafir going into Leydenburg with a flag of truce was shot. The other Kafirs ran away, but three or four days after they gave themselves up. These three Kafirs were shot in a most brutal way; for if they got into Leydenburg they would have told the English about shooting at them when going in with the white flag. The prisoners were sent to Leydenburg in charge of the very worst hands in Kruger's Post. From Kruger's Post to near Spekboom three farmers kept with them until going into Spekboom, when — rode about to see if no Englishmen were about. The other two farmers stopped behind about a quarter of a mile. The two Kafirs in charge had orders to shoot down two of the prisoners with the first two shots, which they did; the other one ran away with his hands tied behind his back; then one of the farmers rode up and shot him. One of the three farmers always took out with him about fifty or a hundred Kafirs to do the dirty work, such as killing women and children.' (Pp. 225-8.)

This is extremely horrible, and we can readily conceive the desire to put an end to such crimes by intervention. But it is dangerous to take a wolf by the ears. You can neither kill him nor let him go. Sir Theophilus Shepstone, however, based the act of annexation on different grounds. He said that the line of action adopted by the Transvaal Republic would very soon and very seriously affect the British colonies and the whole of this portion of the African continent—that the white population was surrounded on all sides by overwhelming masses of natives, most of them in a state of barbarism—that the natives might combine to a dangerous extent, and that the great point was that various civilised communities of South Africa should be united amongst themselves. It was therefore, he argued, absolutely necessary that the different colonies and states should be united under one general bond for the protection and promotion of every civil, social, and religious interest.

As the Transvaal Republic was at that moment bankrupt and incapable of defence, no opposition was anticipated, or could in fact arise. But the fallacies of Sir Theophilus' reasoning are manifest. Were we bound to protect the Boers from the consequences of their own acts, when they had again and again renounced our jurisdiction? If the British colonies in South Africa were in danger, was that a reason for extending the area of them, so as to include a much larger population of these 'overwhelming masses' of natives? If union was desirable, was it wise to add to the Cape Colony a dominion which (to use the words of General Cunynghame) has no more to do with it than England has with France? Were not the difficulties of federation enormously increased by such an exten-

sion of territory? If our military forces were weak, was it wise to scatter them in feeble columns over a whole continent? Is there not beyond the Transvaal another region, that of Benguela, to which the same inordinate arguments might be applied, with the addition that this territory is said to include the gold fields of Ophir? The answers to these questions are, to our minds, self-evident. The interests of England require that there should be at the Cape an authority competent and determined to stop this extravagant and dangerous policy of annexation and conquest.

The Transvaal itself is, no doubt, from General Cunynghame's report, a fine country. Land has been sold or allotted there by these Boers for a trivial price. The farms are all measured out in areas of 6,000 and even 30,000 acres. The size of these enormous holdings of 6,000 acres is, in itself, a proof that they cannot be cultivated. One of the proprietors said to Mr. Trollope, in 1878, that he had no labour to work the land, and no market for his produce, if he had any to sell. Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, is 400 miles from the sea, and accessible only by the worst possible roads and the most wretched conveyances. You may scour for days these endless plains, without a tree or a bush, now chiefly abandoned to the game of the wilderness, the wildebeest or the stumped-eared pig. Here and there you come upon what is called an estate, that is a dwelling, which has been planted for a few years. Mr. Hortogh has such an estate, with farms, 'in a state of nature.' There is simply no population in proportion to the vast extent of land. Mr. Hortogh said he would give up four farms of 6,000 acres each, lend ploughs and oxen, and give seed, on the terms of his taking half the produce for ten years, at the end of which time the farm would become the fee-simple of the settler without any payment. When such terms as these are offered, in the best part of the country, it is reasonable to imagine that there may be some countervailing drawbacks. There are so in fact. On the frontier lies a tract called New Scotland, of about 1,800,000 acres, which was bought by a Scotch company, in depreciated currency, for about *three halfpence* an acre. A great investment; but unluckily Mr. Robert Bell, who was carrying on the agency of the company, was barbarously murdered by Kaffirs in the very midst of the British annexation. General Cunynghame relates several similar anecdotes.

'At Middleburgh we made the acquaintance of Mr. Essell, who was in Government employment. His anecdotes regarding the northern portion of the Transvaal and the Zoutspanberg were very interesting.'

He said that when residing on the northern border, Paul Kruger being in command, the natives in large numbers surrounded a well-built village containing a considerable number of houses and many stores. A black spokesman advanced and told him that by Monday next every soul must leave the village, as they intended to burn it down. This being, as he said, on a Saturday, they had not much notice of the coming destruction of their property.

'The Kafirs, however, evidently meant what they said. They were in war paint and armed, performing their war dances, brandishing and hurling their assegais. The inhabitants appealed to Paul Kruger, who said he was powerless to assist them; that he had not sufficient force at his command to ensure their protection, and that they had better pack up their effects as soon as they could, and be ready to start; and if they wished to accompany him they must be prepared to move on Monday morning. On Saturday and Sunday they packed all their things in wagons, the natives sitting round the town, drumming, but not interfering. On Monday morning the people assembled in the market-place,—the savages watching them from the neighbouring hills,—and started for the lower country, leaving their houses and gardens and such stores as they had not been able to pack up. No sooner had they left the village than the savages rushed upon it, each with a lighted brand, and before they were many yards away the town was but a heap of ashes. He said that this wanton assault was never avenged; the savages had been pressing on for some years, retaking from the Boers many and many a farm and thousands of cattle, the Boers being powerless to protect themselves.' (Pp. 248-9.)

And again, a little further on:—

'About seven miles further on we came to a beautiful glen called Spekboom, with a fine river running briskly through it. Here were some ruined houses, showing signs of having been destroyed by fire. They had been burned by the Kafirs in the war a few months previously, and in the woods, a few hundred yards from the river bank, were the remains of some bodies of the natives who had been shot in the engagement on that occasion. The Kafirs had driven the Boers from this house, and then used it as a hospital for their wounded; but they were in turn dislodged, which sealed the fate of the building. . . .

'A short distance to the north of "Spek Boom" a Boer farmer was said to have shot down one of his Kafir servants for the following reason:—It seems that the daughter of the Boer fell in love with a native, and after vainly beseeching her father to allow the marriage ran away with him. The father tracked them, and, overtaking them, shot the young man, and ordered his daughter home with the remark, "Now that matter is completed, and we shall hear no more of it."

'Towards the evening we reached Kruger's Port. A laager, or fortified post, had been formed about 500 yards distant from the house, which had been occupied during the last year by Mr. Glyn and his family and many of his neighbours, and from which he had had the mortification of seeing his house gutted by the Kafirs. . . .

'This laager had been the abode of Mr. Glyn and his son and

daughters for the eleven previous months, during the whole of which they had been continually exposed to an intermittent fire of musketry from the natives, and had been cooped up in little dark shanties, not larger and not nearly so well-constructed as a pig-sty. Poor people! they must have been delighted when our annexation of the Transvaal brought security and a release from their troubles.' (Pp. 254-6.)

We sincerely hope the annexation of the Transvaal may have brought them security; but it is too much to suppose that the mere presence of a British commissioner will restore peace to such troubled waters.

In point of fact, the annexation was the signal of war. Sir Bartle Frere says with truth 'the die for peace or for war' had been cast more than two years ago.' There we agree with him. From the time of the annexation the Zulu dominions formed an *enclave* in the British territories. It was evident that the King of the Zulus, considering himself as an independent and powerful native sovereign, would not accept that position longer than he could help it; and, to make the matter worse, a disputed portion of the frontiers was arbitrarily fixed by his new neighbour, so as to deprive him of lands to which he conceived himself to have a claim. Nor was the reigning King of the Zulus a man likely to submit to these terms. Cetewayo, whom Sir Theophilus Shepstone had placed on the throne and crowned with ridiculous honours, though he was well known to be a ferocious barbarian, was longing to attack the Boers, and to 'wash the spears' of his warriors in blood. He entreated to be allowed to make just one little raid on his neighbours. The whole history of the Zulu tribe is that, by superior ferocity and organisation, they have crushed and conquered all the Kaffirs or Bechuanas round about. The story of these Zulu tyrants is related with great animation by Dr. Mann in Mr. Brooks' volume, and well deserves perusal. Forty years ago, in 1838, a similar war had been waged by Dingaan, the Zulu king of that date, against the Dutch settlers in Natal, which began by the horrible massacre of Pieter Retief and his companions, and was accompanied by a frightful amount of bloodshed. This war ended, for the time, in the defeat of the Zulus and the murder of Dingaan; but a fresh generation of warriors has now grown up, and it seemed possible to repeat the experiment. Cetewayo thought himself more than a match for the Boers, who had just been defeated by his neighbour Secocoeni; and when he found that the Transvaal had passed into the hands of the English, his courage was unabated. Indeed, he hoped that it might assist his designs. Thereupon this wily Kaffir, who is a diplomatist as

well as a general, sent spies to track the Queen's troops as they entered the country, and the following document is the report of these singular emissaries.

' Upon arrival in Pretoria we exchanged our clothes for blue serge coats and trousers, obtained from a retired policeman.

' Upon consultation we determined to wait until her Majesty's birthday. We had no difficulty in obtaining work in Pretoria, being old hands, and understanding a little English and Dutch, picked up on the Diamond Fields. We were surprised to find such a large dorp in the interior, but found every store belonged to Englishmen, and all the people talked against the late Government; therefore we considered there was no chance of fighting, and our mission at an end. Her Majesty's birthday passed off very orderly, much to our disappointment; we noticed very few Boers, but hoped they would show up with their generals and attack the red-coats scattered all over the hills. We came to the conclusion that British infantry look very well at play, but doubt their abilities in bush countries—we, for instance, could in five minutes massacre that little body in our country. We were much impressed by the rapidity of the artillery; they were well backed up by those ferocious-looking fellows the mounted police, who, report says, are regular "Iblabana," or "blood-suckers," and would prove to us very tough customers. We supposed Somtsen (Sir T. Shepstone) had his mabutos out to frighten the Boers, and they certainly did so; as on our return we met numbers of them trekking northwards with their stock, and passed numerous deserted homesteads. Somtsen and his Bantshla looked very fine; they had on all their talismans of war.

' We did not see the late President; we heard he was afraid. Sir T. Shepstone intended sending him to the island where Langalebalele is, under an escort of the blood-suckers; but he, hearing of it through one of his Holland officials, who had accepted service under the British Government, and not trusting "Paul" and "Galankulu" to rescue him, fled to the Free State.

' We tried hard to get a look at the machine which they say "inva "inhlamvu" (the Gatling gun) by the handful, but that building and corner street were always watched by some ugly fellows who we were told had just returned from murdering and impaling Secocoeni's poor women and children.

' There were numbers of Basutos in to witness the "Umhosi," and they never having seen British soldiers were very much astonished. We also noticed the head Induna from Swasiland and his followers. We tried hard on several occasions to pump the latter on their mission, but without much effect, but we are sure they are now English.

' We left Pretoria about the end of May by the Middleburgh road, making a detour to obtain passes at half-price. In Middleburgh we met some German wood wagons returning to Pongolo, and fortunately obtained passages.

' Our king seemed perfectly satisfied with our report, and presented us each with ten head of cattle.' (Pp. 242-4.)

His diplomacy was as active as his armies. He concluded alliances with the Amatongoes and the Swazies. He sent a mission to Kreli. His emissaries travelled to Port Elizabeth in the South, and to the Kalahari desert in the North-west. The tribes north of the Orange River are all hostile. Well may Colonel Lanyon, who relates these facts, add that a war of races is perhaps imminent, which might be compared to the Indian Mutiny of 1857. If these statements are true, they utterly stultify the opinion that 'after an action or two the 'Zulus' military system would collapse.' On the other hand, if that opinion were correct, it stultifies Sir Bartle Frere's policy.

Mr. Trollope, who visited the Transvaal and the other South African colonies last year, and who has given us, as usual with him, a pleasing and sensible account of his journey, was prompted to ask, when he saw a detachment of the 13th Regiment floundering in the mud between Pretoria and Newcastle, '*for no British purpose*', 'whether it is necessary 'that the troubles of the world at large should be composed 'and set to rights by the soldiers of a nation so very little able 'to provide an army as Great Britain.' He proceeds to discuss with great fairness the history of the annexation. Sir Theophilus Shepstone entered the Transvaal with a few gentlemen from Natal and twenty-five policemen. His object was to restore peace, but he had in his pocket a commission from her Majesty empowering him to annex territory, 'if the emergency should seem to you to be such as to 'render it necessary, in order to secure the peace and order of 'our said (British) colonies and of our subjects, that such 'territory should *provisionally and pending the announcement of our pleasure be administered in our name* and on our behalf, 'then, and in such case only.' It was further provided that this annexation should not take place 'unless you are satisfied 'that the inhabitants of the territory, or a sufficient number of 'them, or the legislature thereof, *desire to become our subjects*,' &c. Nevertheless, Sir Theophilus Shepstone did, after a sojourn of ten weeks at Pretoria, annex the whole territory, although the conditions of the royal instructions were evidently wanting. To this Mr. Trollope adds the following brief but significant statement, which was written, be it remembered, before there was any question of war on an extensive scale in Zululand. We have no reason to doubt that it correctly expresses the feelings with which Lord Carnarvon and her Majesty's ministers received the intelligence of the annexation.

'At the present moment Great Britain is paying the Transvaal bill.

The marching to and fro of the soldiers, the salaries of the Governors and other officials, the debts of the late Government, the interests on loans already made, the sums necessary for the gradual redemption of loans, I fear even a pension for the late President, are provided, or are to be provided, out of British taxes. The country was annexed on April 12, 1877. On June 8 a letter was written from the Colonial Office to the Treasury, showing that we had annexed an existing debt of 217,158*l.*, for which we were responsible, and that we had expended 25,000*l.* in marching troops up to the Transvaal for the sake of giving safety to the inhabitants and their property. The report then goes on to its natural purpose. "Lord Carnarvon is of opinion that it may be possible to meet the more immediate requirements of the moment if their lordships will make an advance of 100,000*l.* in aid of the revenues of the Transvaal, *to be repaid as soon as practicable*. Unless aid is given at once, the new province would be obliged to endeavour to borrow at a ruinously high rate of interest." I doubt whether the idea of repayment has taken so strong a hold of the people in the Transvaal as it has of the officials in Downing Street. In a former paragraph of the report the Secretary of State thus excuses himself for making the application:—"It is with great unwillingness that Lord Carnarvon feels himself compelled to have recourse to the assistance of the Imperial Treasury in this matter, but he is satisfied that the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury will readily acknowledge that in this most difficult case he has no alternative. The annexation of the Transvaal, with all its consequent liabilities, political as well as financial, *has been neither coveted nor sought by him*;"—the italics here and above are my own;—"and it is only a sincere conviction that this step was necessary in order to prevent more serious danger to her Majesty's colonies in South Africa which has persuaded him to approve the late action of Sir T. Shepstone."

Mr. Trollope's principle, however, seems to be 'fieri non debuit, factum valet.' He says that every man he met in South Africa, except Mr. Burgers, the late president, approved the annexation. It is very possible that every English settler in South Africa approves not only the annexation *but* the war, which has thrown a large army and a large British expenditure into the country. No doubt the mere fact of the annexation doubled the value of land in the Transvaal, or rather gave a value to what had none at all before. That is admirable for the settlers and Boers who have appropriated these lands on the slenderest of titles, but what is it to the people of England? Even Mr. Trollope, who thinks the annexation justifiable, asks himself uneasily this question; and he did not foresee, when he wrote, the impending calamity and expense of a Zulu war. The truth is, that these transactions assume a totally different aspect when they are regarded from the point of view of colonial interest and from that of imperial liability.

The impression left on our minds by the reports of these travellers and by recent events is that the wisest act of the British Government was that of the Duke of Newcastle, when, in 1854, he resolved to withdraw from the territory beyond the Orange River, which had been part of the Queen's dominions for nine years ; and that the Free Orange State, established five-and-twenty years ago by the Dutch, has been as prosperous and as well governed under the rule of President Brand as any part of South Africa. These people form a democratic republic of white men, suited to their wants. They have no savage neighbours, being surrounded by British territory. They have no wars. They have paid off their debt. They have now a population, according to Herr von Weber, of 60,000 white men and 25,000 men of colour. The government is a model of simplicity and economy ; but the State has set aside a fund of 70,000*l.* for educational purposes. Happily, for the last quarter of a century, the British Government has had the good sense to leave these people alone ; though even with them we have been on the verge of a quarrel about the diamond fields, and we have paid them 90,000*l.* for the land we have taken from them.

We are free to confess that we had much rather the Transvaal were living under an independent government, on the model of its neighbours in the Free State, than that it should be a pretended British colony, against the wishes of the great majority of the inhabitants, and under the control of British officers and British troops. It is difficult to find any good reason that these people should not have the government they like best. As allies and friendly neighbours they might be of great use to the adjacent British possessions. But even in the present crisis, when England is straining her powers to protect them from their worst enemies, the Dutch farmers say to the British Commissioner : ' If you wish us to help you, give us back our independence.' Their independence is everything to them ; it is nothing at all to us, or rather it would relieve us from a burden in the present and a danger in the future. It may be our interest to hold the coast ; at any rate the colony of Natal is established there. But every step we make into the interior beyond the Drakensberg mountains appears to us to be a false step. The command of the ports and of the roads to the coast gives us sufficient influence over the interior ; and it would be far easier and more honourable to maintain an equitable alliance than a disputed allegiance.

The present Zulu war will, we trust, have the effect of destroying the military power of the most formidable tribe in South

Africa, and of annihilating an army which has long hung like a cloud on the frontiers of Natal and the Transvaal. We may be compelled to occupy for a time the land of the Zulus, which forms a notch, or equilateral triangle, on the coast, contiguous to Natal. At any rate the strength of the Zulu king, the inheritor of a sanguinary race of chiefs, must be broken and the natives disarmed. These are necessities from which, however onerous and painful they may be, we cannot recede, and once done they may be done for ever. But the government of a huge territory, remote from every British interest, is not a duty at all, and it would be infinitely preferable to leave it in the hands of those who have settled there. We had much rather see the Zulu territory itself occupied and governed by the Dutch, who would accept it with avidity, because it would give them a harbour on the coast, than we would undertake the government of such a province in the name of this country. The idea of converting it into a protected native state appears to be open to every sort of objection.

We know this opinion will be very ill received at the Cape, where they talk of carrying the British flag beyond the Limpopo to the Zambesi, and conquering half Eastern Africa. But looking to the interests of England, and of the colonists on the spot, we regard these projects as nonsensical and mischievous. Herr von Weber, who has an eye throughout his book to the national interests of Germany, which he identifies with those of the Dutch, strenuously advocates the direction of German emigration to the Transvaal. He would seek to acquire Delagoa Bay by purchase from Portugal, and assuming a line of road to be made from that port to the interior, and the Transvaal State to be self-governed, this, he thinks, would open the country to streams of German emigrants, or the port of St. Lucia might be made available on the Zulu coast. As we entertain no jealousy of the maritime or commercial progress of Germany, we should view the execution of such a scheme with pleasure. For the reasons already given we do not believe that the Transvaal will ever prove an attractive field for British emigration, and it would be for the manifest advantage of our own colonies that they should be flanked by industrious and civilised European settlers, in place of the savage tribes of the north and western frontiers. The Germans are better fitted than ourselves to hold such a position and to make it answer. Delagoa Bay would in time of peace be open to our trading ships, and in the improbable event of war with Germany it would be in our power. In short, we think a German or Flemish settlement in Africa would

strengthen the common cause of civilisation. But the objections are so numerous that we can hardly suppose that German enterprise will surmount them. The neighbourhood of Lorenzo Marques is pestiferous, and the drainage of the marshes would be an immense work. The low country is infested by the Tsetze fly, fatal to horses and oxen. The occupation of lands abutting on the Limpopo river would bring fresh tribes of savages into the field. If any other European nation thinks fit to brave these obstacles, we should wish them well and rejoice in their success. But, in spite of the ambitious cries of the Cape Colonists, we regard such enterprises as things to be carefully avoided by ourselves.

It appears to us that the future government of South Africa, the extent of British dominion there, and the policy to be pursued towards the Dutch settlers and the native tribes, are matters of more general importance and permanent interest to this country than the causes and incidents of the present Zulu war. To these great political questions we have therefore endeavoured to direct the attention of our readers. The time is come when the whole question of our South African policy must be carefully reconsidered by the Government and by Parliament, and we do not conceal the fact that in some respects we think it must be changed and even reversed. The Zulu war, with all its horrible and heartrending details, is only the culminating point of our mistakes. It has demonstrated by the most painful evidence the radical vice and weakness of our position. No doubt a decisive effort must now be made by this country to bring it to the only termination which is consistent with the interests of humanity and the safety of the Queen's dominions. It is probable that at about the time when these pages issue from the press the forces recently despatched from England will have reached Natal, and will be in a condition to take the field. The present anxious interval of suspense, during which we know not what the Zulus may attempt, will then be terminated; and we may hope that the war will be brought to a conclusion by a short and well-planned campaign. But these results, if we may venture to anticipate them, cannot be known in England much before the month of June.

Meanwhile we feel some hesitation in criticising the details of a policy and of military operations which are still imperfectly known to us at the time at which we write, and we feel that great forbearance is due to officers charged with heavy responsibilities, in presence of great dangers, and at a distance of some weeks' voyage from England. But in the papers already laid before Parliament Sir Bartle Frere and Sir

Theophilus Shepstone have told their own story. They were, of course, aware that measures so extraordinary and so unauthorised would require a strong justification, and they present the policy which has hurried us into a most sanguinary war as a case of necessity and self-preservation—*salus populi suprema lex*. We are sorry to say that we never read a weaker argument, ill supported by known facts, and traversed by startling contradictions. The rhetorical and self-sufficient language of the Lord High Commissioner is, in our judgment, even more out of place and inconclusive than the confused statements and depressed tone of the General in command of the forces; and we regret to observe that they both seem to attribute the late disaster, not to their own miscalculations, but to the mistakes of those who have been the victims of their errors.

We start from the fact that Cetewayo, the King of the Zulus, has long had a large and powerful native army; that he is the worthy successor of Chaka and Dingaan, the fiercest and ablest of African chiefs; and that the existence of such a potentate and warrior was a permanent danger to the British province of Natal, to the Dutch farmers of the Transvaal, and, in the event of the success of the Zulus, to the whole of Africa. Sooner or later it may be admitted that a conflict between this Zulu army and the European element was inevitable. But if so, what induced Sir Theophilus Shepstone to assist at this barbarian's coronation and lend him the support of British influence? The engagements entered into by Cetewayo on this occasion were clearly idle words, and the first time that we attempted to restrain him from acts of atrocity he repudiated all interference with his sovereign right of slaughter as an indignity.

Sir Bartle Frere appears, on the contrary, to have resolved at an early period on war. But if he held the Zulu army to be extremely formidable and war to be inevitable, the course he took was not less incomprehensible. In the first place, he did not obtain the sanction of the home Government, and seems to have been determined to act without it. The reinforcements sent out were accompanied by a distinct intimation that they were to be used for the *defence* of her Majesty's territories, and to prevent any irruption into them, but not for the purpose of invasion and aggression. Sir Bartle has entirely failed to show that any sudden emergency had arisen which compelled him to fly in the face of the instructions he had received from the Secretary of State. Supposing war to be resolved on, how was it to be made? If

Cetewayo had attacked us, the whole aspect of the question would have changed. But there is no evidence that he ever intended to attack us, or was in a condition to do so. Sir Arthur Cunynghame observes that in South Africa defensive warfare is far easier than offensive operations. A slightly fortified position can be held by a handful of men against a Zulu army. But in the field, and especially in a very difficult country, perfectly known to the enemy and unknown to us, the advance of a small force is in the highest degree perilous. Sir Bartle Frere first tells us that the Zulu army is so large and formidable that it threatens the security of all South Africa, and then proceeds to order operations for the invasion of the Zulu country and the attack of this great army by a force of three or four battalions ridiculously unequal to such an enterprise. We know not what reliance he placed on the native contingents which swelled the numbers of the forces, but experience has shown that they were not only useless but dangerous; and they have been sent away. The only real force consisted of the British battalions and the white Natal Contingent, who fought well. The consequence is that he exposed the whole of South Africa for many weeks to the very danger he had depicted in such frightful colours. It is evident that from the 22nd of January to the end of March the Zulu army might have ravaged Natal or any part of the adjacent country. If we escape these calamities, it is because Cetewayo had not the power or the designs Sir Bartle Frere has imputed to him. To make his blunder more palpable, the Cape Government appears to have failed in obtaining the active co-operation of the Transvaal settlers, which was an essential condition of success. Nor is it clear what Sir Bartle intended to do with Zululand when he had destroyed the Zulu army. Did he contemplate another annexation? What force was to occupy the country? The grounds on which the ultimatum of the 11th of December was addressed to Cetewayo were to the last degree puerile and inadequate, and may well have filled even a Zulu with amazement. The intentions of the British Government were clearly expressed. On the 18th of December, Sir M. Hicks-Beach informed Sir Bartle Frere that it was 'the desire of her Majesty's Government, in sending reinforcements, to assist the local government as far as possible 'in providing for the protection of the settlers in the present 'emergency, and *not to furnish the means for any aggressive operations* not directly connected with the defence of her 'Majesty's possessions and subjects.' And on the 23rd of January Sir Bartle Frere was told to use every effort to avoid

war, and the Cabinet expressed its regret that an ultimatum should have been sent to Cetewayo without consulting her Majesty's Government. It was too late. That 23rd of January was the day after the fatal catastrophe of Insandlana. Yet the recent debates appear to show that the Government accepts the responsibility of acts done in defiance of its authority, and signalised throughout by the most deplorable want of foresight and of judgment. Ministers are placed in a most embarrassing position. The conduct of Sir Bartle Frere in sending the ultimatum without the authority of Government has drawn down on him the severest rebuke inflicted on a colonial governor since the disavowal of Lord Durham's Ordinance; but they stop short of censuring the whole course of his policy, which is of far more importance. The one is a breach of administrative discipline, the other is an erroneous and fatal system of government. Yet if they fail to repudiate what their better judgment and the universal sentiment of the nation condemn, they must assume the responsibility of his actions. In discussing the causes of the catastrophe of Varus, the historian of the Roman Emperors remarks that it is hard to say whether the blame should rest on Varus himself or on the Emperor Augustus, who had selected Varus for such a command; for Varus, the Dean of Ely adds, 'was an official "pedant." Governments must be held responsible for the faults of their agents, unless they promptly disavow them, and proceed to remedy the evil that has been done by an unfortunate choice. Ministers have declared in Parliament that to censure is not to recall; and as they allege that the censure was confined to the single point of the ultimatum, they must be taken to accept and approve all the rest of Sir Bartle Frere's proceedings. But the ultimatum addressed to Cetewayo was an essential and consistent part of Sir Bartle Frere's policy. It is impossible to sever that incident from what preceded and what followed it; and to approve the other parts of his policy is to condone the ultimatum. In the opinion of no inconsiderable number of persons of weight and authority in this country, though not of the ministerial majority in the House of Commons, the recall of the Lord High Commissioner was the only effectual mode of relieving the Cabinet from the responsibility of his actions; and it is the more extraordinary that this course was not adopted, as the Government have, on the spot, in the person of Sir Henry Bulwer, the Governor of Natal, an officer well qualified to take his place. The despatches of this gentleman are marked by good sense and

judgment, and had he been left to himself it is clear there would have been no Zulu war.

We are still more unwilling to enter upon a criticism of military details which are imperfectly known to us, and of which we are perhaps incompetent judges. But the movements and operations which have been publicly reported by those in command appear to us at variance with every principle of the art of war. The objective of the campaign being the kraal of Cetewayo in the centre of the country, the weak forces acting under the commander-in-chief were divided into three weaker columns, so far separated that they could not support each other, leaving to the enemy the advantage of throwing large masses of men from the centre to the circumference. It seems to have been supposed that the Zulus had no notions of tactics; but their movements have been ably conceived and executed with secrecy, celerity, and effect. On our side we hear of no scouts, no signalling, no telegraphic communication, and even the ordinary precaution of fortifying the camps to resist attack was omitted.

We have ourselves received information from a local correspondent, on whom the utmost reliance may be placed, in the following terms:—‘The head camp was no camp: all wagons, ‘tents, &c., scattered about anywhere, and the Zulus came on ‘like the waves on the ocean shore—never stopped, never ‘shouted or said a word, till our fellows, black and white, were ‘surrounded; then they gave a shout and dashed at the camp, ‘and in five minutes there was not a man left.’ It is a remarkable proof of Cetewayo’s military sagacity that although many of his soldiers now carry firearms, he has not abandoned the traditional tactics of the Zulus, fighting hand to hand with the stabbing assegai, and not at a distance, where the superiority of British arms and aim would be manifest. Although it was known early in the morning that the camp would probably be attacked that day, no attempt was made to put it in a state of defence. About January 19, the Zulu forces, amounting to about half the army, for Oham’s people were not there, were collected and told off for this enterprise. Six thousand were to attack Pearson’s or No. 1 column; of these 4,000 marched to that column, and 2,000 threatened the Natal frontier to detain troops there, though the Zulus did not intend to cross it. Fifteen thousand were told off to attack the head-quarters column, and five thousand to attack Rorke’s Drift reserve; for the men who attacked Rorke’s Drift were not the same who took the camp. The latter were all ‘ring’ men; the former were not so, they were younger soldiers.

It was the Tulwana Regiment which attacked Rorke's Drift: they had formed the reserve at Insandlana. The whole of this plan had been carefully prepared by Cetewayo. Each of his detachments had taken up its position. All that was needed was to lure the British forces into the trap, when these dispositions would take effect. This was done with complete success by a rabble of natives showing in the distance. The great object of Cetewayo was to draw the British in separate columns into his country, where he made no doubt that he could destroy them. The plan of the Zulu chief was skilful and self-reliant. Fortunately for us, and for the colony of Natal, he appears not to have known how to use his success. Had he turned his victorious hordes upon the British territory immediately after the blow he had struck at Insandlana, he might have inflicted on us an incalculable amount of evil. The cause of this hesitation is not, at present, apparent; for undoubtedly he was at the moment, and for some weeks, master of the situation.

But although we forbear to comment as fully as we might on the measures taken by a distinguished officer, which have yet to be more fully explained, and may possibly deserve a more favourable construction, no words can be too strong to express the grief and admiration of the nation for that heroic battalion which fell a victim to the fury of a horde of savages, and apparently to the folly of its own chiefs. Whatever censure may hereafter fall on them, and wherever it may fall, no sentence can be so poignant as the remembrance of the fatal errors which swept a thousand gallant soldiers from the ranks of the British army. In civilised warfare the spirit of chivalry mitigates the horrors of the battlefield: a camp may be taken, a corps may be surrounded, and a capitulation is the result. But in this death-struggle of savage man all is havoc, rout, and slaughter. Quarter and compassion are unknown. The sentiment of a common humanity is extinguished between the combatants. They are bent on mutual and total destruction. Hence the fatal results of defeat resemble the murderous contests of antiquity more than the encounters of modern war. The cry which has gone up to heaven is the cry of Rome for the legions of Varus; the memorial of the dead is the stern epitaph of Sparta on those who perished to a man in the pass committed to their defence. It is recorded of the Emperor Augustus that, after that 'cladem Varianam' 'paenè exitiabilem,' to the end of his days he continued to observe with solemn mourning the anniversary of so fatal a disaster. We have not less cause for sorrow. Yet, if it be

true, as has been said in every age, that an imperishable fame is cheaply purchased by an early death, no victory, no triumph, could confer a purer glory on the men of the 24th Regiment of the Line than that which will shine for ever with a mournful radiance on the dreadful field of Insandlana. These English lads, picked up in the lanes of Warwickshire or perhaps in the streets of Birmingham, showed in the hour of trial that heroism is of no age or country ; they take rank with the noblest and bravest of their countrymen, and it were well that a national monument in our stateliest shrine should hand down to future times the record of their valour and their fate. There is no page in history more touching or more ennobling ; and if the nation is moved to resentment at the causes of this fatal strife, who is so insensible as not to feel the proud affliction inspired by sacrifices paid by courage and duty to the honour of our country ? God grant that such sacrifices may not be made in vain ; and that they may be the last wrung from England by the sterile conquest and dominion of South Africa !

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